

An
Austral Garden
of Verse

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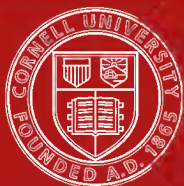
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AN AUSTRAL GARDEN
OF VERSE.

An Austral Garden

AN ANTHOLOGY OF
AUSTRALIAN VERSE

Selected and Edited by

M. P. HANSEN and D. McLACHLAN

GEORGE ROBERTSON & COMPANY
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PREFACE.

IN the compilation of this Anthology, it has been the aim of the Editors to secure a thoroughly representative selection of the best work of Australian writers. In this they have been assisted by many enthusiastic admirers of what is good in the work of our own poets. From New Zealand and from capitals and far-back localities in every State of the Commonwealth have come valuable suggestions and assistance. The later work, including some hitherto unpublished, along with the best selections from earlier writings, is here set out, so that Australians may learn something of the verse-literature of their own making, and that they may be inspired by this knowledge to acquaint themselves more fully with the works of writers who appeal most strongly to them. In this way they may have revealed to them the many gems that the anthologist, limited by the space at his disposal, must leave behind him, however, regretfully. It is hoped that the interest of readers may be extended so as to give to each an impulse towards the acquisition of a knowledge, first, of the literature of our own land, secondly, of the wider and deeper literature of the English tongue, and finally, of that still wider domain of world literature, wherein we find expressed the hopes, ideals, and aspirations of what was best in mankind since the dawn of history.

The literature of our land is, in one sense, a historical record of the development of its nationhood and, in another, it might be considered as playing an important part in building up the character and the future history of the nation. As a record, one cannot help admiring its faithfulness, its freedom from the restraints of convention. The general objection that the spirit of gloom dominated the Muse of Australia no longer holds. We have singers whose delight in the sights and sounds around them has found genuine expression; whose pride in this land and its people, and whose faith in their future have stirred the thoughtful reader into consciousness of the standing of his nation amongst the world-peoples. These two phases of our national life are here broadly indicated. The pioneer found himself face to face with Nature looming stern, inscrutable, seemingly nig-

gantly. Desert, Drought, Fire, Flood oppressed him, oftentimes to the verge of despair. As he lived, of necessity, a lonely life in thinly-peopled tracts, the morbid habit of introspection often found in him an easy victim. His life, spent in silent conflict with the seemingly unconquerable, in long patient endurance and unending labour, was to him a dull dumb struggle, almost hopeless from the beginning. The Bush-spirit was a demon. The Bushland, even at its best, was still a land of Jotuns. The poets of their day—and their day is not yet ended, since so much still remains to be done in the way of pioneering—have seen with sympathetic eyes, and voiced for him his heart-cries, uttered for him the cynicism and disgust of his bitterness, and so left to future generations of Australians a vivid picture of the life-work of the many thousands of unstoried heroes who slaved and suffered that a nation might be building.

The other phase of our national life in which there has been less of struggle and stress is represented in later writers. For two or three generations of dwellers the lines have been cast in pleasanter places. The railway, steamship, and telegraph link together the settled portions of our continent. Conditions of living have improved, and the outlook on Nature has undergone a transformation. The undoubted beauty of Australian scenery, the glory of the clear sunshine, the witchery of bird-song from rippling fern-embowered creeks have burst with all their splendour on the poet minds of the day, and a new note in Australian literature is steadily increasing in volume. The consciousness of a national life that is gradually dawning, has found its expression. The seeing eye of the poet is turned to the world-nations and the insistent inspirational call to fit ourselves to rank with them rings through the land.

The part that a national Literature must play in the Nation's History needs no comment.

It has been said that we possess no truly great poet, and if we compare the work of any individual writer with that of the greater poets, this fact must be admitted. The truly great poet is a phenomenon in any century in any land, and Australia need not be ashamed of its delay in producing for critical inspection a re-incarnated Shakespeare or a Browning. Charming lyrics, stirring ballads, every variety of verse stamped with the hall-mark of sincere emotion have come from the mints of lesser minds through all times, and have carried pleasure or solace to humanity. Of these we find a sufficient number through-

out the works of Australian writers to fill many such anthologies as this, and it is with some diffidence and some pride also that we view the completed task—a diffidence arising from a feat that our judgment in selection may have been at fault in representing the author at the best, and a pride in the knowledge that the work here presented will appeal to Australians in general with a power that only the poetry of one's own land can exert. We feel that it is work the character of which has been to a great extent determined by the inherent forces at work throughout the growing nation.

The main purpose of this work, the presentation of selections suitable for use in schools throughout Australasia, has, of course, dominated the choice by the editors. Much that is good has been omitted, but if the selections included awaken the desire of school girls and school boys, and "children of a larger growth," to know more of the work of the poets of this and other lands, the issue of this, the first School Anthology of Australian verse, will be well justified.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The editors desire to express their thanks to Messrs. L. A. Adamson, Norman Lilley, Seaforth Mackenzie, Bernard O'Dowd and A. G. Stephens, for valuable suggestions and help in connection with the selection of the poems in this anthology.

Their thanks are due specially to the authors who so freely gave permission to use their works. The list of these is too lengthy to give in full, and includes all but one or two of the living authors whose names appear in the biographical notes (see Page 291). In one or two cases it was found impossible to establish communication with the authors.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Preface	v.
Acknowledgment	viii.
Notes on the 'Poems'	284
Biographies	290
Adams, Arthur H.	
Morning Peace	72
A Song of Failure	161
Fleet Street	211
Adams, Francis W. L.	
A Death at Sea	281
Adamson, L. A.	
Victi Invicti	155
Allan, J. Alex.	
An Australian Battle Hymn	165
Allen, Leslie H.	
The Woodcutter	251
The Lark	253
Richmond	253
"Australie" (Mrs. Heron).	
The Weatherboard Fall	229
B., W. A.	
The Dead March of the Waters	178
Baughan, Blanche Edith.	
The Paddock (Extract)	63
Sunrise. (From "Shingle Short")	166
Bayldon, Arthur A. D.	
Daley's Grave	120
Boake, Barcroft.	
Desiree	36
Brady, Edwin James.	
The Ways of Many Waters	21
The Lake	179
Brereton, J. Le Gay.	
Wilfred	13
Carmichael, Jennings.	
An Old Bush Road	122
Cassidy, R. J. ("Gilrooney").	
The Road to Gundagai	224
The Horsemen	226

Foott, Mary Hannay.	
Where the Pelican Builds	57
Forrest, M.	
The Outpost	212
I Remember	269
Fullerton, Mary E.	
The Rose on the Lattice	12
Gay, William.	
Australian Federation	40
Primroses	190
Gilmore, Mary.	
By the Glenelg	30
Marri'd	131
If We Only Could	268
O Singer in Brown	281
Gordon, Adam Lindsay.	
A Dedication	15
The Sick Stockrider	68
How We Beat the Favourite	83
From "Ye Wearie Wayfarer"	102
Green, H. M. (see "Harry Sullivan").	
Harpur, Charles.	
Words	78
Hebblethwaite, James.	
Perdita	107
Wanderers	213
An Echo	214
Heney, Thomas W.	
The Wild Duck	93
Holdsworth, Philip J.	
My Queen of Dreams	66
Jephcott, Sydney.	
A Swan-Song	206
Kendall, Henry Clarence.	
Prefatory Sonnets	1
A Mountain Spring	2
September in Australia	45
Bell Birds	67
After Many Years	80
Beyond Kerguelen	168
The Warrigal	273
Lawson, Henry.	
"Here Died"	8
The Star of Australasia	52

Lawson, Will.	
The Destroyer	17
The Forty-Fours	59
Troopers	129
The Cruiser	145
The Flyer	147
The Red West Road	172
Mack, Louise.	
To Soar as a Wild White Bird	108
On Wairee Hill	117
In the Attic	153
Land I Love	231
Mackay, Jessie.	
For Love of Appin	159
A Folk Song	183
Burial of Sir John Mackenzie	278
Mackay, Kenneth.	
The Australian Bush	244
Mackellar, Dorothea.	
Settlers	38
My Country	263
Mackenzie, Seaforth.	
Wanderlust	176
L'Envoi	283
Mailler, Wilfrid.	
The Ocean Beach	249
The Altar	250
"Maurice Furnley" (see Wilmot, F.).	
McCrae, Hugh.	
Red John of Haslingden	33
Poetae et Reges	126
McCrae, Dorothy Frances.	
Challenge	104
Miller, Knowles, Mrs. Marion.	
Fernshaw (Blacks' Spur)	118
The Springs (Blacks' Spur)	209
Morton, Frank.	
A Night Piece	99
The Sleepikins	196
Getting Up	198
The Shadows	199
Murphy, E. B. (see "Dryblower").	
Neilson, J. Shaw.	
Old Granny Sullivan	259
O Heart of Spring	262

O'Dowd, Bernard.	
Australia	20
Love and Sacrifice	43
The Poet	90
Resurgent	191
O'Ferrall, Ernest.	
The Triumphant Fisherman	267
Ogilvie, Will. H.	
Willanjie	185
O'Hara, John Bernard.	
Happy Creek	58
O'Reilly, D. P.	
Wild Flowers	128
Osborne, W. A.	
An Old Map of Assyria	239
Paterson, Andrew Barton.	
The Man from Snowy River	3
Pitt, Mrs. Marie E. J.	
Ballade of Dreams	92
The Clan Call	113
The Reiver	135
Mountain Myrtle	215
The Lost Fairies	220
A Gallop of Fire	221
Poynter, Mary H.	
Slumber Song	133
Quinn, Roderic.	
The Red Tressed Maiden	26
The Golden Yesterday	97
The Hidden Tide	105
Reeves, William Pember.	
The Passing of the Forest	275
Rosenblum, Ivan Archer.	
A Friend (from "The Drama Eternal") ..	136
Summer (from "The Drama Eternal") ..	138
Ross, David Macdonald.	
Love's Treasure House	116
The Last Goal	174
Sandes, John ("Oriel").	
"With Death's Prophetic Ear"	73
Souter, C. H.	
The Black Swans	257
Irish Lords	258
Spielvogel, Nathan F.	
Our Gum Trees	94

Stephens, A. G.	
Babylon	88
Ave Australia!	157
Stephens, James Brunton.	
The Dominion of Australia	18
Steven, Alex. Gordon.	
Dolce Far Niente	93
Storrie, Agnes L.	
Waiting	193
Lullaby	196
Strong, Archibald T.	
Ballade of the Islands of the Blest	62
Sullivan, Harry.	
Birth	32
Sutherland, Alexander.	
An Orchestral Symphony	240
Tracey, H. F.	
The Galley-Slave	96
Tully, M. J.	
When Wattles Bloom	210
At Lindsay Gordon's Grave	229
Turner, Ethel (Mrs. Curlewis).	
A Trembling Star	124
Gum Trees	192
Wall, Arnold.	
Happy Children	251
Werner, Alice.	
Bannerman of the Dandenong	28
Kate Cunningham's Ride	109
Whitney, W. M.	
Magnificat	233
The Harvest	235
Wilcox, Dora.	
Onawe	134
In London	150
Williamson, Frank S.	
The Magpies' Song	41
Dirge	265
Wilmot, Frank ("Furnley Maurice").	
Extract from "Roots of Dreams"	72
Pisgah	189
Failure	208
Wilson, Mrs. Anne Glenly.	
Fairyland	78
The Mother	141



Monteath, Photo.

E. J. BRADY.

AN AUSTRAL GARDEN.

PREFATORY SONNETS.

Henry Clarence Kendall.

I.

I purposed once to take my pen and write,
Not songs, like some, tormented and awry
With passion, but a cunning harmony
Of words and music caught from glen and height,
And lucid colours born of woodland light
And shining places where the sea-streams lie.
But this was when the heat of youth glowed white,
And since I've put the faded purpose by.

I have no faultless fruits to offer you
Who read this book; but certain syllables
Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells
And secret hollows dear to noontide dew;
And these at least, though far between and few,
May catch the sense like subtle forest spells.

II.

So take these kindly, even though there be
Some notes that unto other lyres belong,
Stray echoes from the elder sons of song;
And think how from its neighbouring native sea

The pensive shell doth borrow melody.

I would not do the lordly masters wrong
By filching fair words from the shining throng
Whose music haunts me as the wind a tree!

Lo, when a stranger in soft Syrian glooms
Shot through with sunset treads the cedar dells,
And hears the breezy ring of elfin bells

Far down by where the white-haired cataract booms,
He, faint with sweetness caught from forest smells,
Bears thence, unwitting, plunder of perfumes.

A MOUNTAIN SPRING.

Henry Clarence Kendall.

Peace hath an altar there. The sounding feet
Of thunder and the 'wilderer wings of rain
Against fire-rifted summits flash and beat,
And through grey upper gorges swoop and strain,
But round that hallowed mountain-spring remain,
Year after year, the days of tender heat,
And gracious nights, whose lips with flowers are sweet,
And filtered lights, and lutes of soft refrain.

A still, bright pool. To men I may not tell
The secret that its heart of water knows,
The story of a loved and lost repose;
Yet this I say to cliff and close-leaved dell:
A fitful spirit haunts yon limpid well,
Whose likeness is the faithless face of Rose.

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER.

A. B. Paterson.

There was movement at the station, for the word had
passed around

That the colt from old Regret had got away,
And had joined the wild bush horses—he was worth a
thousand pound,

So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and
far

Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush
horses are,

And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with delight.

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon
won the cup,

The old man with his hair as white as snow;
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly
up—

He would go wherever horse and man could go.
And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a hand,
No better horseman ever held the reins;
For never horse could throw him while the saddle-girths
would stand,

He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

And one was there, a stripling, on a small and weedy
beast,

He was something like a racehorse undersized,

With a touch of Timor pony—three parts thorough-bred
at least—

And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry—just the sort that
won't say die—

There was courage in his quick impatient tread ;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and
fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head ;

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power
to stay,

And the old man said, "That horse will never do
"For a long and tiring gallop—lad, you'd better stop
away,

"Those hills are far too rough for such as you."
So he waited, sad and wistful—only Clancy stood his
friend—

"I think we ought to let him come," he said ;
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,
"For both his horse and he are mountain bred.

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,
"Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough ;
"Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint
stones every stride,

"The man that holds his own is good enough.
"And the Snowy River riders on the mountains make
their home,

"Where the river runs those giant hills between ;
"I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced
to roam,

"But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

So he went—they found the horses by the big mimosa clump—

They raced away towards the mountain's brow,
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys, go at them from the jump,

"No use to try for fancy riding now.

"And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the right.

"Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,

"For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,

"If once they gain the shelter of those hills."

So Clancy rode to wheel them—he was racing on the wing—,

Where the best and boldest riders take their place—
And he raced his stock-horse past them, and he made the ranges ring

With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.

Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the dreaded lash,

But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,
And they charged beneath the stockwhip with a sharp and sudden dash,

And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black

Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered back

From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.

And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,

Where mountain ash and kurrajong grew wide;
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,

"No man can hold them down the other side."

When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a pull;

It well might make the boldest hold their breath;
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full

Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.

But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,

And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,

While the others stood and watched in very fear.

He sent the flint stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,

He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat—

It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.
Through the stringy barks and saplings, on the rough and broken ground,

Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound,

At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses as they climbed the further hill,

And the watchers on the mountain standing mute,

Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely, he was right among
them still,

As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.

Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain
gullies met

In the ranges, but a final glimpse reveals

On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,

With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were
white with foam;

He followed like a bloodhound on their track,

Till they halted cowed and beaten, then he turned their
heads for home,

And alone and unassisted brought them back.

But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a
trot,

He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;

But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery
hot,

For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges raise

Their torn and rugged battlements on high,

Where the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars
fairly blaze

At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,

And where around the Overflow the reedbeds sweep and
sway

To the breezes, and the rolling plains are wide,

The man from Snowy River is a household word to-day,

And the stockmen tell the story of his ride.

"HERE DIED."

Henry Lawson.

There's many a schoolboy's bat and ball that are gather-
ing dust at home,
For he hears a voice in the future call, and he trains for
the war to come;
A serious light in his eyes is seen as he comes from the
schoolhouse gate;
He keeps his kit and his rifle clean, and he sees that his
back is straight.

But straight or crooked, or round, or lame—you may let
these words take root;
As the time draws near for the sterner game, all boys
should learn to shoot.
From the beardless youth to the grim grey-beard, let
Australians ne'er forget,
A lame limb never has interfered with a brave man's
shooting yet.

Over and over and over again, to you and our friends
and me,
The warning of danger has sounded plain—like the thud
of a gun at sea.
The rich man turns to his wine once more, and the gay to
their worldly joys,
The "statesman" laughs at a hint of war—but *something*
has told the boys.

The schoolboy scouts of the White Man's Land are out
on the hills to-day;

They trace the tracks—from the sea-beach sand and sea-cliffs grim and grey ;

They take the range for a likely shot by every cape and head,

And they spy the lay of each lonely spot where an enemy's foot might tread.

In the cooling breeze of the coastal streams, or out where the townships bake,

They march in fancy, and fight in dreams, and die for Australia's sake.

They hold the fort till relief arrives, when the landing parties storm,

And they take the pride of their fresh young lives in the set of a uniform.

Where never a loaded shell was hurled, nor a rifle fired to kill,

The schoolboy scouts of the Southern World are choosing their Battery Hill.

They run the tapes on the flats and fells by roads that the guns might sweep ;

They are fixing in memory obstacles where the firing lines shall creep.

They read and they study the gunnery—they ask till the meaning's plain,

But the craft of the scout is a simple thing to the young Australian brain.

They blaze the track for a forward run, where the scrub is everywhere,

And they mark positions for every gun and every unit there.

They trace the track for a quick retreat—and the track
for the other way round,

And they mark the spot in the summer heat where the
water is always found.

They note the chances of cliff and tide, and where they
can move, and when,

And every point where a man might hide in the days
when they'll fight as men.

When silent men with their rifles lie by many a ferny
dell ;

And turn their heads when a scout goes by, with a cheery
growl, "All's well ;"

And the scouts shall climb by the fisherman's ways, and
watch for a sign of ships,

With stern eyes fixed on the threatening haze where the
blue horizon dips.

When men shall camp in the dark and damp by the
bough-marked battery,

Between the forts and the open ports where the miners
watch the sea ;

And talk perhaps of their boy-scout days, as they sit in
their shelters rude,

While motors race to the distant bays with ammunition
and food.

When the city alight shall wait by night for news from a
far-out post,

And men ride down from the farming town to patrol the
lonely coast—

Till they hear the thud of a distant gun, or the distant
rifles crack,

And Australians spring to their arms as one to drive the
invaders back.

There'll be no music or martial noise, save the guns to
help you through,
For a plain and a shirt-sleeve job, my boys, is the job that
we'll have to do.
And many of those who had learned to shoot—and in
learning learned to teach—
To the last three men, and the last galoot, shall die on
some lonely beach.

But they'll waste their breath in no empty boast, and
they'll prove to the world their worth,
When the shearers rush to the Eastern Coast, and the
miners rush to Perth.
And the man who fights in a Queenscliff fort, or up by
Keppel Bay,
Will know that his mates at Bunbury are doing their
share that day.

There was never a land so great and wide, where the
foreign fathers came,
That has bred her children so much alike, with their
hearts so much the same.
And sons shall fight by the mangrove creeks that lie on
the lone East Coast,
Who never shall know (or not for weeks) if the rest of
Australia's lost.

And far in the future (I see it well, and born of such
days as these),
There lies an Australia invincible, and mistress of all her
seas;
With monuments standing on hill and head, where her
sons shall point with pride
To the names of Australia's bravest dead, carved under
the words "Here died."

THE ROSE ON THE LATTICE.

Mary E. Fullerton.

You were born on my lattice, oh, wonderful thing,
As old as creation yet new as the spring,
And the odours of Eden about you still cling.

You are daughter of roses that tumbled their flower
On the couch of old Omar in Naishapur's bower,
And descendant of other when Herod had power,

And Nero and Alfred. Still simple and fresh
And unspoiled by your peerage you nod on the mesh
Of my south window lattice your delicate flesh.

Your tints are old sunsets, inwoven with new,
A million of dawns had the making of you—
Let me peep in your heart for a beautiful clue.

A bee takes your honey, and I have my dream,
The poet his fancy, the artist the gleam;
Your message to each is whatever it seem.

Oh, Summer, your ardour has loosened a leaf,
Or the wings of the bee in the flight of the thief;
By your lovers, sweet rose, is your life rendered brief.

My dream it is drooping by Beauty create,
The moment is past, I must hasten nor wait,
The fingers of Life are a-knock at the gate.

So I go, and to-morrow your bloom will be done,
And another be born at the birth of the sun;
For thus is the web ever ravelled and spun.

WILFRED.

J. Le Gay Brereton.

What of these tender feet
That have never toddled yet?
What dances shall they beat,
With what red vintage wet?
In what wild way will they march or stray, by what
sly paynims met?

The toil of it none may share;
By yourself must the way be won
Through fervid or frozen air
Till the overland journey's done;
And I would not take, for your own dear sake, one
thorn from your track, my son.

Go forth to your hill and dale,
Yet take in your hand from me
A staff when your footsteps fail,
A weapon if need there be;
'Twill hum in your ear when the foeman's near, athirst
for the victory.

In the desert of dusty death
It will point to the hidden spring;
Should you weary and fail for breath,
It will bourgeon and branch and swing
Till you sink to sleep in its shadow deep to the sound
of its murmuring.

.

You must face the general foe—

A phantom pale and grim.

If you flinch at his glare, he'll grow

And gather your strength to him;

But your power will rise if you laugh in his eyes and
away in a mist he'll swim.

To your freeborn soul be true—

Fling parchment in the fire;

Men's laws are null for you,

For a word of Love is higher,

And can you do aught, when He rules your thought,
but follow your own desire?

You will dread no pinching dearth

In the home where you love to lie,

For your floor will be good brown earth

And your roof the open sky.

There'll be room for all at your festival when the
heart-red wine runs high.

.

Joy to you, joy and strife,

And a golden East before,

And the sound of the sea of life

In your ears when you reach the shore,

And a hope that still with as good a will you may fight
as you fought of yore.

A DEDICATION.
TO THE AUTHOR OF "HOLMBY HOUSE."

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

They are rhymes rudely strung with intent less
 Of sound than of words,
In lands where bright blossoms are scentless,
 And songless bright birds;
Where, with fire and fierce drought on her tresses,
Insatiable Summer oppresses
Sere woodlands and sad wildernesses,
 And faint flocks and herds.

Where in dreariest days, when all dews end,
 And all winds are warm,
Wild Winter's large flood-gates are loosen'd,
 And floods, freed from storm,
From broken-up fountain heads, dash on
Dry deserts with long pent up passion—
Here rhyme was first framed without fashion,
 Song shaped without form.

Whence gather'd?—The locust's glad chirrup
 May furnish a stave;
The ring of a rowel and stirrup,
 The wash of a wave;
The chaunt of the marsh frog in rushes,
That chimes through the pauses and hushes
Of nightfall, the torrent that gushes,
 The tempests that rave;

In the deep'ning of dawn, when it dapples
 The dusk of the sky,

With streaks like the redd'ning of apples,
The ripening of rye,

To eastward, when cluster by cluster,
Dim stars and dull planets that muster,

Wax wan in a world of white lustre
That spreads far and high;

In the gathering of night gloom o'erhead, in
The still silent change,

All fire-flush'd when forest trees redden
On slopes of the range;

When the gnarl'd knotted trunks Eucalyptian
Seem carved, like weird columns Egyptian,

With curious device—quaint inscription,
And hieroglyph strange;

In the Spring, when the wattle gold trembles
'Twixt shadow and shine,

When each dew-laden air draught resembles
A long draught of wine;

When the sky-line's blue burnish'd resistance
Makes deeper the dreamiest distance,

Some song in all hearts hath existence,—
Such songs have been mine.

They came in all guises, some vivid
To clasp and to keep;

Some sudden and swift as the livid
Blue thunder-flame's leap.

This swept through the first breath of clover
With memories renew'd to the rover—

That flash'd while the black horse turn'd over
Before the long sleep.

.

THE DESTROYER.

Will Lawson.

She raced away down the sunset track,
Beyond the mines and the boom ;
The spray flashed red on her turtle-back
To the whirr of her engine room.
Her funnels spouted their smoke-plumes black—
She looked the Spirit of Doom.

Along her sides the wavelets hissed.
As she opened out her speed,
They fell astern to snarl and twist,
And writhe in her wake and bleed.
Hers was a force no seas resist,
And she gave them little heed.

Away in the west the red sun sank
To drown in the heaving flood ;
And fast—with never a noisy crank
Or piston rod a-thud,
Her stern set low in the high wave-bank—
She swam on a sea of blood.

Into the night, when the sun had gone,
The fast destroyer flew,
And never a side-light gleamed or shone,
As the pale stars grew and grew.
What errand grim did she speed upon?
Only her captain knew.

Through the sweeping seas she clove a track
Into the blinding gloom—

Stumpy-funnelled, sinister, black—

She was the Spirit of Doom.

And the keen spray hailed on her turtle-back,

To the throb of her engine-room.

* * * * *

Back to our forts the destroyer crept,

As the dawn rushed in aflame;

Her stacks were blistered, her decks sea-swept,

But she licked her lips as she came;

And she took her place where her comrades slept,

Like a hound that had killed its game.

THE DOMINION OF AUSTRALIA.

(A Forecast, 1877.)

James Brunton Stephens.

She is not yet; but he whose ear

Thrills to that finer atmosphere

Where footfalls of appointed things,

Reverberant of days to be,

Are heard in forecast echoings,

Like wave-beats from a viewless sea—

Hears in the voiceful tremors of the sky

Auroral heralds whispering, "She is nigh."

She is not yet; but he whose sight

Foreknows the advent of the light,

Whose soul to morning radiance turns

Ere night her curtain hath withdrawn,

And in its quivering folds discerns

The mute monitions of the dawn,

With urgent sense strained onward to descry

Her distant tokens, starts to find Her nigh.

Not yet her day. How long "not yet?" . . .
There comes the flush of violet!
And heavenward faces, all aflame
With sanguine imminence of morn,
Wait but the sun-kiss to proclaim
The Day of The Dominion born.
Prelusive baptism!—ere the natal hour
Named with the name and prophecy of power.

Already here to hearts intense,
A spirit-force, transcending sense,
In heights unscaled, in deeps unstirred,
Beneath the calm, above the storm,
She waits the incorporating word
To bid her tremble into form.
Already, like divining rods, men's souls
Bend down to where the unseen river rolls;—

For even as, from sight concealed,
By never flush of dawn revealed,
Nor e'er illumed by golden noon,
Nor sunset-streaked with crimson bar,
Nor silver-spanned by wake of moon,
Nor visited of any star,
Beneath these lands a river waits to bless
(So men divine) our utmost wilderness,—

Rolls dark, but yet shall know our skies,
Soon as the wisdom of the wise
Conspires with nature to disclose
The blessing prisoned and unseen,

Till round our lessening wastes there glows
 A perfect zone of broadening green,—
 Till all our land, Australia Felix called,
 Become one Continent-Isle of Emerald;
 So flows beneath our good and ill
 A viewless stream of Common Will,
 A gathering force, a present might,
 That from its silent depths of gloom
 At Wisdom's voice shall leap to light,
 And hide our barren feuds in bloom,
 Till, all our sundering lines with love o'ergrown,
 Our bounds shall be the girdling seas alone.

AUSTRALIA.

Bernard O'Dowd.

Last sea-thing dredged by sailor Time from Space,
 Are you a drift Sargasso, where the West
 In halcyon calm rebuilds her fatal nest?
 Or Delos of a coming Sun-God's race?
 Are you for Light, and trimmed, with oil in place,
 Or but a Will o' Wisp on marshy quest?
 A new demesne for Mammon to infest?
 Or lurks millennial Eden 'neath your face?

The cenotaphs of species dead elsewhere
 That in your limits leap and swim and fly,
 Or trail uncanny harp-strings from your trees,
 Mix omens with the auguries that dare
 To plant the Cross upon your forehead sky,
 A virgin helpmate Ocean at your knees.

THE WAYS OF MANY WATERS.

E. J. Brady.

Because of a painted Fancy
That is neither old nor new,
The path of the further distance
It seemeth for aye more true:
For this have the Dreamers wandered
Forlorn, on a golden quest,
Their sails in the sunset dipping
Aslant to the reddened West:

For this have the Rovers journeyed,
Subtle and strange though it seem,
Spelled by the shade of a shadow,
Lured by the loot of a dream.
And so doth the Great Fleet gather,
The fleet of a thousand sail,
With a long-oared galley leading
And a liner at the tail.

They sweep with a song from Sidon,
The song of an old desire,
They come with a crash of trumpets
Out from the quays of Tyre;
Along on the open waters
Will their leaping galleys line,
To trade with our tattooed fathers
The trinkets of Palestine.

.

They swing from their yellow Tiber
Into the laughing seas,
With gifts to the gods in passing
The Pillars of Hercules;
The gleam of imperial purple
On imperial ocean falls,
The flag of the legion flutters,
The stern centurion calls. . . .

Now, loud is the shout of wassail,
And the Northern eagle shrieks,
As the Viking's men come crowding
Out from the bays and the creeks—
Sons of the snows and the forests;
High in the forehead and bold,
Strong, with the love of strong women,
Sturdy to take and to hold. . . .

They glide, with a chant of lovers,
Into the sleeping lagoon—
The sails of the great Doge, gleaming
Silver and silk in the moon;
While far in the East she glimmers
On Indian argosies
That bear to the sun's red rising
The trade of the Genoese. . . .

.

And lo, from an English harbour,
In his jerkin brown a rose,
With a broad sword in his scabbard,
The sturdy John Cabot goes:

Westward and westward forever,
But ever of stout intent
To claim for his burly monarch
Fair share of a Continent.

And now 'tis a white-haired Spaniard
Seeking, in travail and ruth,
The place of the fabled waters,
The fount of enduring youth ;
The gallants of gay De Soto
Bear out on the seas again,
And Cortes, with banners trailing,
Heels down for the Western main.

.

They waddle away together,
Round-bellied, from Rotterdam,
To trade in the Eastern Islands
Or barter in Surinam ;
Or far to the South'ard creeping
With their courage strained and worn,
They steal from the mystic harbours
Of a lone new land forlorn.

Now low on the Southern oceans
The gleam of their lonely sails,
Where Tasman undaunted has weathered
The Cape of a Thousand Gales ;
Where Hartog is boldly sailing
Into Australian seas,
One eye on the chance of plunder,
And one on the Portuguese.

They dart from the nooks and crannies
White eagles athirst for prey,
Room for a little adventure,
And plenty of room to play;
With letters of marque that cover
A slip, if it endeth so,
Then back to their friendly harbour
Full tilt, with the prize in tow.

And a low black hull still crosses
The face of the moon away,
And again the night re-echoes
The shout of the turbaned Dey;
And the night-wind moans and shivers,
But the Dago seaman swears
'Tis a ghostly Rover, chiding
His Barbary corsairs!

The Company's fleet is booming
Along on the Sou'-East trade,
And the braw East India clipper
On her outward course is laid;
She cheers to the rolling troopship
That buckles into the gale,
A reef in her straining topsails,
The red rag over the rail.

They dip from the docks of Lunnon,
And out of Cork Harbour go,
The immigrant tubs full listed—
"God bless ye!" and "South'ard-ho!"
Aye, South'ard and South'ard ever,
The gallant old ships of teak,

To lie at the banks o' Yarra
With their spreading yards apeak.
Aye, South'ard and West'ard bravely,
Since ever the years were born,
They battle the wild Atlantic,
They battle around the Horn,
With the California clipper
Dainty and deep in the beam,
And the Austral clipper racing
Ahead of the days of steam!

'Tis a lordly, long convention
Foregathering day by day,
From the Mayflower bravely beating
Her passage to Cape Cod Bay,
From the trim old wooden traders,
Who smuggled their silks and lace,
To the steel-built Cunard packet
With her record-making pace.
They sleep in the deep, dark places,
The fleets of the days gone by;
But oft when the flaked sea-fires
To the churning screw-beats fly,
At the sound of a faint sad music,
The lilt of an old-time tune,
They rise from their grave of waters
To ride 'neath the quiet moon:
The ships of the Dreamers gather—
They gather at dead of night
Till the face of the deep, dark places
With their crowding sail grows white;

And then, in a grand procession,
Away to the West they sail,
With a long-oared galley leading
And a liner at the tail.

THE RED-TRESSED MAIDEN.

Roderic Quinn.

Red she is in a robe of sable,
Rosy with pictures and tales to tell,
She is a fairy, and yet no fable,
Weaving the dreams that we love so well.

Out in the dark where the night-winds hurry
And dead leaves carpet the silent bush,
She hath a charm for the mind a-worry,
For the worn white face a fresh young blush.

Tell her a story of some love laid in
The grave long since with a maiden white,
She will not taunt you, the Red-Tressed Maiden
Dressed in her mantle of starless night.

With fingers potent as rich wine chosen
From dusty cellars where years lie dead,
She melts the ice in the veins long frozen,
And the blood runs chainless, the heart grows red.

Her ears have hearkened the joyous laughter,
Man-made, maid lifted, through years and years,
To frescoed dome and to smoky rafter,
And tears and tears and ceaseless tears.

Old as the world, and some say older,
 Is she, and yet she is young and sweet:
 She heard the story the Cave-Man told her,
 When hearts were bolder and ruder their beat.

No tale so trifling but she will listen:
 The long day ended, the day's toil done;
 Then wheresoever her great eyes glisten
 An ancient battle is fought and won.

She is ready to hearken to some chance roamer,
 With a lyre on his shoulder, a lilt on his tongue,
 As she was of old to the blind-eyed Homer
 Who sang high strains when the world was young.

On winter nights when the roads are cheerless
 And west winds under a frosty moon,
 She paints us Summer in colours peerless
 And the broad gold charm of a tropic noon.

On summer evenings in sylvan places
 (The picnic over and stars in the skies),
 She heightens the blush on sun-kissed faces
 And deepens the dream in dear young eyes.

And who is the Maiden? When Night is about you,
 Pile high the dry leaves and the dead wood, and so
 Make a light for the darkness within and without you . . .
 And now do you see her—and now do you know?

BANNERMAN OF THE DANDENONG.

Alice Werner.

I rode through the Bush in the burning noon,
Over the hills to my bride,—
The track was rough and the way was long,
And Bannerman of the Dandenong,
He rode along by my side.

A day's march off my Beautiful dwelt,
By the Murray streams in the West:—
Lightly lilting a gay love-song
Rode Bannerman of the Dandenong,
With a blood-red rose on his breast.

"Red, red rose of the Western streams"
Was the song he sang that day—
Truest comrade in hour of need,—
Bay Mathinna his peerless steed—
I had my own good grey.

There fell a spark on the upland grass—
The dry Bush leapt into flame—
And I felt my heart go cold as death,
And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath,—
But I heard him name Her name.

Down the hill-side the fire-floods rushed
On the roaring eastern wind ;—
Neck and neck was the reckless race,—
Ever the bay mare kept her pace,
But the grey horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—"Let's change, I say!"

And his bridle rein he drew.

He sprang to the ground,—“Look sharp!” he said

With a backward toss of his curly head—

“I ride lighter than you!”

Down and up—it was quickly done—

No words to waste that day!—

Swift as a swallow she sped along,

The good bay mare from Dandenong,—

And Bannerman rode the grey.

The hot air scorched like a furnace blast

From the very mouth of Hell:—

The blue gums caught and blazed on high

Like flaming pillars into the sky; . . .

The grey horse staggered and fell.

“Ride, ride, lad,—ride for her sake!” he cried:—

Into the gulf of flame

Were swept, in less than a breathing space,

The laughing eyes, and the comely face,

And the lips that named Her name.

She bore me bravely, the good bay mare;—

Stunned and dizzy and blind,

I heard the sound of a mingled roar—

’Twas the Lachlan River that rushed before,

And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe—safe, at Nammoorra gate,
I fell, and lay like a stone.
O love! thine arms were about me then,
Thy warm tears called me to life again,—
But—O God! that I came alone!

.

We dwell in peace, my beautiful one
And I, by the streams in the West,—
But oft through the mist of my dreams along
Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,
With the blood-red rose on his breast.

BY THE GLENELG.

Mary Gilmore.

1.—SUNSET.

Within his tree the magpie trolled,
Full-noted, all his song, and sweet;
While, on the wind that murmured by,
The muffled traffic of the street
Came to me watching where, aglow,
The red Noss road, a ribbon lay
Across the hill and caught, from off
One radiant cloud, the sun's last splendid ray.

2.—TWILIGHT.

I heard the trees, leaf unto leaf,
Like dumb hands talking in the night;
Each to the other as the hour
Drew to its close, and waned the light.

I heard the waters whispering ;
 And far across the Southern sky
 In lines of black the ibis trailed ;
 And out of Silence came his cry.

3.—RECOLLECTION.

Once in Asuncion,
 Long, long ago in Paraguay,
 I woke to hear the sentries' call,
 The hours of night go by.
 Clear through the silent air
 Challenge and answer, whistled sweet,
 Drew near and nearer, louder grown,
 Marking my very street.

Passed and grew fainter, call
 And counter shrill, in dwindling rounds
 That lessened till they sank and died
 In silence out of bounds.

4.—AND PARALLEL.

So in mine own land have
 I heard, at night, the wakened bird
 Among the gums that guard Glenelg,
 Half in his sleep—yet stirred—
 Warble his softened call
 That nearer came, from tree to tree,
 And passed, till all the river's length
 Was linked in melody.

BIRTH.

Harry Sullivan.

I heard a voice in the night, the green night, the warm
night:

"Wake, for the earth wakes; hear its birth!"

I listened, and hark, through the thick dark, the quick
dark,

I heard the green sprouts sprouting all over the earth.

As I crept, soft stepped, while the world slept,

Lo, from her gray dream, heavy and cold,

Earth broke, and the hills woke, and the plains woke,

And over the swelling seas in the east, light rolled;

Then, like a child, the day smiled, and the year smiled,
and my heart smiled,

For over the tomb of buried gloom

Spring ran wild.



Buchner, Photo.

HUGH McCRAE.

RED JOHN OF HASLINGDEN.

Hugh McCrae.

Between the trees we saw the rood
Of Mary's chapel in the wood,
Poised like a hilted sword of old
Against a cloud of molten gold.

And, o'er the river, came the sound
(Deep as the Devil's bellowing)
Of Father Francis' lantern hound
Beneath the apples mellowing.

White butterflies swam thro' the leaves
Of roses on the convent eaves,
Or drooped, with milky wings outspread,
Above the fragrant strawberry-bed.

And then the grand descendent sun
Withdrew, while yet his glory flowed,
And touched, as with a benison,
The figwood Virgin by the road.

"We will away," the huntsman said,
"The stag is heavy, being dead ;
The dogs are restless, and our train
Thirst for the quartern pot again."

So down the shallow glade we went,
And through a pine-enchanted lawn,
When suddenly amid the bent
There rose a silent dappled fawn.

A silent dappled fawn, I ween,
With dewy eyes of saffron sheen,
And, it was clear to all that spied,
His heart was at its bursting tide.

"Stand out, Red John," he spoke aloud,
"Red John of Haslingden, i' fay . . .
Who with his bow my father proud
An evil hour ago did slay."

Red John stepped out, a stalwart man
(Lip curled up from the bouzing-can) :
"What is a brindled buck to me? . . .
Roast for a pasty-pie," quoth he.

Forthwith he laid across his string
A drouthy arrow sharp and light,
Fledged with a deathful raven's wing ;
"Poor fawn," he said, "you die to-night!"

Hot words! His great thick bow of yew
Broke at its middle clean in two,
And, tangled in a mesh of cord,
The shaft fell harmless to the sword.

We cheered, but Red John's face went black
Beneath his cap of tasselled gelt,
As, springing down the greenwood track,
He snatched the dagger from his belt.

The little fawn leapt lightly by,
And Red John gave a hunting cry,
Then sprawled amain, head over boot,
Athwart a twisted poplar root.

Oh, how we laughed to see him fall,
The forest echoed with our mirth;
"Well done, Red John, good man and tall,
Thou hast inherited the earth!"

But not a sign or word vouched he,
Lying his length below the tree. . . .
"God rest his soul," the page-boy said,
"For surely Red John now is dead."

"Then woe is me," quoth Hugh MacShane;
"None better ever walked the sod;
Alas that this brave wight is slain—
He owed me twenty guineas odd."

Thereat they raised him, and we saw
The sullen blood begin to draw,
And by the moon's cold April tide
The dagger tearing through his side,

I wot he was a heavy man—
With all their might and breath to lack,
Not George o' York and Adrian
Could tie him to his horse's back.

And iron-throated came the sound
Of Father Francis' lantern hound
Deep as the Devil's bellowing
Beneath the apples mellowing.

And some of us rode full of fear,
And all of us were silent men,
When we brought home the forest deer,—
And poor Red John of Haslingden.

DESIRÉE.

Barcroft Boake.

Will she spring with a blush from the arms of Dawn,
When the sleepy songsters prune
Their dewy vestments on bush and thorn,
And the jovial magpie winds his horn
In sweet reveil to the lazy morn,
And the sun comes all too soon?
Will she come with him from the farthest rim
Of the blue Pacific sea?
But how shall I know my lady? and by
What token will she know me?

Will she come to me in the noonday hush,
When the flowers are fast asleep
'Neath their counterpane of emerald plush
In the fragrant warmth of the under-brush,
Where Spring still lingers on, moist and lush—
While naught but the shadows creep,
And all is rest but the eager quest
And the buzz of the tireless bee?
And how shall I know my lady then?
And how will my love know me?

Or will she come when the gallant Day
At the hands of Night lies dead?
When stealthy creatures have right of way
Among the branches to romp and play,
And the great green forest turns ashen gray
At the sound of the dead men's tread?

Will my lady slip with smile on lip
 From the heart of a white box tree?
 But how shall I know 'tis she who comes?
 And how will she then know me?

Will her hair be tinged as when sunbeams gird
 A castle of carmine rock?
 Or brown as a leaf in the sun's kiss curled?
 Or dark as the wing of that sable bird
 Whose hated voice is so often heard
 In the wake of the bleating flock?
 Or will it be rolled in a crown of gold,
 An emblem of royalty?
 But how shall I know 'tis she who comes?
 And how then will she know me?

Is her ear as shapely as Venus' shell,
 And pierced by a diamond gleam?
 Is her hand as white as the immortelle?
 Her voice as sweet as that sounding bell
 The gray bird tolls to the listening dell
 Where the ti-tree hides the stream?
 Have the words been said? Is my lady wed?
 Is my lady bond or free?—
 No matter who claims her earthly form,
 For her heart belongs to me!

Will her eyes be clear as the amber flight
 Of the stream over sandstone bar?
 Or darkly blue as the vault of night?
 Will her flesh show pink through its veil of white,
 And its violet-pencilled curves be bright
 As the polished breast of a star?

And where, oh, where may you find a pair

Who shall love so well as we?

But how shall I know my lady? By

What token will she know me?

Will her cloak be shaped from the southern skies

And girt by a starry sash—

Like an azure mist, as my lady hies

With the light of love in her kindling eyes?

Will she move with the solemn grace that lies

In the towering mountain ash? . . .

Will she come at all? may it not befall

That our fates are dark and dree?

That I may never know her at all,

And she may never know me?

SETTLERS.

Dorothea Mackellar.

If the gods of Hellas do not tread our shaggy mountains—

Stately, white-and-golden, with unfathomable eyes:

Yet the lesser spirits haunt our forests and our fountains

Seas and green-brown river-pools no thirsty summer dries.

Never through the tangled scrub we see Diana glisten,

Silver-limbed and crescent-crowned and swift to hear
and turn,

When the chase is hottest and the woods are waked to
listen,

While her maidens follow running knee-deep in the fern.

Of the great gods only Pan walks hourly here—Pan only ;
In the warm, dark gullies, in the thin clear upland air,
On the windy sea-cliffs and the plains apart and lonely,
By the tingling silence you may know that he is there.

But the sea-nymphs make our shores shine gay with light
and laughter ;
At the sunset when the waves are mingled milk and fire,
You may see them very plain, and in the darkness after
You may hear them singing with the stars' great golden
choir.

When the earth is mad with song some blue September
morning,
In the grove of myall trees that rustle green and grey,
Through the plumes of trailing leaves hung meet for her
adorning,
See a dark-browed Dryad peep, and swiftly draw away!

In the deep-cut river beds set thick with moss-grown
boulders,
Where the wagtails come to drink, and balance lest they
fall,
You may see the gleaming of a Naiad's slippery shoulders,
And the water sliding cool and quiet over all.

Through the narrow gorges where the flying-foxes muster,
Hanging from the kurrajongs like monstrous magic
grapes,
Something spreads a sudden fear that breaks each heavy
cluster—
See the furry prick-eared faun that chuckles and escapes!

Marble-smooth and marble-pale the blue gums guard the
clearing,
Where the winter fern is gold among the silver grass,
And the shy bush creatures watching bright-eyed and
unfearing,
See the slender Oreads while we unheeding pass.

Wreathed with starry clematis these tread the grassy
spaces,

When the moon sails up beyond the highest screening tree,
All the forest dances, and the furthest hidden places
Are astir with beauty—but we may not often see.

Centuries before the golden vision came to find us,
Showing us the Southern lands, these Grecians settled
here:

Now they throng the country, but our little hurries blind
us,

And we must be reverent ere the least of them appear.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

William Gay.

From all division let our land be free,
For God has made her one: complete she lies
Within the unbroken circle of the skies,
And round her indivisible the sea
Breaks on her single shore; while only we,
Her foster children, bound with sacred ties
Of one dear blood, one storied enterprise,
Are negligent of her integrity.—

Her seamless garment, at great Mammon's nod,
With hands unfilial we have basely rent,
With petty variance our souls are spent,
And ancient kinship under foot is trod:
O let us rise, united, penitent,
And be one people,—mighty, serving God!

THE MAGPIES' SONG.

Frank S. Williamson.

Where the dreaming Tiber wanders by the haunted Appian
Way,
Lo! the nightingale is uttering a sorrow-burdened lay.
While the olive trees are shaking, and the cypress boughs
are stirred,
Palpitates the moon's white bosom to the sorrow of the
bird,
Sobbing, sobbing, sobbing; yet a sweeter song I know;
'Tis the magpies' windblown music where the Gippsland
rivers flow.

O, I love to be by Bindi, where the fragrant pastures are,
And the Tambo to his bosom takes the trembling Evening
Star—

Just to hear the magpies warble in the blue gums on the
hill,
When the frail green flower of twilight in the sky is
lingering still,
Calling, calling, calling to the abdicating day;
O, they fill my heart with music as I loiter on my way.

O, the windy morn on Matlock, when the last snow-
wreath had gone,
And the blackwoods robed by tardy Spring with starlike
beauty shone ;
When the lory showed his crimson to the golden blossom
spread,
And the Goulburn's grey-green mirror showed the loving
colours wed ;
Chiming, chiming, chiming in the pauses of the gale,
How the magpies' notes came ringing down the mountain,
o'er the vale.

O, the noon beside the ocean, when the spring tide, land-
ward set,
Cast ashore the loosened silver from the waves of violet,
As the seagod sang a lovesong and the sheoak answer
made,
Came the magpies' carol wafted down the piny colonnade,
Trolling, trolling, trolling in a nuptial melody,
As it floated from the moaning pine to charm the singing
sea.

And the dark hour in the city, when my Love had silent
flown,
Nestling in some far-off valley, to the seraphs only known,
When the violet had no odour and the rose no purple
bloom,
And the grey-winged vulture, Sorrow, came rustling
through the gloom,
Crooning, crooning, crooning on the swaying garden
bough ;
O, the song of hope you uttered then my heart is trilling
now.

Voice of happy shepherd chanting by a stream in Arcady,
Seems thy song this blue-eyed morning over lilac borne
to me;

In his arms again Joy takes me, Hope with dimpling
cheek appears,

And my life seems one long lovely vale where grow the
rosy years;

Lilting, lilting, lilting; when I slumber at the last,

Let your music in the joyous wind be ever wandering past.

LOVE AND SACRIFICE.

Bernard O'Dowd.

Can we not consecrate
To man and God above
'This volume of our great
Supernal tide of love?

'Twere wrong its wealth to waste
On merely me and you,
In selfish touch and taste,
As other lovers do.

This love is not as theirs:
It came from the Divine,
Whose glory still it wears,
And print of Whose design.

The world is full of woe,
The time is blurred with dust,
Illusions breed and grow,
And eyes' and flesh's lust.

The mighty league with Wrong
And stint the weakling's bread ;
The very lords of song
With Luxury have wed.

Fair Art deserts the mass,
And loiters with the gay ;
And only gods of brass
Are popular to-day.

Two souls with love inspired,
Such lightning love as ours,
Could spread, if we desired,
Dismay among such powers :

Could social stables purge
Of filth where festers strife :
Through modern baseness surge
A holier tide of life.

Yea, two so steeped in love
From such a source, could draw
The angels from above
To lead all to their Law.

We have no right to seek
Repose in rosy bower,
When Hunger thins the cheek
Of childhood every hour :

Nor while the tiger, Sin,
'Mid youths and maidens roams,
Should Duty skulk within
These selfish, cosy homes.

Our place is in the van
With those crusaders, who
Maintain the rights of man
'Gainst Despot and his crew.

If Sacrifice may move
Their load of pain from men,
The greatest right of Love
Is to renounce It then.

Ah, Love, the earth is woe's
And sadly helpers needs:
And, till its burden goes,
Our work is—where it bleeds.

SEPTEMBER IN AUSTRALIA.

Henry Clarence Kendall.

Grey Winter hath gone, like a wearisome guest,
And, behold, for repayment,
September comes in with the wind of the West
And the Spring in her raiment!
The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,
While the forest discovers
Wild wings, with the halo of hyaline hours,
And a music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift, silver feet!
She glides, and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
With her blossomy traces;

Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,
She lightens and lingers
In spots where the harp of the evening glows,
Attuned by her fingers.

The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips
In a darling old fashion;
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips
Whose key-note is passion;
Far out in the fierce bitter front of the sea
I stand, and remember
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,
Resplendent September.

The West, when it blows at the fall of the noon
And beats on the beaches,
So filled with a tender and tremulous tune
That touches and teaches;
The stories of Youth, of the burden of Time,
And the death of Devotion,
Come back with the wind, and are themes of the rhyme
In the waves of the ocean.

We, having a secret to others unknown,
In the cool mountain-mosses,
May whisper together, September, alone
Of our loves and our losses.
One word for her beauty, and one for the grace
She gave to the hours;
And then we may kiss her, and suffer her face
To sleep with the flowers.

High places that knew of the gold and the white
On the forehead of Morning
Now darken and quake, and the steps of the Night
Are heavy with warning!
Her voice in the distance is lofty and loud
Through its echoing gorges;
She hath hidden her eyes in a mantle of cloud,
And her feet in the surges!

On the tops of the hills, on the turreted cones—
Chief temples of thunder—
The gale, like a ghost, in the middle watch moans,
Gliding over and under.
The sea, flying white through the rack and the rain,
Leapeth wild at the forelands;
And the plover, whose cry is like passion with pain,
Complains in the moorlands.

Oh, season of changes—of shadow and shine—
September the splendid!
My song hath no music to mingle with thine,
And its burden is ended;
But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,
By mountain, by river,
Mayst lighten and listen, and loiter and run,
With thy voices for ever.

NATIVE COMPANION.

E. S. Emerson.

On the open country chancing,
Have you ever seen the dancing,
 Ever seen the dance, dance, dancing of the cranes?
'Gainst the sunrise red and golden,
Watched them tread their measure olden,
 Till they touched you with the spirit of the plains?

Ah! they have no voice for singing,
And their notes, when they are winging,
 Make no swan-song soft and mellow with delight;
But the gift the gods have sent them
Is sufficient to content them,
 And they dance through merry mazes to the hazes of
 the night.

And the lesson, trite and true, is:
Whilst you hump your bits o' blueys
 Down the road of Life that skirts the hills of Chance,
Though you can't sing songs of gladness,
Still there is no need for sadness;
 Take the gifts the gods have given you—and dance.

A SUNSET FANTASY.

Victor J. Daley.

Spellbound by a sweet fantasy

At evenglow I stand

Beside an opaline strange sea

That rings a sunset land.

The rich lights fade out one by one,

And, like a peony

Drowning in wine, the crimson sun

Sinks down in that strange sea.

His wake across the ocean-floor

In a long glory lies,

Like a gold wave-way to the shore

Of some sea paradise.

My dream flies after him, and I

Am in another land ;

The sun sets in another sky,

And we sit hand in hand.

Gray eyes look into mine ; such eyes

I think the angels' are—

Soft as the soft light in the skies

When shines the morning star,

And tremulous as morn, when thin

Gold lights begin to glow,

Revealing the bright soul within

As dawn the sun below.

So, hand in hand, we watch the sun
Burn down the Western deeps,
Dreaming a charmed dream, as one
Who in enchantment sleeps ;

A dream of how we twain some day,
Careless of map or chart,
Will both take ship and sail away
Into the sunset's heart.

Our ship shall be of sandal built,
Like ships in old-world tales,
Carven with cunning art, and gilt,
And winged with scented sails

Of silver silk, whereon the red
Great gladioli burn,
A rainbow-flag at her masthead,
A rose-flag at her stern.

And, perching on the point above
Wherefrom the pennon blows,
The figure of a flying dove,
And in her beak a rose.

And from the fading land the breeze
Shall bring us, blowing low,
Old odours and old memories,
And airs of long ago—

A melody that has no words
Of mortal speech a part,
Yet touching all the deepest chords
That tremble in the heart :

A scented song blown oversea,
As though from bowers of bloom
A wind-harp in a lilac-tree
Breathed music and perfume.

And we, no more with longings pale,
Will smile to hear it blow ;
I in the shadow of the sail,
You in the sunset-glow.

For, with the fading land, our fond
Old fears shall all fade out,
Paled by the light from shores beyond
The dread of Death or Doubt.

And from a gloomy cloud above
When Death his shadow flings,
The Spirit of Immortal Love
Will shield us with his wings.

He is the lord of dreams divine,
And lures us with his smiles
Along the splendour opaline
Unto the Blessed Isles.

THE STAR OF AUSTRALASIA.

Henry Lawson.

We boast no more of our bloodless flag, that rose from
 a nation's slime;
 Better a shred of a deep-dyed rag from the storms of the
 olden time.
 From grander clouds in our 'peaceful skies' than ever
 were there before
 tell you the Star of the South shall rise—in the lurid
 clouds of war.
 It ever must be while blood is warm and the sons of men
 increase;
 For ever the nations rose in storm, to rot in a deadly
 peace.
 There comes a point that we will not yield, no matter if
 right or wrong,
 And man will fight on the battle-field while passion and
 pride are strong—
 So long as he will not kiss the rod, and his stubborn
 spirit sours,
 And the scorn of Nature and curse of God are heavy on
 peace like ours.

.

There are boys out there by the western creeks, who hurry
 away from school
 To climb the sides of the breezy peaks or dive in the
 shaded pool,
 Who'll stick to their guns when the mountains quake to
 the tread of a mighty war,

And fight for Right or a Grand Mistake as men never
fought before;

When the peaks are scarred and the sea-walls crack till
the furthest hills vibrate,

And the world for a while goes rolling back in a storm
of love and hate.

.

There are boys to-day in the city slum and the home of
wealth and pride

Who'll have one home when the storm is come, and fight
for it side by side,

Who'll hold the cliffs 'gainst the armoured hells that
batter a coastal town,

Or grimly die in a hail of shells when the walls come
crashing down.

And many a pink-white baby girl, the queen of her home
to-day,

Shall see the wings of the tempest whirl the mist of our
dawn away—

Shall live to shudder and stop her ears to the thud of the
distant gun,

And know the sorrow that has no tears when a battle is
lost and won,—

As a mother or wife in the years to come, will kneel,
wild-eyed and white,

And pray to God in her darkened home for the 'men
in the fort to-night.'

.

But, oh! if the cavalry charge again as they did when
the world was wide,

'Twill be grand in the ranks of a thousand men in that
glorious race to ride

And strike for all that is true and strong, for all that is
grand and brave,
And all that ever shall be, so long as man has a soul to
save.
He must lift the saddle, and close his 'wings,' and shut
his angels out,
And steel his heart for the end of things, who'd ride with
a stockman scout,
When the race they ride on the battle track, and the
waning distance hums,
And the shelled sky shrieks or the rifles crack like stock-
whip amongst the gums—
And the 'straight' is reached and the field is 'gapped' and
the hoof-torn sward grows red
With the blood of those who are handicapped with iron
and steel and lead;
And the gaps are filled, though unseen by eyes, with the
spirit and with the shades
Of the world-wide rebel dead who'll rise and rush with
the Bush Brigades.

.

All creeds and trades will have soldiers there—give every
class its due—
And there'll be many a clerk to spare for the pride of the
jackeroo.
They'll fight for honour and fight for love, and a few
will fight for gold,
For the devil below and for God above, as our fathers
fought of old;
And some half-blind with exultant tears, and some stiff-
lipped, stern-eyed,

For the pride of a thousand after-years and the old
eternal pride;
The soul of the world they will feel and see in the chase
and the grim retreat—
They'll know the glory of victory—and the grandeur of
defeat.

The South will wake to a mighty change ere a hundred
years are done,
With arsenals west of the mountain range and every spur
its gun.
And many a rickety son of a gun, on the tides of the
future tossed,
Will tell how battles were really won that History says
were lost,
Will trace the field with his pipe, and shirk the facts that
are hard to explain,
As grey old mates of the diggings work the old ground
over again—
How "this was our centre, and this a redoubt, and that
was a scrub in the rear,
And this was the point where the guards held out, and
the enemy's lines were here."

They'll tell the tales of the nights before and the tales
of the ship and fort
Till the sons of Australia take to war as their fathers
took to sport,
Their breath come deep and their eyes grow bright at the
tales of our chivalry,

And every boy will want to fight, no matter what cause
it be—

When the children run to the doors and cry: "Oh,
mother, the troops are come!"

And every heart in the town leaps high at the first loud
thud of the drum.

They'll know, apart from its mystic charm, what music is
at last,

When, proud as a boy with a broken arm, the regiment
marches past.

And the veriest wreck in the drink-fiend's clutch, no
matter how low or mean,

Will feel, when he hears the march, a touch of the man
that he might have been.

.

And this you learn from the libelled past, though its
methods were somewhat rude—

A nation's born where the shells fall fast, or its lease of
life renewed.

We in part atone for the ghoulish strife, and the crimes
of the peace we boast,

And the better part of a people's life in the storm comes
uppermost.

The self-same spirit that drives the man to the depths of
drink and crime

Will do the deeds in the heroes' van that live to the end
of time.

The living death in the lonely bush, the greed of the
selfish town,

And even the creed of the outlawed push is chivalry—
upside down.

'Twill be while ever our blood is hot, while ever the world
goes wrong,
The nations rise in a war, to rot in a peace that lasts too
long.
And southern nation and southern state, aroused from
their dream of ease,
Must sign in the Book of Eternal Fate their stormy
histories.

WHERE THE PELICAN BUILDS.

Mary Hannay Foott.

The horses were ready, the rails were down,
But the riders lingered still—
One had a parting word to say,
And one had his pipe to fill.
Then they mounted, one with a granted prayer,
And one with a grief unguessed.
“We are going,” they said, as they rode away—
“Where the pelican builds her nest!”
They had told us of pastures wide and green,
To be sought past the sunset’s glow;
Of rifts in the ranges by opal lit;
And gold ’neath the river’s flow.
And thirst and hunger were banished words
When they spoke of that unknown West;
No drought they dreaded, no flood they feared,
Where the pelican builds her nest!

The creek at the ford was but fetlock deep
When we watched them crossing there ;
The rains have replenished it thrice since then,
And thrice has the rock lain bare.
But the waters of Hope have flowed and fled,
And never from blue hill's breast
Come back—by the sun and the sands devoured,
Where the pelican builds her nest.

HAPPY CREEK.

John Bernard O'Hara.

The little creek goes winding
Thro' gums of white and blue,
A silver arm
Around the farm
It flings, a lover true ;
And softly, where the rushes lean,
It sings (O sweet and low)
A lover's song,
And winds along
How happy—lovers know !
The little creek goes singing
By maidenhair and moss,
Along its banks
In rosy ranks
The wild flowers wave and toss ;
And ever where the ferns dip down
It sings (O sweet and low)
A lover's song,
And winds along,
How happy—lovers know !

The little creek takes colour
From summer skies above;
Now blue, now gold,
Its waters fold
The clouds in closest love;
But loudly when the thunders roll
It sings (nor sweet, nor low)
No lover's song,
But sweeps along,
How angry—lovers know!

The little creek for ever
Goes winding, winding down,
Away, away,
By night, by day,
Where dark the ranges frown;
But ever as it glides it sings,
It sings (O sweet and low)
A lover's song,
And winds along,
How happy—lovers know!

THE FORTY-FOURS.

Will Lawson.

[There are forty-four submerged rocks off Chatham Islands, where the "Loch Long" recently went down.]

*They lurk, awash in the swell,
With cruel lips afoam,
And never a swinging bell
To steady the good ships home.*

*No lighthouse winks in the gloom
When the mad sou'-easter roars—
You may drive her blind through the flying spume,
With thunder of rods in the engine-room;
And never an eye will mark your doom
Out on the Forty-Fours!*

There where The Sisters stand,
Seeming to say "Beware!"
This black-browed wrecker band
Crouches within its lair;
And the racing clipper ships,
With canvas towering high,
Watch for the lick of the lips
That marks where the hard fangs lie.
A cry from the fo'c's'le-head!
And a staggering sea that pours!
And what does it matter if hearts new-wed
Cry out for the women's tears unshed,
When the lights are sinking—the green and red—
Out on the Forty-Fours?

A wife in a Cornish town
Looks out on the deep-sea track,
Where the ships pass up and down,
For a ship that never comes back;
And down where the Chathams drowse,
In a sea of dazzling blue,
There's a ship with shattered bows
And stout ribs broken through.
Nobody saw her fly
Like a stag from the din of wars.

Nobody heard her sailors cry
As they strove to veer in the billows high;
Nobody saw them choke and die,
Save God—and the Forty-Fours.

Eastward from Godley Head
They lurk with their lips a-snarl,
Hoarding their treasured dead—
Henri and Jack and Karl.
From Kiel to the Golden Gate
The swift prows lifted spray,
But the mothers and wives may wait,
And the sweethearts mourn and pray,
For, down at the heel of things,
Where the whipped foam stings and scores,
There's a shattered hull that swings
To a dirge that the tempest sings,
And the sea, as it marches, flings
A curse on the Forty-Fours.

*Never a swinging bell,
Never a blazing star
Marks where, beneath the swell,
The four-and-forty are,
Crouching like beasts to spring
At the solid ribs and floors—
You may drive till your engines roar and ring,
And never an eye will see you swing
And crash and sink, for pauper or king
Dies on the Forty-Fours.*

BALLADE OF THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST.

Archibald T. Strong.

There lies a careless twilight land
Set in a slumbrous sea of gold,
By cloud caressed, by zephyr fanned,
Beyond the instant winter cold,
In swathe of aureate mist enrolled,
Without the felon world's unrest—
There dwell the immortal ones of old
Far in the Islands of the Blest!

For there, on that inviolate strand,
Lives Homer's spirit, stark and bold,
The staunch Pythagorean band
Whom deathless bonds of love enfold:
Dark Heraclitus, care-enstolled,
Democritus, the Prince of Jest,
And Socrates, the gentle-souled,
Far in the Islands of the Blest!

There, too, the puissant heroes stand,
Titanic forms of godlike mould,
There he that reft the fiery brand
From sheer Olympus' cloudy hold,
And he whom Jove, unwilling, sold
To work the Argive King's behest—
Full late his tale of labour told
Far in the Islands of the Blest!

— -- --

L'ENVOI.

Ye princes all whom earth doth hold
By load of lordship sore opprest,
May Hermes bring you safe to fold
Far in the Islands of the Blest!

THE PADDOCK.

(Extract.)

*Blanche E. Baughan.**The settler's wife speaks—*

Better yet, ay! best of all,
Clearer every day to trace
The handwriting of release—
Patience brightening into Peace—
In the faithful furrow'd face,
In the heart more true than Truth:
With whose every throb I feel
As one cannot, quite, in youth.
Ah, in those chill years apart,
Dealing trustfully and true,
Nearer yet our natures grew;
That shared struggle heart to heart,
Soul to soul, more deeply drew:—
Till, so knitted now, so near,
So to one-ness are we grown,
Not one shred of me's alone!
All I say, or mean, or do,
Hope, or dream, is mixt with you—
Andrew! are we one or two?

In the eternal years ahead
Can we come more closely wed?
Thus each glorious day goes by
In unhurried industry;
And each night, the dear day done,
Brings no setting to our sun.
Sweet, sweet life, that knows no change!
—Just what Janet finds so strange.
I must get that child away
For a good long holiday:
Young things need to rove and range.
But Oh! I triumph in my lot!
Oh! I glory in my life!
Could my fortune be more fair?
. . . Mistress of my home-made home.
Mother of my happy pair.
Happy Andrew's happy wife!

Sometimes, in the quiet night,
I lie still and think it over,
Feel and finger o'er my joys,
As my Jeanie does her toys,
Till, as, drowsied with delight,
Down the darling sinks to sleep,
Carelessly in careful arms
Cradled safely, nestling deep:
So I, slipping out of thought,
Sure of nothing else, still feel
Folded safe in happiness,
Buoy'd up in the great Caress
Of some lasting, world-wide Weal;
Mighty; more than all things, Real!



HUBERT CHURCH.

Shallow, once, quite dry in drought,
Lay my little rock-bound well;
Pain his fuse and powder brought,
Patiently and long he wrought . . .
Then, when rains of rapture fell,
Lo, the miracle!

Not alone in larger measure
Smiling shone the heaven-sent treasure,
But, within the hollowing
Of the torn and broken earth,
See, Oh see! a living spring
Blasted into birth!

Daily, daily, more and more
Drawing from its unseen store:
Gushing, rushing, welling free,
Welling, swelling, filling up
Even this, my deepen'd cup.—
Filling up? Ay! brimming over . . .
Oh! it is too much for me.

To the All-holding Reservoirs,
To the never-sounded Sea
Of Your Joy, O Heart Divine!
Take the overflow of mine.

MY QUEEN OF DREAMS.

Philip J. Holdsworth.

In the warm-flushed heart of the rose-red West,
When the great sun quivered and died to-day,
You pulsed, O star, by yon pine-clad crest,
And throbbed till the bright eve ashened grey.

Then I saw you swim
By the shadowy rim
Where the great gum dips to the western plain,
And you rayed delight
As you winged your flight
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!

O star, did you see her—my queen of dreams?
Was it you that glimmered the night we strayed
A month ago by these scented streams,
Half-checked by the litter the musk-buds made?
Did you sleep or wake?—
Ah, for Love's sweet sake,
(Though the world should fail, and the soft stars
wane!)

I shall dream delight
Till our souls take flight
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!

BELL-BIRDS.

Henry Clarence Kendall.

By channels of coolness the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling;
It lives in the mountain, where moss and the sedges
Touch with their beauty the banks and the ledges;
Through brakes of the cedar and sycamore bowers
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers.
And softer than slumber, and sweeter than singing,
The notes of the bell-birds are running and ringing.

The silver-voiced bell-birds, the darlings of day-time,
They sing in September their songs of the May-time.
When shadows wax strong, and the thunder-bolts hurtle,
They hide with their fear in the leaves of the myrtle;
When rain and the sunbeams shine mingled together
They start up like fairies that follow fair weather,
And straightway the hues of their feathers unfold
Are the green and the purple, the blue and the golden.

October, the maiden of bright yellow tresses,
Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses;
Loiters knee-deep in the grasses to listen,
Where dripping rocks gleam and the leafy pools glisten.
Then is the time when the water-moons splendid
Break with their gold, and are scattered or blended
Over the creeks, till the woodlands have warning
Of songs of the bell-bird and wings of the morning.

Welcome as waters unvisited by the summers
Are the voices of bell-birds to thirsty far-comers.
When fiery December sets foot in the forest,
And the need of the wayfarer presses the sorest,

Pent in the ridges for ever and ever,
The bell-bird directs him to spring and to river,
With ring and with ripple, like runnels whose torrents
Are toned by the pebbles and leaves in the currents.

Often I sit, looking back to a childhood
Mixt with the sights and the sounds of the wildwood,
Longing for power and the sweetness to fashion
Lyrics with beats like the heart-beats of passion—
Songs interwoven of lights and of laughter
Borrowed from bell-birds in far forest rafters;
So I might keep in the city and alleys
The beauty and strength of the deep mountain valleys,
Charming to slumber the pain of my losses
With glimpses of creeks and a vision of mosses.

THE SICK STOCKRIDER.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Hold hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay me
in the shade.

Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I sway'd,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.

The dawn at "Moorabinda" was a mist-rack dull and
dense,

The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp;
I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot's bound'ry
fence,

I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.
We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply
through the haze
And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth;

To southward lay "Katâwa," with the sandpeaks all
ablaze,

And the flushed fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.
Now westward winds the bridle path that leads to
Lindisfarm,

And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff;
From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are
clear and calm,

You can see Sylvester's woolshed fair enough.
Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the
place

Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch;
'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a
chase

Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming
grass,

To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white
wreaths pass,

Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the
station roofs,

To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of
hoofs;

Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

Aye! we had a glorious gallop after "Starlight" and his
gang,

When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat;

How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-strewn ranges rang

To the strokes of "Mountaineer" and "Acrobat."
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,

Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we dash'd ;
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled underneath !

And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crash'd !

We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and the grey,

And the troopers were three hundred yards behind
While we emptied our six-shooters on the bushrangers at bay,

In the creek with stunted box-tree for a blind !

There you grappled with the leader, man to man and horse to horse,

And you rolled together when the chestnut rear'd ;
He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-course—

A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard !

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days when life was young

Come back to us ; how clearly I recall
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem Roper sung ;

And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall ?

Aye ! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone ;

Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a
rule,

It seems that you and I are left alone.

.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of
toil,

And life is short—the longest life a span ;

I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,

Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For good undone and gifts misspent, and resolutions vain,

'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—

I should live the same life over, if I had to live again ;

And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees
grow dim,

The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall ;

And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight
swim,

And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms
wave,

With never stone or rail to fence my bed ;

Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers
on my grave,

I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

MORNING PEACE.

Arthur H. Adams.

The sudden sunbeams slant between the trees
Like solid bars of silver, moonlight kissed,
And strike the supine shadows where they rest
Stretched sleeping; while a timid, new-born Breeze
Stirs through the grasses, petulant—her eyes
Half-blinded by the clinging scarves of mist:
Her robes, that tangled through the grasses twist,
Weave as she moves sweet whispered melodies.

O, may it be a morn like this, when slow
From a dark world beneath my soul shall go
Through the wet grasses of a purple plain,
Still stretching broader in the cool, grey glow
Of morning twilight: then my soul shall know
That life and love are lost—and found again!

Extract from ROOTS OF DREAMS.

"Furnley Maurice."

Stand by the Fact and let the Dream go by,
The painted sunset and the sugared word;
Turn from the things that no soul felt or heard,
And learn how young men laugh and old men die.

"WITH DEATH'S PROPHETIC EAR."

*John Sandes ("Oriel").**A dying Boer soldier speaks—*

Lay my rifle here beside me, set my Bible on my breast,
For a moment let the warning bugles cease;
As the century is closing I am going to my rest,
Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant go in peace.
But loud through all the bugles rings a cadence in mine
ear,
And on the winds my hopes of peace are strowed.
Those winds that waft the voices that already I can hear
Of the rooi-baatjes singing on the road.

Yes, the red-coats are returning, I can hear the steady
tramp,
After twenty years of waiting, lulled to sleep,
Since rank and file at Potchefstroom we hemmed them in
their camp,
And cut them up at Bronkerspruit like sheep.
They shelled us at Ingogo, but we galloped into range,
And we shot the British gunners where they showed.
I guessed they would return to us, I knew the chance must
change—

Hark! the rooi-baatjes singing on the road!

But now from snow-swept Canada, from India's torrid
plains,
From lone Australian outposts, hither led,
Obeying their commando, as they heard the bugle's strains,
The men in brown have joined the men in red.

They come to find the colours at Majuba left and lost,
They come to pay us back the debt they owed ;
And I hear new voices lifted, and I see strange colours
tossed,
'Mid the rooi-baatjes singing on the road.

The old, old faiths must falter, and the old, old creeds
must fail—

I hear it in that distant murmur low—
The old, old order changes, and 'tis vain for us to rail,
The great world does not want us—we must go.
And veldt, and spruit, and kopje to the stranger will
belong,
No more to trek before him we shall load ;
Too well, too well I know it, for I hear it in the song
Of the rooi-baatjes singing on the road.

AN AUSTRALIAN SYMPHONY.

George Essex Evans.

Not as the songs of other lands
Her song shall be
Where dim Her purple shore-line stands
Above the sea !
As erst she stood, she stands alone ;
Her inspiration is her own.
From sunlit plains to mangrove strands
Not as the songs of other lands
Her song shall be.

O, Southern Singers! Rich and sweet,
Like chimes of bells,
The cadence swings with rhythmic beat,
The music swells;
But, undertones, weird, mournful, strong,
Sweep like swift currents thro' the song.
In deepest chords, with passion fraught,
In softest notes of sweetest thought,
This sadness dwells.

Is this her song, so weirdly strange,
So mixed with pain,
That wheresoe'er her poets range
Is heard the strain?
Broods there no spell upon the air
But desolation and despair?
No voice save Sorrow's, to intrude
Upon her mountain solitude
Or sun-kissed plain?

The silence and the sunshine creep
With soft caress
O'er billowy plain and mountain steep
And wilderness—
A velvet touch, a subtle breath,
As sweet as love, as calm as death,
On earth, on air, so soft, so fine,
Till all the soul a spell divine
O'ersadoweth.

The gray gums by the lonely creek,
The star-crowned height,
The wind-swept plain, the dim blue peak,
The cold white light,
The solitude spread near and far
Around the camp-fire's tiny star,
The horse-bell's melody remote,
The curlew's melancholy note,
Across the night—

These have their message ; yet from these
Our songs have thrown
O'er all our Austral hills and leas
One sombre tone.
Whence doth the mournful keynote start?
From the pure depths of Nature's heart?
Or, from the heart of him who sings
And deems his hand upon the strings
Is Nature's own?

Could tints be deeper, skies less dim,
More soft and fair,
Dappled with milk-white clouds that swim
In faintest air?
The soft moss sleeps upon the stone,
Green scrub-vine tracteries enthrone
The dead gray trunks, and boulders red,
Roofed by the pine and carpeted
With maidenhair.

But far and near, o'er each, o'er all,
 Above, below,
 Hangs the great silence like a pall
 Softer than snow.
 Not sorrow is the spell it brings,
 But thoughts of calmer, purer things,
 Like the sweet touch of hands we love,
 A woman's tenderness above
 A fevered brow.

These purple hills, these yellow leas,
 These forests lone,
 These mangrove shores, these shimmering seas,
 This summer zone—
 Shall they inspire no nobler strain
 Than songs of bitterness and pain?
 Strike her wild harp with firmer hand,
 And send her music thro' the land,
 With loftier tone!

.

Her song is silence; unto her
 Its mystery clings.
 Silence is the interpreter
 Of deeper things.
 O for sonorous voice and strong
 To change that silence into song!
 To give that melody release
 Which sleeps in the deep heart of peace
 With folded wings.

WORDS.

Charles Harpur.

Words are deeds. The words we hear
May revolutionize or rear
A mighty State. The words we read
May be a spiritual deed
Excelling any fleshly one,
As much as the celestial sun
Transcends a bonfire, made to throw
A light upon some raree-show ;
A simple proverb tagged with rhyme,
May colour half the course of time ;
The pregnant saying of the sage
May influence every coming age ;
A song in its effect may be
More glorious than Thermopylæ,
And many a lay that schoolboys scan
A nobler feat than Inkerman.

FAIRYLAND.

Anne Glenny Wilson.

Do you remember that careless band,
Riding o'er meadow and wet sea-sand,
One autumn day, in a mist of sunshine,
Joyously seeking for fairyland?

The wind in the tree-tops was scarcely heard,
The streamlet repeated its one silver word,
And far away, o'er the depths of woodland,
Floated the bell of the parson-bird.

Pale hoar-frost glittered in shady slips,
Where ferns were dipping their finger-tips,
From mossy branches a faint perfume
Breathed over honeyed clematis lips.

At last we climbed to the ridge on high:
Ah, crystal vision! Dreamland nigh!
Far, far below us, the wide Pacific
Slumbered in azure from sky to sky.

And cloud and shadow, across the deep
Wavered, or paused in enchanted sleep,
And eastward, the purple-misted islets
Fretted the wave with terrace and steep.

We looked on the tranquil, glassy bay,
On headlands sheeted with dazzling spray,
And the whitening ribs of a wreck forlorn
That for twenty years had wasted away.

All was so calm, and pure and fair,
It seemed the hour of worship there,
Silent, as where the great North Minster
Rises for ever, a visible prayer.

Then we turned from the murmurous forest-land,
And rode over shingle and silver sand,
For so fair was the earth in the golden autumn,
We sought no farther for Fairyland.

SOLITUDE.

(After the picture by Lord Leighton, P.R.A.)

J. L. Cuthbertson.

This is the maiden Solitude, too fair
For mortal eyes to gaze on—she who dwells
In the lone valley where the water wells
Clear from the marble, where the mountain air
Is resinous with pines, and white peaks bare
Their unpolluted bosoms to the stars,
And holy Reverence the passage bars
To meaner souls who seek to enter there.
Only the worshipper at Nature's shrine
May find that maiden waiting to be won,
With broad calm brow and meek eyes of the dove,
May drink the rarer ether all divine,
And, earthly toils and earthly troubles done,
May win the longed-for sweetness of her love.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

H. C. Kendall.

The song that once I dreamed about,
The tender touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without,
The love of wind and wing:
The perfect verses, to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remain unwritten yet.

It is too late to write them now—
The ancient fire is cold ;
No ardent lights illumine the brow,
As in the days of old.
I cannot dream the dream again ;
But, when the happy birds
Are singing in the sunny rain,
I think I hear its words.

I think I hear the echo still
Of long-forgotten tones,
When evening winds are on the hill
And sunset fires the cones ;
But only in the hours supreme,
With songs of land and sea,
The lyrics of the leaf and stream,
This echo comes to me.

No longer doth the earth reveal
Her gracious green and gold ;
I sit where youth was once, and feel
That I am growing old.
The lustre from the face of things
Is wearing all away ;
Like one who halts with tired wings,
I rest and muse to-day.

There is a river in the range
I love to think about ;
Perhaps the searching feet of change
Have never found it out.
Ah ! oftentimes I used to look
Upon its banks, and long

To steal the beauty of that brook
And put it in a song.

I wonder if the slopes of moss,
In dreams so dear to me—
The falls of flower, and flower-like floss—
Are as they used to be!

I wonder if the waterfalls,
The singers far and fair,
That gleamed between the wet, green walls,
Are still the marvels there!

Ah! let me hope that in that place
Those old familiar things
To which I turn a wistful face
Have never taken wings.
Let me retain the fancy still
That, past the lordly range,
There always shines, in folds of hill,
One spot secure from change!

I trust that yet the tender screen
That shades a certain nook,
Remains, with all its gold and green,
The glory of the brook.
It hides a secret to the birds
And waters only known:
The letters of two lovely words—
A poem on a stone.

Perhaps the lady of the past
Upon these lines may light,
The purest verses, and the last,
That I may ever write:

She need not fear a word of blame:
 Her tale the flowers keep—
 The wind that heard me breathe her name
 Has been for years asleep.

But in the night, and when the rain
 The troubled torrent fills,
 I often think I see again
 The river in the hills;
 And when the day is very near,
 And birds are on the wing,
 My spirit fancies it can hear
 The song I cannot sing.

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE.

(A Lay of the Loamshire Hunt Cup.)

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

"Aye, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens;
 The race is all over, bar shouting, they say;
 The Clown ought to beat her; Dick Neville is sweeter
 Than ever—he swears he can win all the way.

"A gentleman rider—well, I'm an outsider,
 But if he's a gent, who the mischief's a jock?
 You swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder—
 He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock.

"He calls 'hunted fairly' a horse that has barely
 Been stripp'd for a trot within sight of the hounds,
 A horse that at Warwick beat Birdlime and Yorick,
 And gave Abdelkader at Aintree nine pounds.

"They say we have no test to warrant a protest;
Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward;
The light of their faces they show him—his case is
Prejudged and his verdict already secured.

"But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,
She strides in her work clean away from The Drag;
You hold her and sit her, she couldn't be fitter,
Whenever you hit her she'll spring like a stag.

"And p'raps the green jacket, at odds though they back
it,
May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up;
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool; and I think you may *just* win the Cup."

Dark-brown with tan muzzle, just stripped for the tussle,
Stood Iseult, arching her neck to the curb,
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great unction,
I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey,
Came down in a hurry to start us at once.

"Keep back in the yellow! Come up on Othello!
Hold hard on the chestnut! Turn round on The
Drag!
Keep back there on Spartan! Back you, sir, in tartan!
So! Steady there! Easy!" and down went the flag.

We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mermaid,
Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-bound.
The crack, half extended, looked bloodlike and splendid,
Held wide on the right where the headland was sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
Before her two-thirds of the field got away,
All through the wet pasture where floods of the last year
Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

The fourth fence, a wattle, floored Monk and Bluebottle;
The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and ditch,
The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover,
The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire Witch.

She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cock Sparrow,
And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone wall;
And Giles on The Greyling came down at the paling,
And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor eased her nor nursed her
Until the Black Bullfinch led into the plough,
And through the strong bramble we bored with a
scramble—
My cap was knocked off by the hazel-tree bough.

Where furrows looked lighter I drew the rein tighter—
Her dark chest all dappled with flakes of white foam,
Her flanks mud-bespattered, a weak rail she shattered—
We landed on turf with our heads turned for home.

Then crashed a low binder, and then close behind her
The sword to the strokes of the favourite shook;
His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
She shortened her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose when I hit her. I saw the stream glitter,
A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee,
Between sky and water The Clown came and caught her,
The space that he cleared was a caution to see.

And forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
A length to the front went the rider in green;
A long strip of stubble, and then the big double,
Two stiff flights of rails with a quickset between.

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her,
I found my hands give to her strain on the bit,
She rose when The Clown did—our silks as we bounded
Brush'd lightly, our stirrups clash'd loud as we lit.

A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping—
The last—we diverged round the base of the hill;
His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer,
I flogged up the straight, and he led sitting still.

She came to his quarter, and on still I brought her,
And up to his girth, to his breast-plate she drew;
A short prayer from Neville just reach'd me, "The
devil!"

He mutter'd—locked level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering,
All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard;
"The green wins!" "The crimson!" The multitude
swims on,
And figures are blended and features are blurred.

"The horse is her master!" "The green forges past her!"
"The Clown will outlast her!" "The Clown wins!"
"The Clown!"

The white railing races with all the white faces,
The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

On still past the gateway she strains in the straightway,
Still struggles. "The Clown by a short neck at most!"
He swerves, the green scourges, the stand rocks and
surges,
And flashes, and verges, and flits the white post.

Aye! so ends the tussle,—I knew the tan muzzle
Was first, though the ring-men were yelling "Dead
heat!"

A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said "The mare by
A short head." And that's how the favourite we beat.

WAITING.

William H. Elsum.

Set in the lonely wash of southern seas
She stands and waits, all timorous, the time
When the fierce whisperings shall have become
The scream of senseless war. As the doomed wretch
Doth bare his shrinking neck, and with a sigh
Gives tithe to death, so must she, apeing yet
Pitiful semblance of a warlike wrath
With little toys for tools, give nod to Fate,
And set her silly travesty to rights.
A prize for who comes first:—And what a prize!

Her empty places pierce, like a great wound,
Her heart; while 'round her fringe of coast
Her people fight, and strut, and waste fair time
In tinkling platitudes and paltry sport.
Contentious children, with no shudd'ring fear
Of what the morrow means, so that to-day
Be fair, and bright, and prodigal of joy.
Would we had had to fight for what we have!—
We would be better patriots; would rank
Our country higher than to let her stand
Sport for the butchers. O, must it then be so?
Is there no Man to guide our halting steps
Thro' the red labyrinths of what will be
Toward the light? Must we become the fools
Of alien princes? Else, ere yet too late,
Summon the bloody thoughts of centuries
Of splendid conquests to our halting aid,
And, shoulder to shoulder, State to sister State,
All wrongs forgotten, set our faces toward
The honour of a white humanity!

BABYLON.

A. G. Stephens.

Babylon has fallen! Ay; but Babylon endures
Wherever human wisdom shines or human folly lures;
Where lovers lingering walk beside, and happy children
play,
Is Babylon! Babylon! for ever and for aye.
The plan is rudely fashioned, the dream is unfulfilled,
Yet all is in the archetype if but a builder willed;

And Babylon is calling us, the microcosm of men,
To range her walls in harmony and lift her spires again;
The sternest walls, the proudest spires, that ever sun
 shone on,
Halting a space his burning race to gaze on Babylon.

Babylon has fallen! Ay; but Babylon shall stand:
The mantle of her majesty is over sea and land.
Hers is the name of challenge flung, a watchword in the
 fight
To grapple grim eternities and gain the old delight;
And in the word the dream is hid, and in the dream the
 deed,
And in the deed the mastery for those who dare to lead.
Surely her day shall come again, surely her breed be born
To urge the hope of humankind and scale the peaks of
 morn—
To fight as they who fought till death their bloody field
 upon,
And kept the gate against the Fate frowning on Babylon.

Babylon is fallen! Nay; for Babylon falls never;
Her seat is in the aspiring brain, in nerves that leap and
 quiver:
Upon her towers of ancient dream Prometheus is throned,
And still his ravished spark is flung wherever manhood's
 owned.
All vices, crimes, and mutinies were Babylon's; and then
All honours, prides, and ecstasies—for in her streets
 were Men;
And Man by Man must grow apace, and Man by Man
 must thrive,

And Man from Man must snatch the torch that lights
the race alive:

Yea, here and now her citizens, as in the years far gone,
Stone by stone, and joy with moan, upbuild Babylon!

THE POET.

Bernard O'Dowd.

They tell you the poet is useless and empty the sound of
his lyre,

That science has made him a phantom, and thinned to a
shadow his fire:

Yet reformer has never demolished a dungeon or den of
the foe

But the flame of the soul of a poet pulsated in every blow.

* * * *

They tell you he hinders with tinklings, with gags from
an obsolete stage,

The dramas of deed and the worship of Laws in a practical
age:

But the deeds of to-day are the children of magical
dreams he has sung,

And the Laws are ineffable Fires that from niggardly
heaven he wrung!

The bosoms of women he sang of are heaving to-day in
our maids:

The God that he drew from the Silence our woes or our
weariness aids:

Not a maxim has needled through Time, but a poet had
feathered its shaft,

Not a law is a boon to the people but he has dictated its
draft.

And why do we fight for our fellows? For Liberty why
do we long?

Because with the core of our nerve-cells are woven the
lightnings of song!

For the poet for ages illumined the animal dreams of our
sires,

And his Thought-Become-Flesh is the matrix of all our
unselfish desires!

Yea, why are we fain for the Beautiful? Why would
we die for the Right?

Because through the forested æons, in spite of the priests
of the Night,

Undeterred by the faggot or cross, uncorrupted by glory
or gold,

To our mothers the poet his Vision of Goodness and
Beauty has told.

When, comrades, we thrill to the message of speaker in
highway or hall,

The voice of the poet is reaching the silenter poet in all:
And again, as of old, when the flames are to leap up the
turrets of Wrong,

Shall the torch of the New Revolution be lit from the
words of a Song!

BALLADE OF DREAMS.

Marie E. J. Pitt.

Across the loom the shuttles fly,
Like random, rippled lights at play
Upon the road where you, where I,
Drift down the Valley of To-day;
White snowdrop stars beside the way
Illume the flight of fancies fled,
In some far Spring-time's snowdrop spray
Our dreams shall live when we are dead.

We quibble over how and why,
Or vex our souls with "yea" and "nay;"
Turn all the golden years awry,
And bid the wheel of pleasure stay;
And still our webs of hodden grey
Are shot with many a wizard thread
That passes not with passing clay—
Our dreams shall live when we are dead.

The proud, the strong, the brave shall die,
All flesh shall perish e'en as they;
Nor love, nor life, nor duty's tie
Shall hold the fateful hour at bay:
But past restraining barriers, yea,
On universal pinions spread,
A phoenix phalanx o'er decay,
Our dreams shall live when we are dead.

With cypress gather blooms o' may,
Beyond the dark the dawn is red;
Peace! sad one, tho' the gods shall slay,
Our dreams shall live when we are dead.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

Alex. Gordon Steven.

How wholly sweet beside this sunlit flow
Of choric water, to recline at ease,
And drink the bowl of beauty to the lees,
Heedless of all but of the dreams which grow!
Faintly we hear the distant cattle low,
Whilst thro' the rippling greenery of the trees,
Lulled by the drowsy murmurings of bees,
We see the moted sunbeams come and go.

This verdured couch is all beflowered of Spring,
Whose magic wine is leaping thro' the veins
Of every breathing and insensate thing:
The fretted dome is azure thro' the leaves:
From feathered throats what rapt, inspired strains!
Such is the tapestry which Nature weaves.

THE WILD DUCK.

Thomas W. Heney.

Tell me the charm of thy haunts, O bird!
Far in the unknown West,
Of the desert-pools whose waves are stirred
By press of thy plummy breast,
And the diver's plunge, and flutter of wings,
When the ripples speed their increasing rings.

Tell of the lakes that sleep in the reeds,
Crystal, and gold, and green.
Whenever the wind his legion leads
Through banks that sway and lean,

They renew the fable of older Pan,
Who taught his music through reeds to man.

How oft sought'st thou rest in darkling glade,
In some well-hidden pool,
Where centurial trees o'erspread their shade,
And waters glimmered cool,
And the gentle murmur of leaf and wave
Were the only voices that Nature gave.

Say how, in a night of fear, thy glance,
Through the dark woodland aisles,
Saw the corroboree's measured dance,
And the sway of the painted files
In the camp-fire's light, while the echoes long
Bore far the chant of the savage throng.

OUR GUM-TREES.

Nathan F. Spielvogel.

Our fathers came from the war-stained North,
The men who had strength to roam;
They said "Farewell," and sallied forth
To find for themselves a home.

They sailed the sea to the bush king's realm;
His groves, for their crops, they cleared:
They thought of oak and of ash and elm;
They looked at the gum and sneered;

They thought his leaves were of sombre hue,
Too mean to provide them shade;
They sniffed his scent, when the breezes blew,
And sighed for a primrose glade.

They said his limbs were of uncouth shapes
Like threatening demons' arms,
His strings of bark were like widow's crapes;
They longed for their woodlands' charms.

From war-stained North have our fathers come;
But we have the bush sons' eyes,
For we are kin of the gnarlèd Gum
Who hearkened our infant cries.
By him we played in our boyhood hours;
By him we have earned our bread;
And he will scatter his scented flowers
O'er us when we're lying dead.

We've seen the Red, like a thirsty king,
Bend over the silent stream;
We've seen the Mallee its tassels fling,
To steal of the sunset's gleam;
The Blue's young shoots, with his leaves gray pearled,
A cloud that has gone awry;
The Ironbark, with his limbs up-hurled
As though he would win the sky.

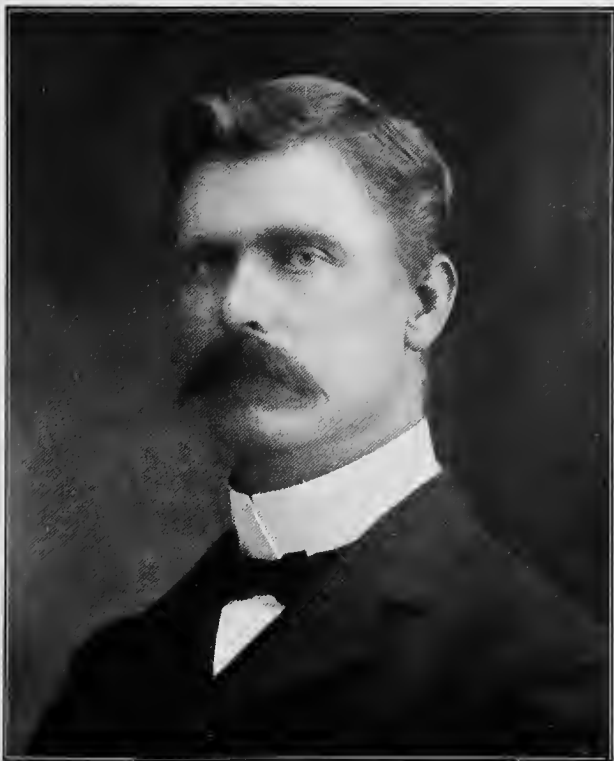
The oak and elm are but fair-day friends
That smile when the sky is clear,
But close their eyes when the summer ends,
And skies and the world grow drear.
Our gum stands firm thro' the winter cold—
There's never a change in him—
He gives his best, like a comrade bold,
When joy of the world grows dim.

He stands apart from the Old World trees,
Unbound by the laws of form;
He bows his head to the zephyr breeze,
But laughs at the drought and storm.
We stand alone, like our own great tree,
Afar from the nations' hum.
Come, brothers! Keep we our homeland free
As limbs of our Austral gum.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

H. F. Tracey.

"O Chief," I cried, "this oar grows hard;
Is there no rest for me?"
"No rest until thy journey's end,"
He cried; "and thou thine oar must bend
While strength remains in thee!"
"Take off these chains," I said to him,
"And let me free once more."
"Thou slave," he roared, "in bondage born,
Thou shalt be chained from morn to morn
Until we reach the shore."
"O Chieftain, say but whom thou art?
And whither we must go?
And why these chains and heavy oar?
And say what waits us on the shore
Beyond this sea of woe?"
"This is the Ship of Life," quoth he,
"That sails the sea of Time;
And Hardship's storms beset our course;



Talma, Photo.

RODERIC QUINN.

But Hope's strong labour must perforce
Bring near the fairer clime.

"Thy chains are but the things you love
In life, and that great oar
Is resolution which you ply
To make this little vessel fly
To Fame's fair golden shore."

"And thou—but who art thou?" I said,
"Who makest me labour so?"
He, turning to me, grimly smiled:
"I am thine own ambition, Child;
Now let us onward go."

THE GOLDEN YESTERDAY.

Roderic Quinn.

After a spell of chill, grey weather
(Green, O green, are the feet of Spring!)
The heaven is here of flower and feather,
Of wild, red blossom and flashing wing.

Hither, of old, queer flotsam drifted,
Borne from afar on an age-old stream—
Men and women, with hope uplifted,
Spurred and stirred by a splendid dream.

Hither they quested—the young and eager,
The social misfit, the aged, the banned;
Friends were lacking and fortune meagre,
And here was promise—The Promised Land.

Each had a hope, a star, a beacon—
A good-bye smile, or a gold love-tress—
To urge his feet lest his feet should weaken,
Drag and falter with weariness.

Love and honour, and mirth and pity—
The joy that brightens, the gloom that chills—
Dwelt at once in the tented city
Set of old in these watching hills.

The birds aroused them with matin numbers;
The air was scented with waking flowers;
They woke renewed from their starlit slumbers,
They toiled, dream-warmed, through the sunlit
hours.

They had their triumphs, their gains, their losses,
Their noons of laughter, their nights of care.
Back on the hills are some rough crosses—
A name—a date—and, perchance, a prayer.

It seems like a dream that flashed and flitted,
That reigned a moment and passed away;
And only the earth—its kind face pitted—
Tells the tale of that old, dead day.

They dug the clay, and they broke the boulders;
They turned the creek, and they washed the
mould;
But vain as makers and vain as moulders
They lived and wrought in the Age of Gold.

They worked and worried—their labour blotching
The land's green surface with scar and pit;

Yet, all around them the hills were watching—
Flower-crowned, tree-crested and glory-lit.

Like time-worn sages the green hills waited—
Clouds round their foreheads, their hips in grass—
They knew that the man at their feet was fated,
That he and the work of his hands should pass.

A breeze comes down from the highlands smoothing
The green young wheat, and a bird makes mirth;
And Spring is here with soft hands soothing
The ruined rocks and the wounded earth.

The diggers passed; and the last red embers
Of their night-fires—they are ashen grey;
But, while heart beats and the mind remembers,
They shall not fade as a dream away.

They wrought as heroes (though shadows creeping
Their moons and suns and stars oppressed),
And each has earned him his time of sleeping—
His hour of ease and his couch of rest.

A NIGHT PIECE.

Frank Morton.

The Moon against my window beats and beams
And croons and sighs;
But mightier, lordlier, spurring all my dreams,
Across the deeps great Sirius flames afar,
Lord paramount of all these nearer skies—
These homely skies that are a dust of gold.

The night is vast,
And ah, my dreams are bold
Now, by day's limitations uncontrolled,
My hopes no longer dwarfed and overcast
By day's dull reek of miseries manifold!

Day's noises past,
The night is grave, inscrutable and grey,
The night is golden, exquisite and deep,
The silent comforter of those that weep,
Incomparably grander than the day,
Immense and cold.

Across the deeps great Sirius flames afar
And warms my heart, and makes it plain to me
How small a corner of Infinity
We call Creation; so that in my dreams,
All careless of the smug, contemptuous Moon
And of the sceptic Day that comes so soon,
I feel and know
That past the point where Sirius flames, afar
There is a region where the old suns are,
Where all things live in happy union, though
Tremendous space begirts them, each demesne
A point apart 'mid measureless vagues serene,
A million, million leagues from star to star.

The Moon against my window beats and beams
And croons and sighs;
But mightier, lordlier, spurring all my dreams,
Across the deeps great Sirius flames afar,
Lord paramount of all these nearer skies.
There is a region where the old suns are—
The nearer heavens are a dust of gold.

THE SUM OF THINGS.

"Ishmael Dare."

This is the sum of things—that we
A moment live, a little see,
Do somewhat, and are gone: for so
The eternal currents ebb and flow.

This is the sum of work—that man
Does, while he may, the best he can;
Nor greatly cares, when all is done,
What praise or blame his toils have won.

This is the sum of sight—to find
The links of kin with all our kind,
And know the beauty Nature folds
Even in the simplest form she moulds.

This is the sum of life—to feel
Our hand-grip on the hilted steel,
To fight beside our mates, and prove
The best of comradeship and love.

This is the sum of things—that we
A lifetime live greatheartedly,
See the whole best that life has meant,
Do out our work, and go content.

From "YE WEARIE WAYFARER."

(Finis Exoptatus.)

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Hark! the bells on distant cattle
Waft across the range;
Through the golden-tufted wattle,
Music low and strange;
Like the marriage peal of fairies
Comes the tinkling sound,
Or like chimes of sweet St. Mary's
On far English ground.

How my courser champs the snaffle,
And with nostril spread,
Snorts and scarcely seems to ruffle
Fern leaves with his tread;
Cool and pleasant on his haunches
Blows the evening breeze,
Through the overhanging branches
Of the wattle trees:

Onward! to the Southern Ocean,
Glides the breath of Spring.
Onward! with a dreamy motion,
I, too, glide and sing—
Forward! forward! still we wander—
Tinted hills that lie
In the red horizon yonder—
Is the goal so nigh?

Whisper, spring-wind, softly singing,
Whisper in my ear;
Respite and nepenthe bringing,
Can the goal be near?
Laden with the dew of vespers,
From the fragrant sky,
In my ear the wind that whispers
Seems to make reply—

“Question not, but live and labour
Till yon goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbour,
Seeking help from none;
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.”

Courage, comrades, this is certain,
All is for the best—
There are lights behind the curtain—
Gentles, let us rest.
As the smoke-rack veers to seaward
From “the ancient clay,”
With its moral drifting leeward,
Ends the wanderer's lay.

CHALLENGE!

Dorothy Frances McCrae.

Curled locks and fine white hand,
O noble cavalier!
How haughtily you stand,
My gallant, proud forbear!
I love you top to toe,
Sir Soldier, do you know?

I fancied, Sir, you smiled
That night our kisses clung,
To-night I think: "Poor child!"
Your eyes say—plain as tongue
(Half pity, and half jest)—
"I loved; but see, I rest."

You rest, Sir? I'll rest too;
But oh! the long before—
Drear twilight, endless blue—
Ere beckons Heaven's door . . .
You smile, Sir Cavalier,
Your journey's done, you're there!

Curled locks and fine white hand,
O noble cavalier!
How haughtily you stand!
I'll stand as proudly here—
And prove as brave, I swear,
As you, my brave forbear!

THE HIDDEN TIDE.

Roderic Quinn.

Within the world a second world
That circles ceaselessly:
Stars in the sky and sister stars—
Turn in your eyes and see!

Tides of the sea that rise and fall,
Aheave from Pole to Pole—
And kindred swayings, veiled but felt,
That noise along the soul.

Yon moon, noon-rich, high-throned, remote,
And pale with pride extreme,
Draws up the sea, but what white moon
Exalts the tide of Dream?

The Fisher-Folk who cast their nets
In Vision's golden tide
Oft bring to light misshapen shells,
And nothing worth beside.

And so their worn hands droop adown,
Their singing throats are dumb;
The Inner-Deep withholds its pearls
Till turn of tide be come.

But patience! wait—the good tide turns,
The waters inward set;
And lo, behold! aleap, alive
With glowing fish the net!

O Toilers of the Hidden Seas!
Ye have strange gain and loss,
Dragging the Deeps of Soul for pearls,
And oft-times netting dross.

Flushed to the lips with golden light,
And dark with sable gloom;
Thrilled by a thousand melodies,
And silent like a tomb.

Fierce are the winds across your realm,
As though some Demon veiled
Had loosed the gales of Spirit-land
To ravage ways unsailed.

But still sweet hours befall at times,
Rich lit and full of ease;
The after-glow is like the light
Of sunset on tired seas.

And worse, perhaps, may be the lot
Of those whose fate is sleep;
The sodden souls without a tide,
Dense as a rotten deep.

Pain paves the way for keener joy,
And wondrous thoughts uproll
When the large moon of Peace looks down
On high tide in the Soul.

PERDITA.

James Hebblethwaite.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is pleasant to the view
When singing larks spring from the grass
To fade into the blue,
And all the hawthorn hedges break
In wreaths of purest snow,
And yellow daffodils are out,
And roses half in blow.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is sad as sad can be,
The prince has ta'en our flower of maids
Across the violet sea ;
Our Perdita has gone with him,
No more we dance the round
Upon the green in joyous play,
Or wake the tabor's sound.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Has many wonders seen,
The shepherd lass wed with a king,
The shepherd with a queen ;
But such a wonder as my love
Was never seen before,
It is my joy and sorrow now
To love her evermore.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is haunted by a light
Of memory of lady's eyes,
And fame of gallant knight;
The princes seek its charmèd strand.
But, ah, it was our knell
When o'er the sea our Perdita
Went with young Florizel!

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is not my resting place,
For with her waned from out the day
A beauty and a grace:
O had I kissed her on the lips
I would no longer weep,
But live by that until the day
I fall to shade and sleep.

"TO SOAR AS A WILD, WHITE BIRD"

Louise Mack.

To soar as a wild white bird,
With a song unbound and fetterless!
With a gush of song in the throat,
Loosened and loud and letterless,
And the wind its only accompaniment.

To sing and soar and look down
On a world one leaves when one tires of it:
With a glancing wing for a sail,
Dashing, when one desires of it,
Through the spray of the great sea-wilderness.

Or sweeping with mighty curves
From land to sky, and to land again:
To cast off Time, and to stay
Where one's will alone lays hand on one:
Not to own or owe in the universe.

Sudden and swift some day
Meet Death, and know no fear of Him,
But close the eyes and have done.
. . . When a wild bird dies none hear of him.
He has sung and ceased, and is happiest.

KATE CUNNINGHAM'S RIDE.

Alice Werner.

Years have passed since my girlhood's prime,
Some in sorrow and some in glee—
But I never remember such a time,
As the Summer of 'Fifty-three.

The land was parched and fainting with drought,
The flocks were dying on Banalong;
And they came and told us the blacks were out
On a raid, two hundred strong.

They had burnt the station at Barrington's Bay,
They had speared Jim Robertson and his wife,
And young Dick Wallace rode night and day,
And just escaped with his life.

He reined his reeking horse at our gate,
And shouted aloud to Mother and me:
"Take the kids and come, or you'll be too late,
They're crossing by Gundaree."

Father was out on the upper run—
Forty miles as the crow might fly—
Warning must reach him by set of sun:
There was none to ride, but I!

I brought out the horses—Black Gipsy, the mare,
For me—and for Mother the tall, old roan.
She mounted with baby—Dick had Clare—
"Good-bye!"—I was off, alone.

Off we went o'er the crisp burnt grass,
And through the paddock, and met no soul,
And crossed the level, to Scrub-Oak Pass,
And the dried-up water hole.

We'd got half-way through the Mallee scrub
On Marriott's land, with nothing to fear,
When I thought I saw the end of a club,
And heard the whizz of a spear.

Then I gathered my skirts, and set my teeth,
I durst not look unto either side;
I knew it was riding for life and death,
And I'd reach the run, though I died.

I dropped the reins on my beauty's neck,
I drove my boot-heel into her flank;
Already the foam had begun to fleck
Her sides, as they heaved and sank.

Whish! . . . Had it hit her? . . . It stuck in a tree
Five yards ahead. I bent and looked down,
She never slackened her pace . . . Ah, me!

There was blood on the edge of my gown.

"Oh! Gipsy, lass! Oh! my darling!" I cried,

"It's death to him if we faint or fail . . .

"Oh! help us! God!" . . . and that minute I spied
The shepherd's hut within hail.

Not a moment too soon, for another spear—

I knew it, though I seemed deaf and blind—
Struck her; another whizzed past my ear;
And I heard them yelling behind.

Everything seemed to whirl and flash.

I wondered, was I alive or dead?
Then Gipsy came to the ground with a crash,
And I went over her head.

I caught a glimpse of a man at the door,
I was up, cried wildly, sobbing for breath,
"It will be too late in a minute more!
A horse! It's for life or death."

I stood and stared at the brave, bright face,
The keen blue eyes, and the curly head,
Dazed, unseeing, a moment's space,
And—I don't know what I said.

"Wait here a minute, sit down and rest,
You must save your strength for their sakes, you know."
But, mad with the fire in my brain and breast,
I cried, "I can't! I must go!"

He went and brought his own dapple-grey horse,
And shifted the gear from mine as she lay,
And lifted me into the saddle perforce,
And then—as I turned away,

I don't know what it was that smote
On my brain, and my eyes began to swim,
But I loosed the handkerchief from my throat,
And tossed it over to him.

"God keep you!" "Good-bye!" With a clatter and rush
The good grey started. One last glance back:—
He stood, loading his gun, in the sunset flush,
And hearkened adown the track.

We had crossed the bounds of Marriott's lot,
We had leapt the fence of the upper run;
Far down the gully I heard a shot,
Then all was still. . . . I had won.

"Father!" "Why, Kitty! what's up, dear lass?"
I knew not till then I was scared to death,
But there, like a fool, I sat on the grass,
And laughed and cried in a breath.

No time to lose, and he saddled up,
We took the back track north of the ridge.
And by dawn we had passed Koagulup,
And were safe beyond the bridge.

And Marriott's shepherd? When Tom and Bart
Went up to the run you know the rest—
How they found him dead, with a spear in his heart,
And a handkerchief on his breast.

THE CLAN CALL.

Marie E. J. Pitt.

I patted the head of a pony,

By a Collins-street kerbstone tied,
And my soul is sick for the old things
And the feel of the world outside.

I patted the head of a pony,

My fingers are tingling yet;
And I hear the call of the outlands
Ring over the city's fret.

He was low and little and weedy,

But he bent his nose to my hand
In the language that never was written,
That the horse-lovers understand.

And I feel the beck of the mountains,

And the worn ways wandering white
Thro' the ironbarks and the messmates
Are calling to me to-night.

And I ache in this city prison,

In this desert of rolling roofs,
For the lilt of snaffle and stirrup,
For the ring of galloping hoofs,

'Mong the hills where the circling eagle

Sails dark on the rim o' the day,
And the gang-gangs' shrieking phalanx
Heralds the stormy fray.

Flemington, Caulfield, Ascot?

The Derby, the Melbourne Cup?

The seethe of the surging thousands?

The steeds with their riders up?

They're tainted with craft of Commerce,

By minions of Pelf they're ruled,

With a fig for the game outsider,

And a curse for the nag that's "pulled."

'Twas a merrier sport and cleaner

Where the ironstone ranges rung

To the race that never was written,

To the steeds that never were sung.

'Twas a merrier sport and sweeter,

The chestnut against the brown,

With the weight on the Gippsland gelding

And a win for the mare, hands down.

On the open road we have won them,

Close finish and hard-set teeth,

With God's own breath on our faces

And His levin of life beneath.

On the open road we have lost them,

Light-hearted and ridden away;

For there's never a game worth playing,

Where the stake is more than the play.

Yes! I'm sick to-night for the old things

That grip me like living hands,

In the dark of a world of shadows—

And I know, while the old faith stands,

With the mate of my soul beside me,
Light-hearted, without remorse,
I would tackle The Styx to-morrow
On a fretting Australian horse.

THE AUSTRALIAN SUNRISE.

J. L. Cuthbertson.

The Morning Star paled slowly, the Cross hung low to
the sea,

And down the shadowy reaches the tide came swirling
free,

The lustrous purple blackness of the soft Australian
night

Waned in the gray awakening that heralded the light ;

Out of the dying darkness, over the forest dim,

The pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant limb,

Till the sun came up from ocean, red with the cold sea
mist,

And smote on the limestone ridges, and the shining tree-
tops kissed ;

Then the fiery Scorpion vanished, the magpie's note was
heard,

And the wind in the she-oak wavered, and the honey-
suckles stirred,

The airy golden vapour rose from the river breast,

The kingfisher came darting out of his crannied nest,

And the bulrushes and reed-beds put off their sallow gray

And burnt with cloudy crimson at the dawning of the day.

LOVE'S TREASURE-HOUSE.

D. M. Ross.

I went to Love's old Treasure-house last night,
Through soundless halls of the great Tower of Time.
And saw the miser Memory, grown grey
With years of jealous counting of his gems,
At his old task within the solitude.
By a faint taper the deep-furrowed face,
Heavy with power, lay shadowed on the wall—
Shadow and shadowy face communing there—
While the lean flame a living spear-point leaped
With menace at the night's dark countenance.

"And this," he said, "is gold from out her hair,
And this the moonlight that she wandered in,
With here a rose, enamelled by her breath,
That bloomed in glory 'tween her breasts, and here
The brimming sun-cup that she quaffed at noon,
And here the star that cheered her in the night;
In this great chest, see, curiously wrought,
Are purest of Love's gems." A ruby key,
Enclasped upon a golden ring, he took,
With care, from out some secret hiding-place,
And delicately touched the lock, whereat
I staggered, blinded by the light of things
More luminous than stars, and questioned thus—
"What are these treasures, miser Memory?"
And slowly bending his grey head, he spoke:
"These are the multitude of kisses sweet
Love gave so gladly, and I treasure here."

ON WAIREE HILL.

Louise Mack.

Do you remember meeting, meeting
Here when the wattle's boughs grew golden?
(Ah, golden wattle, how sweet, how sweet!)

And under the drip of its gold burrs beating
Light on our heads with the wind just risen,
We cast our hearts into one strait prison,
And neither asked for the key to keep.
(Ah, golden wattles, how sad, how sweet!)

Have you forgotten watching, watching
There, where the white dust clouds the cross-ways
(O, silent cross-ways, how still, how still!)

My blade in the bark of a great gum notching
Names that the years have made black and narrow—
Your name and mine, and a heart and arrow;
And you were angry, you said, and smiled.
(O, silent cross-ways, how sad, how still!)

Do you remember riding, riding
West, with the stretch of the plains before us?
(O, plains of Wairee, so great, so grey!)

The sky in the west was gliding, gliding,
Shedding its red in a million places;
The fleet wind gurgled against our faces—
Our rush was swifter than wing or wind.
(O, plains of Wairee, so grey, so still!)

'Tis I remember creeping, creeping
Over the hill with a slow procession,
(Your slowest wending of Wairee Hill).
I can hear through the years, your mother's weeping,
See through the years the paddocks lying
In noon's dead stillness, one far crow flying
Where light made gold of its dingy wing.
(Ah, God, those paddocks so wide, so still!)

FERNSHAW (BLACKS' SPUR).

Marion Miller Knowles.

Where solitude still holds unbroken sway
O'er fern-clad slope and softly-flowing stream,
O'er purple hills that through the languid day
Seem distant castles in a fairy dream,
And passing shadows form a spirit band
To guard the brooding calm of their enchanted land,
There man ne'er toils nor grieves,
But through the tender leaves
The sensuous Summer sunlight slowly weaves,
With heavy-lidded eyes, bright hues for Autumn eves!
There through the drowsy stillness ever steals
The sweet faint music of a choir unseen.
Though lulled to rest, the musing spirit feels
Time yet hath golden fields for her to glean.
But rest is sweet when fragrant odours steep
Tired soul and sense in self-forgetting sleep!
Far away the lyre bird's call;
Splash of a distant waterfall;

The wind's sigh through the tree-tops tall—

Weird, broken music, rising, floating, ever over all.
Between the waving palm-fern branches shine

The swaying musk-leaves, broad and silver-lined,
And with the lighter green their shades combine,
As chords of music blend within a master mind.

And ever rippling in sweet monotone

The river glides o'er rock and mossy stone.

Dreamy clouds float overhead—

Snowdrifts on an azure bed,
Soft down by the angels spread
For the feet of some child spirit Heavenward gently
led.

Wherever home of man hath left its trace

(As here in gardens long o'ergrown with weeds)

Vague hints of mystery seem to fill the place—

The shadow of the old-time reckless deeds!

The wild ride in the starlight dewy dusk

Thro' fresh winds fragrant with the breath of musk

Was but the prelude sweet

To song and dancing feet—

The loud bush revel, where for youth and maid to meet

Proved oft the preface to a tale Love only could complete!

The Past with lingering step before me steals;

The rustic bridge above the river's flow

Resounds again beneath the coaches' wheels,

And phantom drivers of the long ago

Draw up before the poplar-shaded door
The quaint old inn threw wide in days of yore!—
No vestige of it stands,
But Nature's kindly hands
Have beckoned fairy sprites from all her magic lands,
And fern and wild-flower now bend o'er the river's
silver sands.

DALEY'S GRAVE.

A. A. D. Bayldon.

The columns white against the lucent blue,
The old unwearied sea for ever new,
And these unplundered plots of stainless flowers
Make death seem rich with lovelier dreams than ours.
And here he sleeps, forgetting all his wrongs,
Lulled by the ocean's rune and wild birds' songs.
No more shall he, fastidious as the bees,
Gather from bower of dreams sweet melodies,
Or thrill to trumpets of the Dawn, when flare
Wild splendours on her storm-dishevelled hair.

He bore the pennon of the Sun when first
To these ungenerous shores he came, and nursed
The brood of Beauty from the nest of Time,
That warble in his flowery brakes of rhyme.
The Muse was gracious when he swept the lyre—
The world slew all his hopes and damped his fire,

Saw asps hold orgies hissing at his fame,
And bruised the eagle soul it could not tame.
He passed, despising immaterial praise,
Presumptuous tributes, and the spurious bays.

I did not meet our Prince till, sombre grown,
He touched the harp-strings to a troubled tone.
The tremors of the Veil had caught his eye
When he enthralled me with his sorcery—
And like a fountain rose his voice and fell
With rhythm mellow as a golden bell.

The black processions wind along the aisles
Blind to the sun's regenerating smiles.
The calm Pacific indolently sighs
For the pure Sabbath stillness of the skies,
And sweet growths restful as the slumbering dead
Heed not the passing pall and muffled tread.

And is our Prince that gave such wonders birth
Only a shredding vesture in the earth?
Ah no! when glancing from melodious spheres
He pities us our vain unneeded tears.
For he is folded in unfading bowers
Or ranging meads of ever-blowing flowers,
And round his temples, that now shine as snow,
The blooms from gardens where God's rivers flow.

Too happy to remember earthly things,
Among his radiant peers he sweeps the strings
To ecstasies so spiritually sweet
They reach the Kings of Song, around whose feet
Seas of seraphic wings for ever beat.

AN OLD BUSH ROAD.

Jennings Carmichael.

Dear old road, wheel-worn and broken,
Winding thro' the forest green,
Barred with shadow and with sunshine,
Misty vistas drawn between.
Grim, scarred bluegums ranged austere,
Lifting blackened columns each
To the large, fair fields of azure,
Stretching ever out of reach.

See the hardy bracken growing
Round the fallen limbs of trees;
And the sharp reeds from the marshes,
Washed across the flooded leas;
And the olive rushes, leaning
All their pointed spears to cast
Slender shadows on the roadway,
While the faint, slow wind creeps past.

Ancient ruts grown round with grasses,
Soft old hollows filled with rain;
Rough, gnarled roots all twisting queerly,
Dark with many a weather-stain.
Lichens moist upon the fences,
Twining close against the logs;
Yellow fungus in the thickets,
Vivid mosses in the bogs.

Dear old road, wheel-worn and broken,
What delights in thee I find!
Subtle charm and tender fancy,
Like a fragrance in the mind.

Thy old ways have set me dreaming,
And out-lived illusions rise,
And the soft leaves of the landscape
Open on my thoughtful eyes.

See the clump of wattles, standing
Dead and sapless on the rise;
When their boughs were full of beauty
Even to uncaring eyes
I was ever first to rifle
The soft branches of their store.
O the golden wealth of blossom
I shall gather there no more!

Now we reach the dun morasses,
Where the red moss used to grow
Ruby-bright upon the water,
Floating on the weeds below.
Once the swan and wild-fowl glided
By those sedges, green and tall;
Here the booming bitterns nested;
Here we heard the curlews call.

Climb this hill and we have rambled
To the last turn of the way;
Here is where the bell-birds tinkled
Fairy chimes for me all day.
These were bells that never wearied,
Swung by ringers on the wing;
List! the elfin strains are waking,
Memory sets the bells a-ring!

Dear old road, no wonder, surely,
That I love thee like a friend!
And I grieve to think how surely
All thy loveliness will end.
For thy simple charm is passing,
And the turmoil of the street
Soon will mar thy sylvan silence
With the tramp of careless feet.

And for this I look more fondly
On the sunny landscape, seen
From the road, wheel-worn and broken,
Winding thro' the forest green.
Something still remains of Nature,
Thoughts of other days to bring:
For the staunch old trees are standing,
And I hear the wild birds sing!

A TREMBLING STAR.

Ethel Turner.

"There is my little trembling star," she said.
I looked; once more
The tender sea had put the sun to bed,
And heaven's floor
Was grey.
And nowhere yet in all that young night sky
Was any star,
But one that hung above the sea. Not high,
Nor very far
Away.

"I watch it every night," she said and crept
Within my arm.

"Soft little star, I wish the angels kept
It safe from harm
Alway.

"I know it is afraid," she said ; her eyes
Held a sweet tear.

"They send it all alone into the skies,
No big stars near,
To stay.

"They push it out before the sweet, kind moon
Lights up the sea.

They laugh because it fears the dark. 'Soon, soon,
You'll braver be,'
They say.

"One night I climbed far up that high white tree
Beside the beach,
And tried to stretch my hand across the sea
And tried to reach
The grey.

"For something made me feel my heart would break
Unless that night
I in my hand my trembling star could take
And kiss its fright
Away.

"There only blew a strange wind chillily,
And clouds were swept.
The angels would not let my own star see
That someone wept.
I pray

"To Christ, who hears my little prayers each night,
That He will seek
Through all His skies for that sweet, frightened light,
And stoop His cheek
And say,

" 'My angels must not send so frail a thing
To light the West.
Lift up the little trembling star to cling
About My breast
Always.' "

POETAE ET REGES.

Hugh McCrae.

To be the star that lights the wave,
To roll in glory to the grave:
To be a poet is to stand
Upon the dais and right hand
Of warlike Caesar. Gods and kings
Were but the very dust of things,
Did not old Homer (and his crew
Of lesser measure) grandly strew
Their fitful progress with the bays
Of deathless triumph-songs of praise.
Each deed of martial enterprise,
Of royal bounty, straightway dies,
Save only when the magic fire
Of Genius gives it to his lyre . . .

A king is but a mess of clay
Set i' the light, then put away;
A house of worms, a wealth of dearth,
His tomb a pock-mark on the earth

But he who drinks of Helicon
Has life eternal surely won.
He is the scabbard to that sword
Which, left alone, without its ward,
Would rust its inches meanly down,
While fatted fools enjoy the crown
It once had fought for in the steam
Of heavy battles Ah, the gleam
Is fresh as ever, underneath
The scrolling bay-leaves of its sheath,
And men shall tremble at the name
"Excalibur." . . . Such is the fame
That poets hold and poets give—
To live in making others live!

WILD FLOWERS.

Dowell O'Reilly.

"O Father, let us go
And gather flowers," cry
My little ones, who love me so,
Whose lips forever "want to know,"
And hearts still "wonder why."

Like birds they hover and fly
Where the wild flowers quiver and glow
In the tremulous springtide ecstasy,
And the glimmering sunbeams "want to know,"
And the shadows "wonder why."

O Christ, who loved them so
When they, with glances shy,
Crept even closer long ago
To Thee, with wide-eyed "want to know,"
And wistful "wonder why."

Still, let them dreaming lie
Close in thy heart, and oh!
When they at last awake—to die,
Fulfil their yearning "want to know,"
And wistful "wonder why,"



Tosca, Photo

WILL LAWSON.

WINTER SUNSET ON THE AUSTRALIAN
COAST.*J. L. Cuthbertson.*

Wild skies and wilder waters, and the glow
Of stormy sunset on the forest capes,
And deep below the black fantastic shapes
Of boulders gleaming in tempestuous snow:
The gloomy rollers for a moment show
Upon their bellying green reflected back
The sullen crimson of the cloudy rack,
Driven by the strong south-wester to and fro;

A thousand fraying branches interlock
Of hardy ti-tree warring with the gales,
And vocal with a glorious minstrelsy;
But louder yet, on sand and ringing rock,
Round all the island continent prevails
The mighty diapason of the sea.

TROOPERS.*Will Lawson.*

I saw the mounted troopers pass
Without a sound—
They made no sound
Save that of horse-hoofs on the grass
And sodden, ground;
Or jingling bit-bars tossed to ring
In quick surprise.
Oh, God, their eyes!
As they rode tracking out this thing—

This man, whose capture wealth would bring.
(I heard the river sob and sing
A dirge to sullen skies.)

And as I watched, I saw one drop
Without a sound—
He made no sound—
And, signing, bid his comrades stop
As he bent circling round
To find the track—grass bent to some
Unmated stem.
I hated them
Because they rode like mutes, all dumb,
No jangling scabbards—tapping drum—
They rode that none might hear them come
Like harnessed men of Khem.

Each man there sat his horse right well
Without a sound—
They made no sound ;
And each man's eyes blazed fires of hell
As they roved round ;
Such eager eyes and hard-set lips
Closed stubbornly.
They seemed to me
Like bloodhounds when the hand that grips
Their straining leashes slacks and slips ;
When one mad hound his mates outstrips,
And they are racing, free.

I saw the King's tried troopers wheel
 Without a sound—
 They made no sound
Save that of horse-hoofs, shod with steel,
 On soaking ground.
And in the rainy evening dim
 I watched them go—
 Relentless, slow.
So sinister they seemed, these grim,
Hard, lynx-eyed men of stalwart limb;
And all my pity was for him—
 The man they hunted so.

MARRI'D.

Mary Gilmore.

It's singin' in an' out,
 An' feelin' full of grace;
Here'n' there, up an' down,
 An' round about th' place.

It's rollin' up your sleeves,
 An' whit'nin' up the hearth,
An' scrubbin' out th' floors,
 An' sweepin' down th' path;

It's bakin' tarts an' pies,
 An' shinin' up th' knives;
An' feelin' 's if some days
 Was worth a thousand lives.

It's watchin' out th' door,
An' watchin' by th' gate;
An' watchin' down th' road,
An' wonderin' why he's late;

An' feelin' anxious-like,
For fear there's something wrong;
An' wonderin' why he's kep',
An' why he takes so long.

It's comin' back inside
An' sittin' down a spell,
To sort o' make believe
You're thinkin' things is well.

It's gettin' up again
An' wand'rin' in an' out;
An' feelin' wistful-like,
Not knowin' what about;

An' flushin' all at once,
An' smilin' just so sweet,
An' feelin' real proud
The place is fresh an' neat.

An' feelin' awful glad
Like them that watch'd Silo'm;
An' everything because
A man is comin' Home!

SLUMBER SONG.

Mary H. Poynter.

Now the golden day is ending,
See the quiet night descending,
Stealing, stealing all the colours, all the roses from the
west.

Safe at home each bird is keeping
Watch o'er nest and children sleeping,
Dreaming tender dreams of sunshine, sleeping warm, for
sleep is best.

Sleep then, sleep, my little daughter,
Sleep to sound of running water,
Singing, singing through the twilight, singing little things
to rest.

Down beside the river flowing,
Where the broom and flax are growing,
Little breezes whisper gently, as night's music softly
swells;
And like bells of Elfin pealing,
Lonely through the shadows stealing,
Tinkling, tinkling through the twilight comes the sound
of cattle bells.

Sleep, then, sleep, my little daughter,
Cattle bells, and wind, and water,
Weaving, weaving chains of slumber, cast about thee
Dreamland's spells.

ONAWE.

Dora Wilcox.

Peaceful it is: the long light glows and glistens
On English grass;
Sweet are the sounds upon the ear that listens;
The winds that pass

Rustle the tussock, and the birds are calling,
The sea below
Murmurs, upon its beaches rising, falling,
Soft, soft and slow.

All undisturbed the Pakeha's herds are creeping
Along the hill;
On lazy tides the Pakeha's sails are sleeping,
And all is still.

Here once the Mighty Atua had his dwelling
In mystery,
And hence weird sounds were heard at midnight,
swelling
Across the sea.

Here once the Haka sounded; and din of battle
Shook the gray crags,
Triumphant shout, and agonised death-rattle
Startled the shags.

And now such peace upon this isthmus narrow,
With Maori blood
Once red!—these heaps of stones,—a greenstone arrow
Rough-hewn and rude!

Gone is the Atua, and the hillsides lonely,
The warriors dead ;
No sight, no sound ! the weird wild wailing only
Of gull instead.

Come not the Rangitira hither roaming
As once of yore,
To dance a ghostly Haka in the gloaming,
And feast once more?

Tena koe Pakeha! within this fortification
Grows English grass.
Tena koe! subtle conqueror of a nation
Doomed, doomed to pass!

THE REIVER.

Marie E. J. Pitt.

The floods are out on the flats to-night,
Moaning and maddened and wild and red ;
Like a hooded serpent ready to smite,
Old Mitchell rears in his straitened bed.
Quick ! Lords of the cattle and crops your dole !
The reiver river takes toll, takes toll !

Hope for no harvest of eager hands,
The ripened ears and the swollen cribs !
The sludge-bar, tossed on the hungry sands,
That gapes like a skeleton's sundered ribs,
The break and the blight and the far-flung shoal
Of the reiver river take toll, take toll !

The lean teams lagged at the furrow end,
And the plumed green army stood brave anon,
Now from mourning upland to river bend
The whisper is hushed and the plumes are gone.
Only the waters a death-dirge roll
Where the reiver river takes toll, takes toll!

Plunder, full plunder of horn and hoof,
Of torn green tresses and whitening bone,
And a darker tribute, deep housed aloof
Where the vespering pines on the hillside moan,
Man, beast and bird, and the twisted bole—
So the reiver river takes toll, takes toll!

The floods are out on the flats to-night,
Pray if you dare to and hold your breath;
For a craft rides seaward with never a light,
And the man at her wheel is Pilot Death.

*Was it curlew or plover? Or parting soul?
Hush!—the reiver river takes toll, takes toll!*

THE DRAMA ETERNAL.

(Extracts.)

Ivan Archer Rosenblum.

1

A FRIEND.

Yes, in the changeful years mine eyes have seen
The flush and fall of many a damask rose;
Have seen soft smiles to bitter sneers transformed,

Bright orbs bedimmed and lacking healthful fire,
And generous souls turned harsh and cynical,
And hopeful youth cut off before his prime,
And guilt hypocrisy gain high reward.

But in the Hurly-Burly I have seen
The beauty and the majesty of Love,
The triumph of the man of steadfast life
Amidst the riot and inconstancy.
And I have seen the need for charity,
For we are erring all (and who shall blame?)
Being the children of an infinite Past,
Inheritors of all its tangled wrongs.

Kindness and charity of heart and mind—
Give me the friend who boasts such attributes,
Not harsh in judgment of another's fault,
But ready to confess he, too, is weak,
A pathless pilgrim, too, along a shore
Rugged and rocky where we fall and bleed,
Stumbling towards the quiet of the grave.
Grant me that friend; so, when my hour is told,
And I am lying still and passionless,
He may proclaim me other than I seemed
To those who knew me less; and, with brave words,
Tell a proud world that all its chimeras,
Its glittering pomp and gaudy pageantry,
Mock majesty and mighty littleness
Shall vanish like a dream; that not alone
This sun-lit dust-speck, but the universe,
Like morning mist shall melt in nothingness;
That all the stars about the Milky Way
Consume themselves as they irradiate,

And shall partake the universal gloom
In that dark day when suns and systems lie
Effete and impotent in their old age.
*When all the universe is one in Death,
Surely man hath much call for Charity.*

2.

SUMMER.

In Summer-time, when skies are cheerful bright,
'Tis good to loiter listlessly among
The gleaming grasslands, or by shallow stream
To wander with its waters through the woods,
Or lie and dream in some secluded spot
Far from the noise and bustle of the world.

'Tis pleasant thus to pass the peaceful hours,
When skies are soft and warm, and woodlands sunny,
While low winds come a-wooing from the sea
Afar-off drowsing in the slumbrous light:
There through the languorous hours to lie adream,
Lulled by the murmurous melodies which swell
On every side, the insistent melodies
Of running brooklets rippling over rocks,
Of sleepy zephyrs crooning as they come
And go amidst a harmony of leaves.

'Tis pleasant thus to linger for an hour,
And in such languid mood I lay at rest,
Rejoicing in the splendour of the Day
After Night's gloomy reign. All Nature smiled,
And I, a Greek at heart, sang joyously:
Grant me the Summer with its gracious glances,
Not dreary Winter when the days are dead;

For me the season of sweet, sunny feature,
 Music and mirth, bright noon and starry night;
 When wattles gleam among the deeper tinting,
 And purple clouds droop o'er the dreaming sea,
 When earth is heaven; when earth and sky are lovers,
 Whose gladsome hours glide by on golden wings.

THE RHYMES OUR HEARTS CAN READ.

"Dryblower."

*Give us a ballad that swings along
 With the bound of a striving steed;
 Give us—whether it's right or wrong—
 The rhymes our hearts can read.*

Tell us of men whose axes bite
 The hearts of the mountain gum;
 Sing of the pioneers who fight
 To waken the desert dumb;
 Write of the gaunt and grimy band
 That the far-away world forgets,
 As it pats the cheek and strokes the hand
 Of its curled and scented pets;

Tell of the slaves who sweat and strive
 Deep down from the light of day,
 While the spoon-fed drones of the human hive
 Are grudging their paltry pay;
 Write of the men for whom God waits—
 Men of a Christ-like creed;
 Sing of the mates who die for mates,
 In the rhymes our hearts can read.

We want to read of the mulga mines,
Where the dolly precedes the mill;
We want to hear, between the lines,
The ring of the pick and drill;
We want to crawl from page to page
Through dusty drive and stope,
To catch the hiss of the rushing cage
And the roll of the winding-rope.

Give us the rip-saw's grind and scream
As it sunders the giant log;
The groan and creak of the bullock team
As it flounders across the bog;
The swish and crack of the stockmen's whips
In the roar of the night stampede.
Give us the music that bites and grips—
The rhymes our hearts can read.

Write of the long and lonely tramps
That furrow the hearts out-back;
Sing of the days of hasty camps,
When Bayley blazed the track.
Tell of the times we've fought for fun,
A wearisome hour to wile,
And whether we lost or whether we won
Gripped hands with a jest and smile.

*Give us a ballad that swings along
With the bound of a striving steed;
Give us—whether it's right or wrong—
The rhymes our hearts can read.*

THE MOTHER.

Anne Glenny Wilson.

My heart is o'erflowing,
My foot treads the foam,
Go tell to the wide world
My son has come home
From the far-rolling north sea,
Where mermaidens cry,
Where the sun, all the week long,
Goes round in the sky,
Where the ice-cliffs break seaward
With thunder-loud fall,
From the pale northern dancers—
He comes from you all!

Go, seek in the oak-chest
The blue-flowered plate,
The bowl like an eggshell,
The cup's silver mate.
Lay on the round table
The damask so fine,
And cut the black cluster
Still left on the vine.
My hand shakes—but bring me
That pure honeycomb,
Now nothing shall vex me,
My boy has come home!

Now twine on the doorway
Pale wreaths of jasmine,
And tell all the village
His ship has come in.
How lucky my wheat-bread
Was baked yesternight;
He loves the brown home-loaf,
And this is so light.
Now heap up wild berries
As black as the sloe—
I never must tell him
I've wept for him so!

The girls will come running
To hear all the news,
The neighbours with nodding
And scraping of shoes.
The fiddler, the fifer,
Will play as they run,
The blind beggar, even,
Will welcome my son.
He smiles like his father
(I'll sit here and think),
Oh, could he but see us—
It makes my heart sink.
But what is that?—"Mother!"
I heard someone call.
"Oh, Ronald, my first-born,
You've come after all!"

SAINT HUBERT.

Hubert Church.

Comrades, to the woodlands come!

Thrice afar the tasselled horn

Pours a soul's elysium

Thro' the white wake of the morn.

Thrice the buck has hearkened still,

Buried in the umber shades ;

Thrice the gleby-wandering rill

Answers ere the bugle fades.

Over yonder granite peak,

Circled with a fleecy film,

Leaps the glad sun's flaming streak,

Kissing all his verdured realm.

Unpremeditated hymns

Pour from feather-throated choirs,

Every note with joy o'erbrims,

Every heart to soar aspires!

Thrice afar the tasselled horn

Pours a soul's elysium

Through the white wake of the morn—

Comrades, to the woodlands come!

EARTH TO EARTH.

E. S. Emerson.

So, Earth to Earth! There is pain to-day
In the preacher's solemn voice;
But my thoughts go out and away, away
Where the wild bush-birds rejoice;
And I'm ten years old and a boy again,
And the way to the creek is green,
And it's oh! for the wattles along the lane
And the blue-bells in between.

And it's oh! for a scamper across the rise
And down where the scrub is dense,
With a wild hulloo as a plover flies
From the reed-bed by the fence.
And here's a rabbit. Hey! sool 'em there!
And hi! to the dogs that chase;
And oh! for a touzle of brown-black hair
And a wind-kissed, sun-burned face.

And here's a hole where the yabbie dwells;
Ho! ho! for a bait of meat;
And ha! ha! ha! for the kid who yells
As the yib-yabs nip his feet.
And it's off again at a racing run
Where the stock-yard gate swings wide,
And oh! for the falls and the stolen fun
With a young bull-calf to ride.

And "it's not so far to the flannel flowers,"
And "the mountain creek's quite near";



Esma, Photo.

E. S. EMERSON.

"We've grass-seed watches to count the hours,
So, what have you got to fear?" . . .
And, tired at last, it's the old earth's breast
And a wide bed ready made,
With wattles to whisper a song of rest,
And the great white gums for shade.

.
So, Earth to Earth, in the golden noon,
Or late in the waning day,
We answered the dear old mother's croon
As only her bush kids may;
And so, when the Dusk has blurred our sight,
And her last low call we hear,
We'll sink to sleep in her arms o'night,
Just Earth to Earth without fear.

THE CRUISER.

Will Lawson.

She came at break of day,
Her hull against the dawn,
Blundering up the sleeping bay
Before the nets were drawn.
But little we cared for that;
The cruiser claimed our eyes—
Her funnels and spars lay flat
And the air was full of cries.
On her bridge the captain stood,
His eyes were staring wide,
Lost in a madman's mood,
Searching the rosy tide.

The smoke from the splintered stacks
Rolled over her decks in clouds.
In her armor were rents and cracks,
In the water dragged her shrouds.

We hailed, "Ahoy! ahoy!"
But her steersman never turned.
She scraped the channel buoy,
And his eyes with madness burned.
Her plates were shattered and bent,
One screw was shot away;
Broken and wounded she went—
Halt and lame, up the bay.

A wild face came to the rail,
Just aft of the broken guys;
He did not answer our hail,
But we saw the look in his eyes—
Terror and weariness,
And the look of a deafened man—
Ah, well! we could only guess
This ship had been in the van.

She had fought where the fight was worst,
With decks all splashed and strewn,
When the shrill shells struck and burst
In the light of a chill half-moon.
The smoke rolled over the sea,
And oh! she moved so slow,
And oh! the moaning of agony
From the wounded men below.

Into the port she went—

We turned and watched her go,
With armor shattered and bent
And engines toiling slow.
Yet proud she looked, and grim,
As though she had fought her fight,
Out there on the morning's rim,
Back there in the awful night.

Never shall I forget

That sight in the early dawn,
As we lounged in the sea-mist wet,
Before the nets were drawn;
When the broken cruiser came
So slow that she raised no foam,
Tottering, weary, crushed, but *game*,
Groping her blind way home.

THE FLYER.

Will Lawson.

Oh! this is the song of a flyer,
Whose wheels are a dream to see;
Though many a rig lifts higher,
There's nothing that moves so free.
And over the level distance,
I wager the townships know
The throb of her heavy pistons,
And smile when they hear her blow.
For never a load can hold her;
She drives by the clock—on time—
A-rocking and all a-shoulder,
And every chain a-chime.

And never a build flies fleeter—
With half her long journey done,
She snorts when the light grades meet her,
And sways on the downward run.

A whisper afar through the dead-light
That lies on the lonely gums—
A dazzling beam from her headlight,
And a shuddering rail that hums—
A muffled roll like the throbbing
Of myriad screws off-shore,
And a labouring, rhythmic sobbing
That grows to a pulsing roar—
A strident call where the levels
Dip down, and the red roads cross—
A furnace and two red devils,
A barrel that gleams a-toss. . . .
And so, you have seen us racing,
You'll stare till our tail-lights wheel,
But only the night-winds, chasing,
Can follow our flying steel.

.
The whispering trees are bending—
Some mimic our reckless speed,
And circle and race, pretending
They're giving the mail a lead.
And, out in the clearings, grasses
Moan sad in the draught we bring;
And every post that passes
Lifts higher the wires that sing
Of speed and a rosy morning
To follow, oh, far behind!

The twinkling "red" waves warning,
The glittering "green"—"drive blind"—
Green light, and a long bridge thunders,
And, housed on the river flat,
A youngster awakes and wonders
"If ever I'll drive like that!"

The shadows that shun the sunlight,
Fly fast when they hear our stroke;
But we fly faster with one light
That jeers at the shadow-folk.
Thrown clear in its flashing flicker,
The quivering metals shine;
And, cursing, the wheels turn quicker,
And tear at the stubborn line
That swings o'er the plain-land, gleaming
Through village and lonely town—
They watch out west for our steaming,
And laugh when our brakes go down.
The grappling cranks are heaving—
Each coupling-rod sweeps grand,
And softly her sheaves are weaving
A tale of the overland.

Oh! this is the song of a racer,
Who never was taught to climb,
And never a rig can pace her—
She drives by the clock—on time—
To waken the summer silence
Or shatter the night-mist's pall —
For many a ringing mile hence,
The people will hear her call.

And e'en when her day is ended,
And heavier builds outstrip,
She'll come in the moonlight splendid,
And blow where the crossings dip;
And men laid dead in the distance
Will turn in their rest, I know,
To hear the rush of her pistons,
And smile when they hear her blow!

IN LONDON.

Dora Wilcox.

When I look out on London's teeming streets,
On grim, grey houses, and on leaden skies,
My courage fails me, and my heart grows sick,
And I remember that fair heritage
Barter'd by me for what your London gives.
This is not Nature's city: I am kin
To whatsoever is of free and wild,
And here I pine between these narrow walls,
And London's smoke hides all the stars from me,
Light from mine eyes, and Heaven from my heart.

For in an island of those Southern seas
That lie behind me, guarded by the Cross
That looks all night from out our splendid skies,
I know a valley opening to the East.
There, hour by hour, the lazy tide creeps in
Upon the sands I shall not pace again—
Save in a dream,—and, hour by hour, the tide
Creeps lazily out, and I behold it not,
Nor the young moon slow sinking to her rest

Behind the hills ; nor yet the dead white trees
Glimmering in the starlight : they are ghosts
Of what has been, and shall be never more.
No, never more !

Nor shall I hear again
The wind that rises at the dead of night
Suddenly, and sweeps inward from the sea,
Rustling the tussock, nor the weka's wail
Echoing at evening from the tawny hills.
In that deserted garden that I lov'd,
Day after day, my flowers drop unseen ;
And as your Summer slips away in tears,
Spring wakes our lovely Lady of the Bush,
The Kowhai, and she hastes to wrap herself
All in a mantle wrought of living gold ;
Then come the birds, who are her worshippers,
To hover round her : tuis swift of wing,
And bell-birds flashing sudden in the sun,
Carolling. Ah ! what English nightingale,
Heard in the stillness of a summer eve,
From out the shadow of historic elms,
Sings sweeter than our Bell-bird of the Bush ?
And Spring is here : now the Veronica,
Our Koromiko, whitens on the cliff,
The honey-sweet Manuka buds, and bursts
In bloom, and the divine Convolvulus,
Most fair and frail of all our forest flowers,
Stars every covert, running riotous.
O quiet valley, opening to the East,
How far from this thy peacefulness am I !
Ah me, how far ! and far this stream of Life
From thy clear creek fast falling to the sea !

Yet let me not lament that these things are
In that lov'd country I shall see no more ;
All that has been is mine inviolate,
Lock'd in the secret book of memory ;
And though I change, my valley knows no change.
And when I look on London's teeming streets,
On grim, grey houses, and on leaden skies,
When speech seems but the babble of a crowd,
And music fails me, and my lamp of life
Burns low, and Art, my mistress, turns from me,—
Then do I pass beyond the Gate of Dreams
Into my kingdom, walking unconstrained
By ways familiar under Southern skies ;
Nor unaccompanied ; the dear dumb things
I lov'd once, have their immortality.
There, too, is all fulfilment of desire :
In this the valley of my Paradise
I find again lost ideals, dreams too fair
For lasting ; there I meet once more mine own
Whom Death has stolen, or Life estranged from me ;
And thither, with the coming of the dark,
Thou comest, and the night is full of stars.

TO A SEA SHELL.

Hubert Church.

Friend of my chamber—O thou spiral shell
That murmurest of the ever-murmuring sea!
Repeating with eternal constancy
Whatever memories the wave can tell;
Whatever harmonies may rise and swell,
Whatever sadness in the deep may be:
They are the Ocean's, and desired of thee;
Thou treasurest what thou dost love so well.

So all my heart is one voluted fold,
Shielding one face, and evermore it seems
Upon the threshold of the prying Day,
Hid in the tangle of reluctant dreams;
And in the noontide, and the evening grey,
Its light illumines secrecies untold.

IN THE ATTIC.

Louise Mack.

What does it matter what they say
While there is the sunset, there the stars,
And over the city's mistiness
The moon comes out of her silver bars?—
And somewhere out of the sight of eye
The river runs through a low, long mist,
Under the bridge where the lovers cross
Into the fields for their evening tryst.

What does it matter? Up and up
The mounting staircase twists and winds,
Till, see! the starlight is almost touched,
The world that hates us is left behind.

Open the door with the rusty key,
Close and lock it, and enter in:
Straightway walk into Paradise,
And let your time as a god begin.

Here in the Attic all things fade,
And dwindle into their own small size;
Brain-fires burn when the coals go out,
And stars shine in with solacing eyes,

And weave a ladder into the room,
And wave and beckon until we dare
The first frail foot-hold. Then they turn
And veil their windows and leave us there,

Low and alone on the silver stair,
The attic window out of our sight,
The stars' gates hidden in mystery,
The shining ladder our only light.

Rolled in the mighty atmosphere
We stumble heavenwards bar by bar,
Through the midnights, till feet refuse,
And reel and tremble—and there's the star!

What if the Attic had not been!
A silver ladder would never dare
Down the stars to the basement world
Whose dirt would tarnish the shining stair.

Open the door with the rusty key,
Close and lock it, and enter in;
Straightway walk into Paradise,
And let your time as a god begin.

VICTI INVICTI.

(1891.)

L. A. Adamson.

What is the prize of the vanquished, who have fought
their last good fight,
Who fought in grim bulldog fashion, but failed with the
goal in sight?
No wreaths have they for the wearing, no laurels have
they to show;
What is the prize of the vanquished?—Give answer ye
who know.

Ye know, for your own hearts tell you, O gallant fighting
four,
Ye know what ye have for guerdon, now the long day's
work is o'er;
For where teeth are set the tighter, and oar-blades flash
and bend,
Ye have drunk the delight of battle, have fought it out to
the end.

Ay! the taste of success is pleasant, and laurels are comely
to wear,
And defeat is defeat at the best—at the best is but hard
to bear;

Yet will defeat not lessen the sense of a duty done,
And the tie will be still unbroken that knits your hearts
in one.

To-day you are with us ; to-morrow the larger life calls
you away ;
Yet, though it be forty years hence, you'll remember the
race of to-day ;
The free glad life that was in you, the courage that leapt
to the strain,
The joy of the fresh strong weather that tingled in sinew
and vein.

Others will take your places ; a year hence another crew
Perchance may gather the laurels that fate has denied to
you.
Yet better than victory's triumphs the triumph ye have
wrought,
And better to us than laurels the lesson ye have taught.

All ye then, fain of the honour, who fain would the
labour miss,
Weak-limb'd and weaker-hearted, some lesson learn from
this ;
For the honour is at your feet, if ye have but the heart
to dare—
In the labour lies the honour. Go forth and find it there!

AVE AUSTRALIA!

A. G. Stephens.

There's a word in the south, where the Winter speeds forward,

That kindles young hearts into jubilant flame ;

There's a word where the Summer is fleeing to nor'ward

That brightens young eyes with the pride of the
Name ;

There's signal and token, there's welcome bespoken,

There's a Star at whose shining the darkness grows
pale,

The barriers are broken, the sleepers have woken—

She comes, a fair Nation! Australia, hail!

The Bush-winds breathe freedom above and around her,

From quarrel and anger she brings us release ;

With blessing and healing she's girt her and bound her—

Cinctured with Harmony ; sandalled with Peace.

And yet they could slander her ! yet they could fear her !

Before that calm beauty could tremble and quail !

Ah, heed not ! delay not ! draw nearer, draw nearer,

Our Lady of Promise ! Australia, hail !

Give us a scutcheon as wide as our Continent !

Give us a Flag that will shelter us all,

Fold us and shroud us, if ever on blood-besprent

Battle-field fighting, we falter and fall.

For evil communion, give brotherly union ;

For catchwords, a watchword ; for marsh-fires, a Grail ;

Whatever is to be, let us front destiny

Shoulder to shoulder ! Australia, hail !

There are thrills, there are tremors that set the blood
tingling;

There's lighting of beacons through all the broad East;
There's scent of blown orchids with wattle-bloom ming-
ling—

Strew fern for her footstep! pour wine for her feast!
For She's coming—and singing! you hear her? you hear
her?

They shrink from her pathway, the prophets of bale.
She's for us! she's with us! O cheer her! O cheer her!
Our Mother and Lover! Australia, hail!

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Daniel Henry Deniehy.

A cottage small be mine, with porch
Enwreathed with ivy green,
And brightsome flowers with dew-filled bells,
'Mid brown old wattles seen.

And one to wait at shut of eve,
With eyes as fountain clear,
And braided hair, and simple dress,
My homeward step to hear.

On summer eves to sing old songs,
And talk o'er early vows,
While stars look down like angels' eyes
Amid the leafy boughs.

When Spring flowers peep from flossy cells,
And bright-winged parrots call,
In forest paths be ours to rove
Till purple evenings fall.

The curtains closed, by taper clear
To read some page divine,
On Winter nights, the hearth beside,
Her soft warm hand in mine.

And so to glide through busy life,
Like some small brook alone,
That winds its way 'mid grassy knolls,
Its music all its own.

FOR LOVE OF APPIN.

[The people of Appin evicted and deported to America in the 18th century, wailed and sang "Lochaber No More" long after they put out to sea. It is said that the older men never smiled again lest they should be thought to have forgotten Scotland.]

Jessie Mackay.

The hand is to the plough an' the e'e is to the trail;
The river-boatie dances wi' her heid to the gale;
But she'll never ride to Appin;
We'll see nae mair o' Appin;
For ye ken we crooned "Lochaber" at the sant sea's gate.
It's a land of giantrie;
Its lochs are like the sea.
But it's no a desert fairly,
The corn's fu' an' early;
Ye'll hear the laddies daffing;
Ye'll hear the lasses laughing;
But we—we canna tine
What lies ayont the brine:

When we sang "Lochaber" then,
We were grey, grey men.
We'll smile nae mair for ever
By the prairie or the river,
Lest ony think perchance that we forget
The rainy road to Appin,—
East awa' to Appin,—
The rainy road to Appin that the leal men went.

They tore us oot o' Scotland, they flang us in the west
Like a bairn's thread o' beads, an' we downa look for rest.

But it's O to lie in Appin,—
I' the haly sod o' Appin,—
It's O to lie in Appin where the mist haps a'!
Cauld is this to live or die on,
But we brought the tents o' Zion;
An' weel the mark is seen
Where the martyr-blood hath been
That will clear us to the Lord
When the Angel wi' the sword
Gangs nightly up the land
O' an Egypt that is banned.
But God do sae an' mair
To us, gin we cast a care,
Or smile again for ever
By the prairie or the river,
Lest ony think perchance that we forget
The red road to Appin,—
East awa' to Appin,—
The red road to Appin that the heart's blood tracked!



Vanda, Photo.

MARY GILMORE.

It's no a desert fairly, it's grand an' young an' fine:
 Here the sons o' Anak might live an' press the wine:
 But it's O for hame an' Appin!—
 The heather hills o' Appin!—
 The thousand years o' Appin where the leal men lie!
 Our face is set as stane,
 But we'll thank the Lord again,—
 Gang saftly a' our days;
 An' wark shall be our praise.
 The bairns will tak' a root
 By the mighty mountain foot;
 But we, we canna sever;
 It's no for us whatever;
 We hear nae earthly singing
 But it sêts "Lochaber" ringing.
 An' we'll never smile again
 I' the sunlight or the rain
 Till oor feet are on the lang last trail,—
 The siller road to Appin,—
 East awa' to Appin,—
 The siller road to Appin rinnin' a' the way to God!

A SONG OF FAILURE.

Arthur H. Adams.

Here is my hand to you, brother,
 You of the ruck who have failed.
 I, too, am only another
 Fighter who faltered and quailed.
 Now with my courage for token
 Here to grim Fate I give tithe;
 I, too, am beaten and broken,
 Lying, the swath of the scythe!

We, to the conquerors' seeming,
Crouch, an incongruous horde—
Fighters, enmeshed in their dreaming,
Dreamers who girt on the sword,
Weaklings with splendid ambitions,
Heroes who learnt to succumb,
Poets a-swoon in their visions,
Singers with ecstasy dumb.

Failed! So we cast off our burden,
Done with our doubts and our fears:
These we have won for our guerdon—
Pity and tears—women's tears!
You with your conquests unending
Dwell from a woman apart;
Only the humble and bending
'Learn the low door to her heart.

We that lie dumb in your scorning
Made you the heroes you are,
Built you a road to the morning,
Taught you to reach for a star:
We have had sight of the glory,
Pointed it clear to the blind;
Yours is the conquerors' story,
Ours is the vision you find.

Here is no dread and no grieving;
Over us hurtles the fray,
Is yours a Heav'n worth achieving,
If it be stormed in a day?
Here is this world we must live in—
Little to lose or to gain;
More is it worth to have striven
Than in the end to attain.

A RAIN SONG.

E. S. Emerson.

There is music in the Mallee,
Lilting music, soft and low,
Like the songs in vale and valley
Where the summer waters flow;
But an anthem of elation
Wedded to a woman's mouth
Is the message from each station
From the Mitchell river south.

*For it's raining! raining! raining!
How the iron roof-tops ring!
How the waters, swiftly draining
Through the straining down-pipes sing!
Every drop a golden rhyme is,
Every shower a stanza strong,
And each day of raining-time is
Canto sweet of God's great song.*

Oh, the earth was dry as tinder,
And her lips were cracked with pain!
From the south to Thargomindah
Like a dead thing she has lain;
But, at last, the long drought broken,
She—like Lazarus, the Jew,
When the Christ words had been spoken—
She shall leap to life anew.

AN AUSTRAL GARDEN.

For it's raining! raining! raining!
Don't you hear the merry din?
Don't you hear the old earth straining
As she sucks the juices in?
And the swelling creeks and rivers—
Hark! their mellow madrigal!
Oh, the sweetest music givers
Are the autumn rains that fall!

All the air is sweet with voices,
Sweet with human voices now;
And the anvil-tool rejoices
On the ploughshare and the plough;
Yea, above the joyous beating
Of the roof bass you can hear
All the choirs of Nature meeting
In an anthem loud and clear.

For it's raining! raining! raining!
Over all the thirsty land!
Don't you hear the old earth straining
As the sapless roots expand?
But her famine days are over,
And her smiles shall soon be seen,
For her old-time Autumn lover
Brings her back her garb of green.

AN AUSTRALIAN BATTLE HYMN.

J. Alex. Allan.

Men of an island set in foam
Linked with a lesser isle,
Doth never a sea-wind blow you home
A threat from the Afterwhile?
When over the brim of your belting seas
The lifting smoke-lines streak and show,
And the shouldering squadrons slay your peace,
Shall your land lie stark to the rape of these,
From the range to the reef below?
Stand by!
Braced feet, and the points laid low!
Got from the loins of a greyer land,
Son, ye are stripling grown,
Strong on your own set feet to stand,
Girt with a pride your own.
Shall the haft that your hard-strung fingers feel
Be the haft of the driving plough—no more?
Ye have wrought your shares from the smitten
steel,
So now for the sword, and the sheering keel
Shall your fierce-lunged forges roar—
Who goes?—
Lo, a fleet and a foe off-shore!
Once, in that gaunt cold greyer land,
Buckler and bow and bill
Twanged on the green in your greatsire's hand,
So shall it serve you still

That his sport be yours—when the shrill shells dip,
 And your russet cohorts leap crashing on,
 And the wrestling bayonets drive and rip
 For life and for land, and a white wife's lip—
 Till the roar of the rout be gone,
 (Strong hearts!)

And the Victor have rest anon.

Watch, eyes, where your lazy vineyards shine
 And your white wives smile and weave,
 Lest an Orient foot crush down your vine
 And a Western robber reive!
 So, grimed at your seawall's belching verge,
 Shall ye thank God, peering the sick smoke
 through
 From the shore and the wrack that your hot guns
 purge
 To the line where your swept foes melt and merge,
 That your girdling chain strained true,
 (God send!)

Whose links are the hearts of you.

SUNRISE.

Blanche E. Baughan.

"Shingle Short" speaks:—

Time to notify up at the house,
 An' start caressin' them jolly cows.
 —Hallo, Sun! You're the bestest friend!
 Dull's the dinginess you can't mend,
 Burstin' out with your kind old face,
 Chuckin' cheeriness round the place.
 Ain't the rain got the paddocks green?

—“If rain was honey, mud ’ud be money”—
Don’ the black o’ the logs look clean?
Dandy, them puddles in between!
Each a-winkin’ his bright blue eye—
Little run-away bits o’ sky.
Minahs fossickin’ round about,
Thrush a-turnin’ his song-box out—
Feels so jolly, he’s got to shout.
Reckon the wet’s a-polish’d the air—
Such a shininess everywhere!
Webs a-twinkelin’ on the rails,
An’ even them mean old milkin’-pails
Sunny as silver, . . . S’pose they were!
S’pose I’d ha’ milk’d ’em all they’d hold,
An’ Snap! the two of ’em turn’d to gold,
An’ these old duds to satin an’ silk,
Drippin’ with di’mon’s, instead o’ milk!
Wouldn’t the folk at the fact’ry stare,
An’ Boss palaver about his share?
—Was that someone a-callin’ . . .

Ay;

Comin’, O, comin’!

Ain’t that fine,
’Twixt that wattle an’ old black pine?
Deeps o’ the Bush all dark below,
Points o’ the mountain bright aloft,
Sharp an’ solemn with sun, an’ snow;
An’, ’twixt an’ ’tween of ’em curly-curl’d,
Mists o’ the mornin’, rosy-soft.
—Ain’t it the beautifullest world?

BEYOND KERGUELEN.

Henry Clarence Kendall.

Down in the South, by the waste without sail on it—
Far from the zone of the blossom and tree—
Lieth, with winter and whirlwind and wail on it,
Ghost of a land by the ghost of a sea.
Weird is the mist from the summit to base of it;
Sun of its heaven is wizened and grey;
Phantom of light is the light on the face of it—
Never is night on it, never is day!
Here is the shore without flower or bird on it;
Here is no litany sweet of the springs—
Only the haughty, harsh thunder is heard on it,
Only the storm, with a roar in its wings!

.

Storm from the Pole is the singer that sings to it
Hymns of the land at the planet's grey verge.
Thunder discloses dark, wonderful things to it—
Thunder, and rain, and the dolorous surge.
Hills with no hope of a wing or a leaf on them,
Scarred with the chronicles written by flame,
Stare through the gloom of inscrutable grief on them,
Down on the horns of the gulfs without name.
Cliffs with the records of fierce flying fires on them—
Loom over perilous pits of eclipse;
Alps, with anathema stamped in the spires on them—
Out by the wave with a curse on its lips.

Never is sign of soft, beautiful green on it—
Never the colour, the glory of rose!
Neither the fountain nor river is seen on it,
Naked its crags are, and barren its snows!
Blue as the face of the drowned is the shore of it—
Shore, with the capes of indefinite cave.
Strange is the voice of its wind, and the roar of it
Startles the mountain and hushes the wave.
Out to the south and away to the north of it,
Spectral and sad are the spaces untold!
All the year round a great cry goeth forth of it—
Sob of this leper of lands in the cold.

No man hath stood, all its bleak, bitter years on it—
Fall of a foot on its wastes is unknown:
Only the sound of the hurricane's spears on it
Breaks with the shout from the uttermost zone.
Blind are its bays with the shadow of bale on them;
Storms of the nadir their rocks have uphurled;
Earthquake hath registered deeply its tale on them—
Tale of distress from the dawn of the world!
There are the gaps, with the surges that seethe in them—
Gaps in whose jaws is a menace that glares!
There the wan reefs, with the merciless teeth in them,
Gleam on a chaos that startles and scares!

Back in the dawn of this beautiful sphere, on it—
Land of the dolorous, desolate face—
Beamed the blue day; and the bountiful year on it
Fostered the leaf and the blossom of grace.
Grand were the lights of its midsummer noon on it,
Mornings of majesty shone on its seas:

Glitter of star and the glory of moon on it
Fell, in the march of the musical breeze.
Valleys and hills, with the whisper of wing in them,
Dells of the daffodil—spaces impearled,
Flowered and flashed with the splendour of Spring in
them—
Back in the morn of this wonderful world.

Soft were the words that the thunder then said to it—
Said to this lustre of emerald plain;
Sun brought the yellow, the green, and the red to it—
Sweet were the songs of its silvery rain.
Voices of water and wind in the bays of it
Lingered, and lulled like the psalm of a dream.
Fair were the nights and effulgent the days of it—
Moon was in shadow and shade in the beam.
Summer's chief throne was the marvellous coast of it,
Home of the Spring was its luminous lea:
Garden of glitter! but only the ghost of it
Moans in the South by the ghost of a sea.

THE WIND CHILD.

Enid Derham.

My folk's the wind-folk, it's there I belong,
I tread the earth below them, and the earth does me
 wrong,
Before my spirit knew itself, before my frame unfurled,
I was a little wandering breeze and blew about the world.
The winds of the morning that breathe against my cheek
Are kisses of comfort from a love too great to speak,
The whimpering airs that cry by night and never find
 their rest
Are sobbing to be taken in and soothed upon my breast.
The storm through the mountains, the tempest from the
 sea,
That ride their cloudy horses and take no thought of
 me,
They are my noble brothers that hasten to the fight,
They fill my heart with singing, they fill my eyes with
 light,
They're a shield upon my shoulder, a sword by my side,
A battle-cry for weariness, and a plume of pride.
But sometimes in the moonlight when the moon is in the
 West,
Young and strange and virginal and dropping to her rest,
There comes a wind from out the South, a little chill and
 thin,
And draws me from the human warmth that houses it
 within.
My soul streams forth to follow a soul that lures it on,
The sleepy flesh calls kin to it, and murmurs to be gone,
Across the dreaming dewy flowers and through the
 shadowy trees
The sweet insistent whisper comes, and I am ill at ease.
How, they have not told me, and where, I do not know,
But the wind-folk is my folk, and some day I'll go.

THE DESERT.

Frank Morton.

In the beloved kingdom of my dreams
I walked afraid, unfriended and alone:
The old blind gods slept each upon his throne,
And every nymph had fled the sacred streams:
Weary, the sun cast dim discouraged beams,
And every blossomed dell that I had known
In happier days was barren: naked stone,
Sour swamp, dead leaves, a vulture's rancorous screams.

Then I found sobbing by the desolate way
A timid child with poor frail bleeding feet
Torn by the thorns of the rough path he'd trod.
I kissed his wounds and soothed his sore dismay,
And of a sudden found myself (ah, sweet!)
Weeping glad tears upon the knees of God!

THE RED WEST ROAD.

Will Lawson.

Off shore I hear the great propellers thunder,
And throb and thrash so steadily and slow;
Their booming cadence tells of seas that plunder—
Of Love's moon-seas and brave hearts thrown asunder,
Of hot, red lips and battles, blow for blow;
And as they sing my heart is filled with wonder.
Though why—I scarcely know.

Perhaps it is because they tell a story,
And lift a deep storm-measure as they come,
A song of old-time love and battles gory,
When men dared Hell, and sailed through sunset's glory
With pealing trumpet tuned to rolling drum,
To hunt and loot and sink the jewelled quarry
In seas too deep to plumb.

I only know I watch the steamers going
Along the Red West Road, with heavy heart,
And when the night comes, look for head-lights showing,
And mark their speed—the ebb-tide or the flowing,
For loth am I to see them slew and start
Adown that path; and every deep call blowing
Stabs like a driven dart.

The blazing West to me is always calling,
For in the West there burns my brightest star. . .
Oh, God! to hear the anchor-winchcs hauling,
And feel her speeding, soaring high and falling,
With steady swing across the brawling bar—
To hear the stem-struck rollers tumble sprawling,
And watch the lights afar.

To South and East and North the screws are singing,
So steadily and tunefully and slow,
But on the Western Track they thunder, flinging
Their wake a-foam, and by their roar and ringing—
By laughter sweet, deep in my heart, I know
That down that Red West Road, with big screws
swinging,
Some day I'll go.

THE LAST GOAL.

D. M. Ross.

'Twas just at the close of an autumn day,
That had stolen from summer and lost its way,
That I saw you pass on your iron grey,
By the field where we used to meet;
I heard you sing as you used to sing,
A song half sad and half rollicking,
But the grey went by with never a ring
Of steel on the stony street.

Your voice was the voice of one who sees
No glimmer or glint of light on the trees,
Nor hears the sound of the evening breeze
That sighs to the sinking sun.
For your eyes were bent on the clouds ahead,
O'er the piled-up crags of the watershed,
And you rode in your saddle as ride the dead,
When their life's last race is won.

I called, and you seemed to hear the cry,
For you waved your hand as you passed me by,
And I fancy I heard a last good-bye—

“Just say ‘Good-bye’ to them all.

I must run to the farthest goal to-night,
And play on a field with flowers all white,
On a sky-plain circled with shafts of light,
With sun and star for a ball.

“For I hear in the distance the hurrying feet
Of ponies fleet as the winds are fleet,
The rap and rattle as mallets meet,
The muttered half-curse, half-prayer;

And the hundred sounds that we loved and knew,
When the hand was quick and the eye was true,
When straight to the goal the white ball flew,
 Low, like a bird, thro' the air."

Good-bye, good-bye! Nay, I do not doubt
You heard the rattle, the rush, and shout
Of the game you loved, as the light went out
 Thro' the west all silently:

For we see you not in your old-time place,
When the players halt for a little space,
With a shadow set on each friendly face,
 Where the sunshine used to be.

I do not doubt that your eyes behold
The milk-white steeds that never grow old,
Saddled with crimson and shod with gold,
 That are more than fair to see;
I do not doubt that you ride as well
Thro' the Amaranth scent and the Asphodel,
As you rode where the brown hills rise and swell
 In wave and wave o'er the lea.

Yet oft and oft in the rush of play,
And in waking dreams at the close of day,
We will see you astride of your iron grey,
 Thro' the night-shades riding fast;
And at times we may mark in a bright star's fall,
Your mallet stroke, and the flying ball,
And, galloping past, we may hear you call,
 "Comrades, a goal at last!"

WANDERLUST.

Seaforth Mackenzie.

*"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold."*—*Gipsy Song.*

In the charm of lazy days, I rode upon the upland trails;
Or out beyond the tide-rip fed the fill of flawless sails;
Flicked the fly over running reaches; dreamed to the
lyric of lapping sea;
Or watched the wing of a querulous rover,—O life o'
mine, fancy-free.

Out of the carol of ripple-reaches and challenge that
rang in the wild swan's call,
The Wanderlust went unto my heart with the whisper
that frets like a gall,—
"Take the rifle from the rack, I'll show the spoor the
hunters missed:
I'll fill your sails to the ends of Earth, O lad, if you
will but list!"

Loth was I and lief was I; full loth for her laughing
eyes:
But lief to compass the stave of Life note and note under
changing skies!
"Follow, oh follow, thro' lift of water, rain and rift,
and tangle and mire,
For I go down the wind's way, the will's way, the way
of all desire!"



Monteath, Photo. \

SEAFORTH MACKENZIE.

Blue to the freezing light the homestead smoke in a
curl wrote "Stay!"
And my chestnut, sick for saddle and fence, looked out
of his stall with a neigh;
White the throat and rich the voice that welled the song
I besought;
But—"O lad, why wait when the sea is white with the
off-shore wind for your Thought?"

Break you down the embers, where between the bars the
purpose glowed;
Knock the ash from out the briar's bowl, where the plea-
sant fancies bode.
Like as Spring hath vexed the river chafing that a curb
restrains,
So the heart's snows are a-melting and the fresh is in
the veins.

O my lips, I thank you for the lilt that tells me all my
blood beats young;
Life, I thank thee for the trails untracked and rifle yet
unslung;
For the easy, swinging stride, for the keenness of the
viewless quest,
And the promise of the quarry, and the lure to all
unrest!

Strung with hope is the blue rim's bow, and the shaft it
is the ship I loose!
Whatso thing that *life* may be I chase it with a running
noose.

West are the days, O vagrant heart, of the vaunt you were
fancy-free,
And now your king is a voice, and you must list to what
words speaks he.

THE DEAD MARCH OF THE WATERS.

W.A.B.

By the blazing messmate seated as the skies begin to
darken,
And the eager flames ascending seem to flout the tem-
pest's din,
Swells, mysterious and mournful, over all a surging. . .
hearken? . . .
'Tis the Dead March of the Waters . . . and the
tide is creeping in.

Near the headland, where the she-oaks swing their mel-
ancholy tresses,
And the ti-tree turns to twilight all the sultry glare of
noon,
Where the wrack in clinging clusters every basalt crag
caresses,
Broods, in solitary silence, Desolation Point Lagoon.

There, when youth's brief course grows sluggish, and its
lures have given over,
Are the merry mountain waters to the bitter ocean wed,
And the tides roll heavy laden with the gages of a lover,
And in secrecy and sorrow doth the sea give up its dead.

Evermore from furthest ocean drift wan garlands to that
wooing ;

Stiff and twisted, bruised and broken, are they cast
upon the strand ;

On each face a pallid calmness, half a smile at its
undoing,

Half a shattered hope of rescue, and a clenching at
the hand.

Though I'm ageing to that music, I shall never cease to
fear it ;

Still I draw up to the fireside, happy but to be within.
Think it foolish? . . . Listen! . . . there now . . .
that low moaning! Can you hear it?

'Tis the Dead March of the Waters . . . and the tide
is creeping in.

THE LAKE.

E. J. Brady.

Its call is peace—deep sylvan rest,

Unbroken, save by chords

The Mozart touch of Nature, best

In low, harmonic words

Of Music, draws from bough and breast

Of tuneful trees and birds.

Through silvern Morns and golden Noons

And jewelled Nights, ablaze

With sapphire stars and opal moons

Of topaz-tinted rays ;

From wooded hills to seaward dunes

It spreads its sparkling ways.

Mount Howe red granite walls uprears
To guard its northern verge;
And West, with sharp, forbidding spears,
The grass-tree plains emerge;
While South and East one faintly hears
The warnings of the surge.

So—shielded round by mount and sea—
O'er scarcely trodden shores,
The Bird of Ancient Mystery
On musing pinion soars,
While yet its beauties virgin be
To Vandal sail or oars.

No ash of tribal camp-fires gray,
No cryptic trunk or mound—
Whereon the naked savage lay
By vanished fires—are found;
For 'twas, the dusky grey-beards say,
All times a sacred ground.

Its note is peace! While Theban kings
In robes of conquest shone;
While lions fierce with flaunting wings
Were carved in Babylon;
Its autumns and its southern springs,
To woodland harps, danced on.

No song Hellenic fluted o'er
Its calm and placid tide;
No beacon lights the white dunes wore
Home-coming ships to guide;

No mourning voice along its shore
Proclaimed how Caesar died.

Mailed legions marched ; green harvest lands
Were reddened as they sped ;
Proud monarchs, mouthing high commands,
Came forth, and backward fled ;
Their names were written on the sands,
And by the sands o'er-spread.

As ever Time's all-circling blade
In steady downstrokes whirled,
Gaunt prophets, standing in the shade
Of frowning temples, hurled
Fierce inspirations forth that made
And yet unmade the World.

Lone sons of Genius, from the Night
Where dead Dust crowds the Urn
Of Nothingness, uprose in bright
Mortality, to burn
Their tapers at the Shrine of Light—
And . . . into Night return ;

Their deathless Words o'er years between
Yet loud reverberate ;
No Echo fell ; in jungles green
The wild wood-pigeon sate,
And cooed across that still demesne,
Love greetings to her mate.

O'er water clear the black swan plied
His graceful gondolet;
Or slowly from his glossy side
A vagrant white wing set
To sail the Lake's unrippled tide
In roving amoret.

Peace bideth here. Clear skies, unstained
By smoke of Progress, blue
Its daylight loveliness. Gold maned,
Apollo's horses through
Their cloudless sky-tracks tramp, unreined
From dew to ev'ning dew:

On slender pipes of reed the West
Wind plays a silken song,
When from their dry, discarded nest
The feathered cygnets throng,
And Summer's sandalled footsteps rest
That cooling marge along.

In iridescent flight swift pass
Winged insects o'er its stream;
A python windeth through the grass,
His patterned length a-gleam;
Their shadows mirrored in a glass,
The mottled bitterns dream.

But, when the lonely ranges hide,
Deep-mantled, from the day,
She lays her golden gown aside
And locks her pearls away,

With chilly vassals at her side
To meet the Cloud Kings grey.

Lean Cares that hunt the highways hard
And trodden tracks austere
Of men who hold in most regard
Earth's goods, and gods revere
Of Might and Gold, the musing bard
May not encounter here.

For, velvet Dawn, and damask Eve,
And Night with stars o'erstrawn,
Afar from harried Hours that grieve
And driven Days agroan,
By this fair lakeside soft achieve
Their pleasant tasks alone.

And at the Dusk one dimly hears,
In echoes, faint and low
As dew upon the rustling ears,
Or clouds on moonlit snow,
The Voices of the ended years
From crystal depths below.

A FOLK SONG.

Jessie Mackay.

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said, "She is with the Queen's maidens;
They tarry long at their play.
They are stringing her words like pearls
To throw to the dukes and earls."

But O, the pity!

I had but a morn of windy red
To come to the town where you were bred,
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said, "She is with the mountain elves
And misty and fair as they.
They are spinning a diamond net
To cover her curls of jet."

But O, the pity!

I had but a noon of searing heat
To come to your town, my love, my sweet,
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said, "She is with the pale white saints,
And they tarry long to pray.
They give her a white lily crown,
And I fear she will never come down."

But O, the pity!

I had but an even grey and wan
To come to your town and plead as man,
And you were away, away!

WILLANJIE.

Will H. Ogilvie.

We were travelling down the Bogan, where the scrubs
are deep and dense,
With a thousand head of Tyson's, from the Queensland
border fence—

Great curly-horned Brewarras, bred among the black
belars

To a scorn of six-wire fences, and a dread of twelve-foot
bars;

In their eyes the light of battle, where the hide and
stockwhip meet,

And the spell of open ranges in their hot and restless feet.

We were camped in ridgy country, with a homestead fence
aback,

And twenty chains of T.S.R. to shield us from the track;
For a thousand head of Tyson's—well, they're safer held
aloof

From every chance belated wheel or early passing hoof.
The day had been a furnace breath, and, charged with
coming change,

The purple clouds came rocking in from westward of
the range,

While fitful gleams of moonlight showed the blackboy
on his horse

Set dim against the timber line that marked the water-
course.

The cattle close together lay at rest, perhaps to dream
Of luscious knee-deep river-flats beside a northern stream,

Of noonday camps in wilga shade, and star-lit feeding
trips
In long-lost nights before they learned the lesson of the
whips ;
And we all saddle-weary lay dozing round the fires,
Till some night-wandering kangaroo rang music in the
wires :
Then every beast was on his feet, and half were circling
round,
And you could hear the swift hoofs beat like thunder on
the ground.

A moment's work to catch the nags, the hobble-straps
undo,
And fling the saddles in their place and run the girth
straps through,
To lightly touch the stirrup-bar, and saddleward to
swing,—
God knows there's little time to waste when wild Bre-
warras ring !

I caught the gray Willan-jie, a pearl where gems were
rife—
The gallant gray Willan-jie that is more to me than life:
Long days, upon the Western side, the old gray horse
and I
Have heard the mulgas crash, and watched the blue-grass
miles slip by,
And heart to heart, as comrades true, in Fortune's smile
and frown,
Have fought grim battle in the West, to live a lost love
down.

I caught the gray Willanjie, and the girths were scarcely
drawn
Before the wild mob passed us with a sweep of hoof and
horn:
The ridges shook beneath us and the skies reeled over-
head,
And where the whirling dust-clouds showed a glint of
roan and red
We plunged into the darkening scrub with only stars to
guide,
For when the wild Brewarras break, it's "Shake the reins
and ride!"

We saw them climb the stony rise and cross the ridge's
crown;
We heard them lift the post-and-wire and fling the cap-
rails down;
We passed the black boy struggling through—his brown
horse, nearly spent,
Could never see for dust and dark the way Willanjie
went;
The old gray slipped between the trees and dodged the
swinging boughs,
And held the wing of Tyson's mob as cheap as milking
cows.

A ring-barked flat before us, and across the dust-clouds
dense,
We saw the maddened leaders wheel upon a two-rail
fence;
But hot upon their heaving flanks the sweating rear-guard
pressed,

And what's the worth of fences, with a thousand steers
abreast?

A crash of splintered railing in a whirl of lifting dust,
And Tyson's border beauties took Hodson's farm on trust.
With clashing horns and thundering feet they held the
homestead track,

And gray Willan-jie snatched the bit, and tossed the white
foam back ;

Across the grassy, open flat, to where the stockyard stood,
We shot beside the leaders, with his gray flanks dripping
blood.

Through all the roar of maddened throats, above the
tramp of feet,

Rang out one cry that held my heart a moment from
its beat :

A white form crouched before us, and across Willan-jie's
mane,

I stooped and took the hand I feared to never hold again ;
And through the dust and jar of hoofs leapt back the
hidden years,

The happiness and parting, and the bitterness and tears.

I drew her to the saddle and the gray horse bounded on,
And softly through the purple clouds the silver moon-
beams shone ;

I kissed her warm red lips and drank the nectar of her
breath,

And scarcely saw for drunken joy the wraith of trampling
Death.

.

I took the wild Brewarras down before I claimed my
bride,
And offers for the Queensland horse came in from every
side ;
But to buy the gray Willanjie, though they come from
near and far,
They'll never hold the money in the ring at Kirk's
Bazaar !

PISGAH.

"Furnley Maurice."

Tall hills, bright rivers to the utmost sea,
He saw his promised country ; while he prayed
He heard soft wings of death call anxiously,
And knew his God's injustice, and obeyed.

Have we not seen him, ponderous and slow,
Go up to take his portion ? He who made
The Law, who ruled the sickle and the blade,
Bore, calm, the brunt of Israel's want and woe.

He wandered year on year, and when they cried
Rebelliously, he raised a quieting hand
Palsied with age ! Then once he saw the land,
His people's land, and praised his God, and died.

Only a glance ! The soul whose genius made
A God's will possible worked its part and went,
Worn with a troublesome people's discontent,
Out to the deep, inviolable shade.

PRIMROSES.

William Gay.

They shine upon my table there,
A constellation mimic, sweet,
No stars in Heaven could shine more fair,
Nor Earth has beauty more complete;
And on my table there they shine,
And speak to me of things Divine.

In Heaven at first they grew, and when
God could no fairer make them, He
Did plant them by the ways of men
For all the pure in heart to see,
That each might shine upon its stem
And be a light from Him to them.

They speak of things above my verse,
Of thoughts no earthly language knows,
That loftiest bard could ne'er rehearse,
Nor holiest prophet e'er disclose,
Which God Himself no other way
Than by a primrose could convey.

RESURGENT.

Bernard O'Dowd.

O'er every field a lark,
 On every wattle gold;
No gully now is dark,
 Nor sunny hillock cold;
Up to the valley head,
 From creeks alive with song,
The white fire and the red
 Of heather run along;
The pink convolvulus
 Demurely watches us;
Birds and buds and savours
 Heal the scars of June;
Spring is throwing favours,
 Says she's coming soon.
Gone the gloomy hours,
 Winter and his mire;
Softer fall the showers,
 Russets leave the briar;
Yearnings in each vein
 Signal to the brain—
"The Spring! the Spring is near!
 Earth is young again!"
And You are with me here!

GUM LEAVES.

Ethel Turner.

I asked the red gum tree:

“Why red? Why red?”

“The blood-red suns rise up and die o’er me,”

It said, it said.

“And you, oh gaunt gum tree,

Why white? Why white?”

“The ghosts of all the bush passed, creepingly,

One night; one night.”

“And you, oh blue gum tree,

Why are you blue?”

“The far, sweet seas thrill every leaf of me

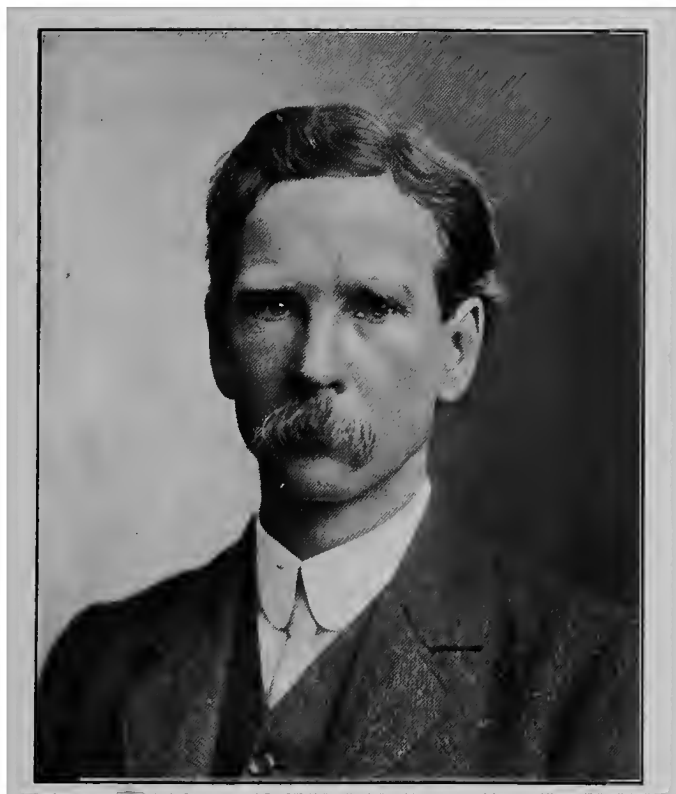
Till I grow blue.”

“And why these nuns in grey;

With silvered hair?”

The grey gums sighed, and answered sobbingly,

“We bear and bear.”



Monteath, Photo.

BERNARD O'DOWD.

WAITING.

Agnes L. Storrie.

He stands all day by the paddock rail,
 With downcast head, and drooping tail,
 And he looks across to the stable door,
 And waits for a step that will come no more.
 The clover blossoms, so faint and sweet,
 Lift wooing faces about his feet,
 And the tall grass sways in the gentle breeze,
 But I do not think he even sees,
 And the cloudless blue of the summer skies
 Finds only shadow within his eyes.
 When the sun has climbed to his sapphire dome,
 And pauses, turning his face towards home,
 You will see this lonely watcher turn,
 With lifted ears and eyes that burn;
 You will see him toss an impatient mane,
 And quiver with eager hope again;
 You will hear in his sudden deep-toned neigh,
 "Surely, ah! surely he'll come to-day!"
 But the hours drag by and the shadows fall,
 And nobody ever comes at all.
 The browsing cattle, fat and sleek,
 Find luscious pasture beside the creek,
 They neither understand nor share
 This exile's longing and despair.
 Perhaps, on some sunny windless noon,
 He will hear far off the thrilling tune
 Of baying hounds, that lightly floats
 Across the upland in ringing notes,

And his eyes will flash, and his muscles strain
As he lives it over in dreams again,
And the blood leaps up with a sudden fire,
As he takes in his stride the wood-capped wire.
He feels live currents of wild delight,
Sympathies born of their headlong flight
Thrill from the slender sunburnt hands
That hold his reins, like electric bands.
He has given his strength and his matchless speed
To his rider who has inspired his steed
With his human courage, his dauntless soul,
And so they are merged into one grand whole,
Triumphantly filled with the power to dare
Anything, everything, whatsoe'er ;
A magic that turns the air to wine,
The turf to elastic, and fills with a fine
Free flood of quicksilver every vein,
That hurries the pulses and fevers the brain.

'Tis only a dream! and the eager fire,
The sparkle that tells of his famous sire
Dies from his eyes, and a strange dumb smart
Falls like a shadow across his heart.
He remembers, and—yes, though he's only a horse,
Remembers it all with a dull remorse—
That last wild run on the afternoon
Of the blue and white of a golden June,
When he would be first in the eager crush,
When he would not steady his reckless rush,
Remembers the glorious thunder of feet
On the level plain, where the hedges meet,
Remembers how proudly he led the field
With a passionate daring that would not yield,

The lust of conquest was in his brain,
 And he would not answer the guiding rein,
 But seized the bit in his teeth, and flew
 Like a soul possessed, and never knew
 The fence was there, till, with a crash
 He struck and fell, and in a flash
 The sky was hurtling overhead,
 A hideous vision black and red.
 He heard one groan, one quivering breath;
 And then—the eloquent hush of death.

Ah! even now as he stands alone,
 He seems to hear that one deep groan,
 And see a form 'mid the flowering furze
 With blood-stained pink and shattered spurs,
 And a young face turned to the cloudless skies.
 Can it be thus that his master lies?
 Eddy, his master, so young and gay,
 Whose mother, kissing him just that day,
 And watching him mount at the big white gate,
 Had said, "Now, Eddy, you won't be late!"
 All this he sees in a hazy way,
 As he stands in the sunshine day by day,
 And it sometimes flashes across his brain
 That Eddy will never come back again.
 Yet he waits and waits by the paddock rail
 With a patience that does not flag or fail,
 For his heart is true, though his reason's dim,
 And it's all rather misty and dark to him.
 And the clover blossoms so faint and sweet,
 May cluster softly about his feet,
 But his eyes are fixed on the stable door,
 And he waits for a step that will come no more.

LULLABY.

Agnes L. Storrie.

Lulla-lulla-bye-oh!

Shut that little eye oh!

Tuck that little drowsy head into its little nest.

Lulla-lulla-bye-oh!

Baby go to bye oh!

Of all the pleasant things I know, sure slumber is the
best.

Lulla-lulla-lay-oh!

Where's the yellow day oh?

Gone to sleep upon its rosy pillows in the west.

Lulla-lulla-lay-oh!

Baby knows the way oh!

That leads along a dreamy path into a land of rest.

Lulla-lulla-bye-oh!

Mother still is nigh oh!

Mother's song is just a prayer to Heaven's high gate
addressed.

Lulla-lulla-bye-oh!

May God hear her cry oh!

And keep the little soul for ever innocent and blest.

THE SLEEPKINS.*Frank Morton.*When the sun has set and all the stars a-twinkling and
a-peeping,
Spread like a blinking dust across the sky,

The Sleepikins from Dodoland come slyly, slyly creeping,
ing,

Each crooning soft a tender lullaby.

For the Sleepikins tread softly 'neath the beaming of
the moon,

And gently, when the night is dark and lonely,
And the little girls they sing to, all get sleepy pretty soon,
As the music buzzes through each curly head.

They drop their dolls and teddy-bears, they stop their
tricks, and only—

They only, only want to go to bed. . .

By-by!

It is nightie-time, my Dearie, time for bed!

The Sleepikins have fingers soft, delicious and caressing,
With a honey-scented soothing in their tips;
On drooping, drooping eyelids they're a-coaxing and
a-pressing,

They're a-toying with bewitching little lips.

Each Sleepikin comes creeping with a box of magic
dreams

Of things the most delightful and beguiling. . .

There are troops of snowy angels, there are woods and
fields and streams,

There are sweets and cakes and cherries ripe and red;

There are heaps and heaps of pleasant things to keep
wee girls a-smiling,

A-smiling all the time that they're in bed. . .

By-by!

It is nightie-time, my Sweetheart, time for bed!

GETTING UP.

Frank Morton.

Eyes that laugh through sleepy veils,
Soft white arms a-wreathing ;
Lips (that soothe when all else fails),
Gentle dreams of cosy night,
Wistful in their breathing ;
Dainty hands all frail and white,
Dimpled cheeks and chin. . .
Night has gone, we know not where ;
Blackie's mewling on the stair,
Waiting there for you and me. . .
Getting-up time, Marjorie!

Blackie's scratching on the stairs,
Get up now, and say your prayers.

*"Father God, if you can hear
All the things I say,
Don't let any troubles, dear,
Bother me to-day!
When I want to scold and fret,
Keep me sweet and kind.
If your wishes I forget,
Please, God, never mind!
Please, I do try all I know,
Every now and then.
(Send that bear . . . I want him so!)
Good-bye, God . . . Amen."*

THE SHADOWS.

Frank Morton.

When moonshine's on the trees so tall,
So's night don't seem like night at all
(Sometimes small stars let go and fall),
I watch the Shadows on the wall.

Small stars sometimes get tired, you see,
And have to fall into the sea.
Such lots of stars there seems to be.
The Shadows is enough for me.

The Shadows is so strong and tall,
They creep, an' creep, an' never fall.
I hear 'em whispering as they crawl
On moonlight nights along the wall.

When I half-close my eyes, it brings
New Shadows that have eyes and wings;
Bishops an' Elephants an' Kings
An' Walruses an' other things.

Then sometimes when the Moon goes out,
The Shadows climb 'way down the spout;
'Cept some too big to jump about,
An' through my dreams I hear them shout.

Some picks me up an' laughs an' slips
Down coils of rope to pirate ships.
With some I go on other trips
An' chase big whales with horns an' whips.

I fire big cannons on the deck,
I dig up treasure from the wreck.
I caught a Roc Bird once—its peck
Gave me a crick right in my neck.

I march with soldiers o'er the plain,
The Terror of the Spanish Main,
And every time I have a pain,
The Shadows bring me home again.

But sometimes when I'm tired of fight,
A star lets go an' shines so bright,
So then I know that I'm all right,
'Cause Muvver's come to say Good-Night.

TO A FRIEND, ON HER ARRIVAL IN
ENGLAND.

Enid Derham.

What is the sound of singing
By moor and dale and hill?
The voice of fountains springing
That winter kept so still,
The noise of myriad laughs,
And glancing, dancing waters,
Earth's silver-footed daughters
From Tamar unto Till.

They bubble in recesses,
In many a lonely spot
Where summer sets her cresses
And blue forget-me-not,

They sob down mountain-passes,
Murmur through lowland grasses
Through lush green-growing grasses
And flowers that wither not;

From lake and tarn and river,
From brook and pool they come,
All the springs of England
To sing the wanderer home.

What is the mighty murmur
That swells from forests old?
The voice of ancient ages
That drift as leaves untold.
Their hearts a dream entrances
Of vanished rites and dances,
When Druids struck the branches
With sickles all of gold.

The forest-lawns remember
Full many a lovely Spring,
When after bleak December
May spread the fairies' ring.
Oh, there the sleepless lover
Might potent charms discover,
Where every primrose cover
Once hid the Fairy King.

With branches wide to Heaven,
And rooted deep in loam,
The storied oaks of England
Shall sing the wanderer home.

The birds, the birds of England,
They flit by dale and down,
The nightingale in moonlit brakes,
The sparrow in the town,
And all the hedge-row bushes
Tremble with song that gushes
From lonely-singing thrushes
And choristers in brown.

Yet when the day declining
Is dashed with Autumn rain,
Their baby hearts are pining
For skies without a stain,
Horizons lure them yonder,
The wind blows fond and fonder,
They spread their wings to wander,
And seek the South again.

But now a bird of passage
Comes North across the foam,
O wake, ye birds of England,
And sing the wanderer home!

FORGOTTEN.

(In Memory of A. J. R.)

Lala Fisher.

I wonder if he knows
That on his grave the parching, seeded grass
Wholly neglected blows.
And if he waits and waits
For well-loved footsteps that forget to pass
Through the wide-open gates.

I wonder if he feels
Forsaken when a stranger passes by
And at the next grave kneels.
And if he, listening, hears
Falling on other mounds unceasingly
The many, many tears.

I have been far away,
Or else so lonely he had never been ;
I would have watched each day,
That no dead leaflet thrust
Its faded blade among the grasses green
Above his precious dust.

I can forget him not,
And if the life-blood from my heart could pass,
I'd shed it at this spot,
That, sinking down, it might
Distil one message through the tangled grass
To his unbroken night.

MEN OF AUSTRALIA.

On the Eve of Federation.

Edward Dyson.

Men of all the lands Australian from the Gulf to Der-
went River,
From the Heads of Sydney Harbour to the waters of
the West,
There's a spirit loudly calling where the saplings dip
and quiver,
Where the city crowds are thronging, and the range
uplifts its crest !

Do ye feel the holy fervour of a new-born exultation?

For the task the Lord has set us is a trust of noblest
pride—

We are named to march unblooded to the winning of a
nation,

And to crown her with a glory that may evermore
abide.

Have ye looked to great old nations, have ye wondered
at their making,

Seen their fair and gracious cities, gemmed with palaces
of light,

Felt the pulse of mighty engines beating ever, never
slaking,

Like the sandalled feet of Progress moving onward in
the night?

Can ye stand on some high headland when the drowsy day
is fading,

And in dreamlike fancy see a merchant fleet upon the
seas,

See the pinioned ships majestic 'gainst the purple even
sailing,

And the busy steamers racing down to half a thousand
quays?

Bushmen, loaming on the ridges, tracking "colours" to
their sources,

Swinging axes by the rivers where the mill-saws rend
and shriek,

Smoking thoughtful pipes, or dreaming on your slow,
untroubled horses,

While the lazy cattle feed along the track or ford the
creek,

Ye have known our country's moods in all her wild and
desert places,

Ye have felt the sweet, strange promptings that her
solitudes inspire ;

To have breathed the spirit of her is to love her—turn
your faces,

Ride like lovers when the day dawns, ride to serve
her, son and sire !

Miners in the dripping workings, farmers, pioneers who
settle

On the bush lands, city workers of the benches and the
marts,

Smart mechanics at the forges, beating out the glowing
metal,

Thinkers, planners, if ye feel the love of country stir
your hearts,

Help to write the bravest chapter of a fair young nation's
story—

Great she'll be as Europe's greatest, more magnificent
in truth!—

That our children's children standing in the roselight of
her glory

May all honour us who loved her, and who crowned
her in her youth !

A SWAN SONG.

Sydney Jephcott.

Follow, comrades! and join our flying!

Crash into flight,

Jarring the night.

And scale the hollow, vast winter sky.

Above all danger, above all dying

Far we fly,

The very sky

Streaming in tenuous torrent by!

Overhead all the stars are shaken,

Tho' so far:

Every star

Throbbing back to our beating wings.

Under us all the winds awaken,

Tho' so still;

Heavy and chill

Under the strokes of our wondrous wings.

Lances of light that doubly darken

The deadly dark

Make us their mark!—

Swerve! swerve, and still redouble our flight!

Passionate, perçant! dreadful!—**hearken—**

The curlew's scream

Spurring its stream

Out of the quivering heart of night!

Startle the eagles lonely sleeping

On pathless peaks

That sunrise seeks

While the world is smothered beneath in night!

Cloudlets across the heavens creeping

Eddy back

From our termless track,

While lightnings are lost and the storms bleed white!

Mist-like up-rolls the river's roaring,

Huge, huge and slow

From gulfs below—

Dissolving mist-like it rolls away

Among the night-winds, that slowly soaring,

Murmur wide

As the tide

That lifted our breasts in the dawn-lit bay.

Beyond the stars see the blue deeps brighten—

We shall soon

Meet the moon,

Sliding on with the eager sky.

We climb aloft till our wing-beats whiten;

Then downward stream

Like souls a-dream;

Or cloudy levels along we ply.

Toward us, trumpeting triumph, journey

Other swans!

Their response

Sounds like the song of a falling star!

Comrades unknown! O, to us turn ye!

They are gone!

On and on!

Faint, fainter their voices, and very far!

O, comrades follow, and join our flying!

Crash into flight,

Jarring the night,

And scale the hollow, vast winter sky!

Above all danger, above all dying

Far we fly!

The very sky

Streaming in tenuous torrent by!

FAILURE.

"Furnley Maurice."

"This shall abide, and this and this shall grow

Upward and touch perfection," saith the soul

And paints her Dream on Life's eternal scroll.

She toils the withering heights the great ones know

Upward and on, till the imagined glow

Of fame is almost hers; but thunder wakes—

Out from the depth an awful fiat breaks—

"Thus far and no foot farther shall ye go!"

'Tis hers to fail—she weeps not—be it so—

Failure is God's steel mould of character.

Doth she then spurn her Ideal's face and throw
Down passions that inspire her in despair?

Strong yet—she toils that others reach their goal

And least reward shall make the mightier soul.



Gainsborough, Photo.

MARION MILLER KNOWLES.

THE SPRINGS, BLACKS' SPUR.

Marion Miller Knowles.

This is the haunt of the fairies!
Do you know it, child or poet?
For only you two are dreaming still
Of the bonny wee folk that live under the hill,
The dainty wee folk with the shoon of gold,
Made of buttercup buds unrolled—
The wondrous, winsome fairies.

Here is their palace of moss and fern—
Fern for tower, moss for bower!
Here by the waters so cool and sweet,
You may trace the mark of their dancing feet;
And if you listen alone and long,
You will hear faint echoes of merry song
In this magical haunt of the fairies.

They hid up here when the years were young,
(The world knew not of the chosen spot),
And they wove their spells for the forest green,
Till never a lovelier place was seen.
And never a wanderer passed that way
But longed to return on a future day,
So sweet was the charm of the fairies.

In moss that covers old trunks of trees,
Once so bare, now so fair,
Staghorn ferns they have artfully set,
To soften the pangs of a sore regret—

For lonely and sad would the trees have been,
But for the beautiful robe of green
So daintily trimmed by the fairies!

There are the rocks that defend their town—
Ramparts brown, frowning down ;
Over their rivulets' crystal tide,
The fairies' flotillas all gleefully glide—
For tiny canoes of the leaves they've made,
And they row them adown with a bonny grass-blade,
Do the wise, wee, wonderful fairies.

They show the maidenhair where to hide—
Laughing low, peeping so—
And the wind cannot find her, however it blow ;
No secret escapes that the dear fairies know ;
And the wild winter wind may rage as he will
At the darling wee folk that live under the hill,
He cannot dismay the fairies!

WHEN WATTLES BLOOM.

M. J. Tully.

When wattles bloom, and earth and air
Are quickened by the breath of Spring,
A subtle balm steals everywhere,
And gladdens every living thing ;
And one and all their joy declare,
With shout and song the woodlands ring
When wattles bloom and earth and air
Are quickened by the breath of Spring.

Shall *we* not cast aside our care,
And from us vain vexation fling,
And take with grateful hearts our share
Of gracious gifts the bright hours bring
When wattles bloom and earth and air
Are quickened by the breath of Spring?

FLEET STREET.

Arthur H. Adams.

Beneath this narrow, jostling street,
Unruffled by the noise of feet,
Like a slow organ-note I hear
The pulses of the great world beat.

Unseen beneath the city's show
Through this aorta ever flow
The currents of the universe—
A thousand pulses throbbing low!

Unheard beneath the pavement's din,
Unknown magicians sit within
Dim caves, and weave life into words
On patient looms that spin and spin.

There, uninspired, yet with the dower
Of mightier mechanic power,
Some bent, obscure Euripides
Builds the loud drama of the hour!

There, from the gaping presses hurled,
A thousand voices, passion-whirled,
With throats of steel vociferate
The incessant story of the world!

So through this artery from age
To age the tides of passion rage,
The swift historians of each day
Flinging a world upon a page!

And then I pause and gaze my fill
Where cataracts of traffic spill
Their foam into the Circus. Lo!
Look up, the crown on Ludgate Hill!

Remote from all the city's moods,
In high, untroubled solitudes,
Like an old Buddha swathed in dream,
St. Paul's above the city broods!

THE OUTPOST.

M. Forrest.

A line of hills, a sudden spurt of flame,
A crackling volley, and from whence it came
A stirring—as of leaves upon the tree,
When pale September buds drift silently.
The sky is blue and smiling overhead
Above a tumbled heap of brown and red;
And thro' the yellow stems of long, dry grass
A startled train of searching black ants pass.
They do not fear, so quietly he lies;
They climb above the sightless staring eyes;
Across the lips a woman loved of yore.
This is the Red God's harvest—this is war!

WANDERERS.

James Hebblethwaite.

As I rose in the early dawn,
While stars were fading white,
I saw upon a grassy slope
A camp-fire burning bright;
With tent behind and blaze before,
Three loggers in a row
Sang all together joyously—
Pull up the stakes and go!

As I rode on by Eagle Hawk,
The wide blue deep of air,
The wind among the glittering leaves,
The flowers so sweet and fair,
The thunder of the rude salt waves,
The creek's soft overflow,
All joined in chorus to the words—
Pull up the stakes and go!

Now by the tent on forest skirt,
By odour of the earth,
By sight and scent of morning smoke,
By evening camp-fire's mirth,
By deep-sea call and foaming green,
By new stars' gleam and glow,
By summer trails in antique lands—
Pull up the stakes and go!

The world is wide, and we are young,
The sounding marches beat,
And passion pipes her sweetest call
In lane and field and street ;
So rouse the chorus, brothers all,
We'll something have to show
When Death comes round and strikes our tent—
Pull up the stakes and go!

AN ECHO.

James Hebblethwaite.

O the wattle trees are yellowing,
Adown the dark green lane,
And the bush winds are blowing so sweetly,
But I and my true love shall never meet again
When I come home from the riding.

With a cooe from the mountain,
And a cooe from the vale,
With a trample and jingle so gaily,
I call to my true love to meet me at the rail,
When I come home from the riding.

Now the she-oak leaves are sorrowing
For hearthstone cold and grey,
And my bosom is aching with sadness,
But when through the River I shall ford at close of
day,
She will welcome me home from the riding.

MOUNTAIN MYRTLE.

Marie E. J. Pitt.

Myrtle by the mountain rills!
Dark-plumed monarch stern and scowling,
You that hear the thunder growling
And the black sou'-wester howling
'Mong the wild Tasmanian hills.
Myrtle by the western springs!
Harp whose chords have ne'er been smitten,
Land whose songs have ne'er been written,
Where no tooth of scorn has bitten
To the inner heart of things.

Myrtle, myrtle, watching yet,
Where old Montezuma races
Down the waterworn rock-faces,
Singing songs to lonely places
Set in ways of wind and wet!
Myrtle, myrtle, stern and stark,
Where they turned them from the questing,
When their sun of life was westing—
Still your dark boughs soothe their resting,
Moaning, moaning in the dark.

Myrtle, myrtle, lying low,
With the moss about you creeping,
With the torrent round you leaping,
And the grand old mountain keeping
Vigil as the seasons go,
Still to me your music comes,

Set in chords, august, specific,
When a storm-voice, weird, terrific,
Beats across the waste Pacific
Like the roll of muffled drums.

Guardian of far peaks untrod
By fierce cloven-hoofed excesses
And Humanity's distresses,
Where no clamour for redress is,
And the hills look up to God,
Pillars of a larger sky,
Immemorial altars folden
Deep in aisles of green and 'golden,
Whose white taper-stars are holden
By supernal hands on high!

On the wings of evenfall
Soft as clouds their sky-ways wending,
Or white angel-hosts descending
With the gift of peace unending
When the dark is over all,
Like the sough of Southern seas
Comes to me the drowsy droning
Of the wizard priests, intoning,
When the Western wind is moaning—
Moaning in the myrtle trees.

TROUBADOUR SONG.

R. M. Crookston.

Where last they laid her, white among the lilies,
The high heaped blooms no paler were than she ;
And yet her rare sweet smile had hardly faded,
But lit her face as starshine lights the sea.

But I—I placed a wreath of damask roses
Upon the lilies lying on her breast—
The richest blossoms that the year uncloses,
Love-red I laid them there among the rest.

I heard the wind a-sighing in the forest,
I heard the waves a-moaning on the shore,
I knew that there was silence in the places
Whence she had gone to come again no more.

But I—I winged with passion, as the swallow
Is winged for flight to summer and the south,
A song that I had heard on hill, in hollow,
A song that I had found upon her mouth.

If she had known, before she died that summer,
That I had loved her as the years went on,
Would she have passed without a word to leave me,
To join the shadows of the summers gone?

But I—I dared not trust e'en song the holding
Of all my soul shall keep until the last !
I bear the burden of the days unfolding,
The growing burden of the changeless past !

Where last they laid her, sleeping by the cypress,
They come to strew their lilies at her feet;
But lying on her breast's unstained perfection,
The lilies with the damask roses meet.

For I—I weave my songs of love and longing,
And speed them over seas of Death and Time;
Perhaps, for all the vaster music thronging,
She waits and listens for their broken chime.

THE MOON-FLOWER.

Lala Fisher.

I know a valley through whose solitude
A brown road winds towards a mountain crest:
There gnarly ti-trees dripping sweetness rest,
And grasses bend too-heavily bedewed.

In that still valley by the still lagoon,
A ruined homestead for her secret shrine,
Dwells Beauty's self, half earthly, half divine—
Thrilling I saw her waken to the Moon.

In peaks of emerald the cactus crept,
And there o'er rafters falling to decay,
A miracle of flowers, spray on spray,
Burst into perfect life while Nature slept.

First a slim silver riband from the sky
Uncurled green fronds from each imprison'd bud,
Then one by one, bathed in the beaming flood,
Like ghost notes in a spirit litany,

They blossomed out before my very eyes,
Great chalices of snow filled up with light

Set in the dusky beauty of the night:
They seemed a vision from immortal skies.

Hidden in shadow near the still lagoon,
Nightly I worship at a secret shrine;
There on a ruin, lily-white, divine,
Is Beauty lying naked to the Moon.

From "ACHERON VALLEY."

Hubert Church.

. Let the pomp of peaks
Draw clouds ethereal where the eagle seeks
The last glow of the sun; this shaded glen,
Forgotten e'en by eremites of men,
Has poured its brook in happiness away
For ever; glad to bid the tui stay
One moment in his sable lustre till
He shook his merriment upon the hill.
The bird has gathered sunbeams here and knows
The tussock is wild cousin to the rose,
And all as happy; every breeze that turns
Has secrecy to whisper to the ferns.
So be it thine; and let thy name be writ
As one that loved. God does not number it
'The all-essential that we gather tears
More than the brethren. But I think He hears
The song of every heart we bid arise
With words of comfort, and compelling eyes,
So full of love are they; and if a blot
Has marred our page, He will remember not.

THE LOST FAIRIES.

Marie E. J. Pitt.

They come no more with the dancing feet,
Where the daffodil chorus rang sweet, so sweet;
Fairies o' mine, have ye fled for ever?
Shall we meet no more as we used to meet?

They come no more and the wheels run slow,
And the laughter is hushed that I used to know;
The white owl cries in the twilit meadow
Where our revels rang in the long ago.

O a fairy came knocking one day, one day,
At the meadowsweet gate where we used to play—
I heard him knock, but my heart was weary,
And I sent him weeping away, away.

And ever since then, tho' my heart be sore
With waiting and watching, they come no more;
And the lilies have stolen their golden sandals,
And the poppies are flaunting the gowns they wore.

Ah! ever since then, in the noon o' the flowers,
When the lights are soft in the fairy bowers,
I sigh and sigh for the banished laughter,
For the singing soul of the wasted hours.

Do they mourn me, I wonder, as one that passed
While the sentinel snapdragons slumbered fast?
Or is it they seek me, all loyal-hearted,
And dream they shall find me at last, at last?

I know not ; ever the red suns rise
And roll to their rest in the western skies,
But the loved, lost voices are silent, silent,
And leaps no light to the darkened eyes.

Only when twilight lifteth her wand
And turneth the glory to shadowland,
I hear in the stillness a sound of weeping—
And know the meaning, and understand.

They have passed the boundaries mortals know,
Where the asphodel blooms and the dream-stars glow,
Tho' I seek them, seek them till suns be ashes,
I shall never find them wherever I go.

They will come no more with the dancing feet,
Where the daffodil chorus rang sweet, so sweet ;
Where the white owl cries in the haunted meadow,
We shall meet no more as we used to meet.

A GALLOP OF FIRE.

Marie E. J. Pitt.

When the north wind moans thro' the blind creek courses
And revels with harsh, hot sand,
I loose the horses, the wild, red horses,
I loose the horses, the mad, red horses,
And terror is on the land.

With prophetic murmur the hills are humming,
The forest-kings bend and blow ;
With hoofs of brass on the baked earth drumming,

O brave red horses, they hear us coming,
And the legions of Death lean low.

O'er the wooded height, and the sandy hollow
Where the boles to the axe have rung,
Tho' they fly the foeman as flies the swallow,
The fierce red horses, my horses, follow
With flanks to the faint earth flung.

Or with frenzied hieroglyphs, fear embossing
Night's sable horizon bars,
Thro' tangled mazes of death-darts crossing,
I swing my leaders and watch them tossing
Their red manes against the stars.

But when South winds sob in the drowned creek courses
And whisper to hard wet sand,
I hold the horses, the spent red horses,
I hold the horses, the tired red horses,
And silence is on the land.

Yea, the South wind sobs 'mong the drowned creek
courses

For sorrows no man shall bind—
Ah, God! for the horses, the black plumed horses,
Dear God! for the horses, Death's own pale horses,
That raced in the tracks behind.

A CAMEL DRIVER.

Louis Esson.

Where the Never-Never
Sands of Fate unroll
Phantom lake and river,
Mirage of the soul,
There a camel driver gropes in vain endeavour.

Mecca-ward he sets
Swart face, travel-smeared,
Gripping amulets.
By the Prophet's Beard!
Golden mosques are lifting sapphire minarets.

(No more willy-willies
Flee the mad monsoon;
And no more red lilies
Flush the lone lagoon.
Water-bags are empty, and the desert still is.)

Hark! the bulbul sings
From the pepul-tree
Of enchanted things
When the soul breaks free.
Black tents, desert-driven, fold their weary wings.

There strut peacocks bright,
Roses shed perfume;
Marble steps, snow-white,
Lead to bowers of bloom.
O Imtiaz Mahal, Garden of Delight!

And his hot eyes trace
 'Neath green tamarisks,
Like gazelles for grace,
 Unveiled odalisques.
Sweet rose-water fountains spray his burning face.

Allah judges best.
 Holy wells and palms
Soothe and shade the Blest.
 Pains are mixed with balms :
In the desert, fountains ; after travel, rest.

In the Never-Never
 Dervish-dancing sands,
Lord of Fate, forever
 Freed from fleshly bands
Soul released, an Afghan leaves the world's endeavour.

THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI.

R. J. Cassidy.

From peaceful townships shoreward,
 From stations south and west,
From golden ranges nor'ward,
 To those we love the best,
Perchance as dusty drovers,
 The old road bore us by,
And times between as rovers,
 —The Road to Gundagai.



Monteath, Photo.

MARIE E. J. PITT.

*The road—the winding Road to Gundagai;
Swinging along,
And singing along
The road—the road—the Road to Gundagai.*

Where Fate and Fortune speed us,
Unceasingly we roam;
Where Hope and Honour lead us
We fight for those at home.
And now we ride, returning,
By dawn and dusk and day,
'Neath crimson stars a-burning
We take our homeward way.

By quaint old townships dreaming,
By humpy lights aglow,
By far-off fires a-gleaming,
Through star-lit lands we go.
By rills, and rocks, and ridges;
By mountain crag and crest—
Home! to the great twin bridges,
And those we love the best.

We signal (rovers' lore-way)
The roadsteads near and far—
It's whispered at the door-way:
"I wonder who they are!"
By tall green crops a-waving,
Through stretches long and dry,
By rippling waters laving
The Road to Gundagai.

And now at last returning
All through the golden day—
At night 'neath red stars burning,
We take our homeward way.
Yes, now we're riding homeward,—
The Kimo hills are nigh—
The lazy smoke curls homeward—
Hurrah! for Gundagai!

*The road—the winding Road to Gundagai;
Swinging along,
And singing along
The road—the road—the Road to Gundagai.*

THE HORSEMEN.

(A BUSH GIRL'S REVERIE.)

R. J. Cassidy.

I saw the horsemen go—
In the sheen of the morning sunshine, while the mists
hung yet in the breeze,
And the clouds of the night were floating far away to
the roaring seas.
In the sheen of the morning sunshine, while the dew on
the silvered grass
Was flashing like countless diamonds, aye, I watched the
horsemen pass.

*Yea, I watched the horsemen go—
At the birth of the bright New Year,
To the tink, tink, tink,
And the jink, jink, jink
Of the hobble-chains,
And the mounted reins,
To the tune of the rover's gear.
Aye, I watched them ride a-row,
With their jig, jig, jog, and slow—
Thro' the golden sheen
Of the bushland green,
O! I watched the horsemen go.*

I watched the horsemen go—
In the glare of the noonday sunshine, when the great
nor'-western haze
Swung across to the dreaming mountains and beyond to
the ocean ways.
O! the blood of my girlhood tingled to the sound of one
far-off bell,
As I watched them file thro' the gateways—as I waved
them a last farewell.

I watched the horsemen go—
In the glow of the crimson sunset, when the mountain
shades had crept
Round the base of the quartzly foothills, yea, and deep
in the gorges slept.
Then I watched them fade in the twilight, and I whis-
pered a prayer for him,
As they wandered away to the Westlands, far away in the
twilight dim.

I watched the horsemen go—

In the blaze of the silver starlight I had seen them move
away

To the land of the Drover's Castles, to the West of the
Dying Day.

"I'll return," he said, "to you, girly, ere the daisies have
bloomed again,

Ere the creeks and rivers have emptied their great stained
loads of rain."

*Yea, I watched the horsemen go—
At the birth of the bright New Year,
To the tink, tink, tink,
And the jink, jink, jink
Of the hobble-chains,
And the mounted reins,
To the tune of the rover's gear.
Aye, I watched them ride a-row,
With their jig, jig, jog, and slow—
Thro' the golden sheen
Of the bushland green,
O! I watched my horsemen go.*

AT LINDSAY GORDON'S GRAVE.

M. J. Tully.

Now earth and air are redolent of spring,
And odorous boughs aflame with wattle-bloom,
Yet here thou tarriest in thy seaside tomb,
Heeding not any change the seasons bring.
Ah, how of old thy pulses used to sting
With rapture, riding through the leafy gloom,
Thy horse's steaming flanks thick-flecked with spume,
Like rhyme-beats brave the hoof-strokes' muffled ring.

Poet, is it a joy to thee to know
That in this land—this sunny Austral clime—
Stout hearts that with heroic fervour glow
Drink inspiration from thy manly rhyme,
And catch wide gleams of that adventurous time
Fast vanishing into the long ago?

THE WEATHERBOARD FALL.

Extract.

"Australie."

A mighty crescent of grim cavern'd rock,
Red-grey, or gold-brown, with black broken rifts
Upon the bare face of the circled walls
That bold uprise from out a sloping wealth
Of foliage rich, that in moist shadow'd depths
Revel in shelter, spread out happy leaves,
To be for ever kiss'd by dewy drops
Light-wafted from the murmuring waterfall.

Ah, who can show the beauty of the scene?
Above, the wooded mountain-summit, green,
How gently falling into softer banks,
Emerald with fern, gleichenia, grass-tree bright,
Yet bolden'd, strengthen'd, by rough aged crags,
In bare wild outline, amber-tinged, and streak'd
With hoar grey lichen, yet oft holding too,—
Like touch of child-love in a stern cold breast,—
Cherish'd in clefts, some tender verdant nests
Of velvet moss, lone flowers, and grasses soft.

Beyond—seen 'twixt two guardian cliffs that cast
Black giant shadows on the tree-clad slopes—
An inland sea of mountains, stretching far
In undulating billows, deeply blue,
With here and there a gleaming crest of rock,
Surging in stillness, fading into space,
Seeming more liquid in the distance vague,
Transparent melting, till the last faint ridge
Blends with clear ether in the azure sky
In tender mauve unrealness; the dim line
Of mountain profile seeming but a streak
Of waving cloud on the horizon's verge.

A few steps further—comes in fuller view
The stream that o'er the mountain summit winds,
Forcing its way with many a cascade step,
And hurrying to the rampart's brow, from which
Adown a thousand awful feet it falls,
Changing from gleaming water to white foam,
Then all dissolving into separate sprays,
Like cluster'd columns white of moving light,

Or April shower of diamond-gleaming rain,
Whereon the sun plays with his rainbow hues,
Till hid in shadow oft it disappears
Into the grateful coolness of the depths ;
Resigning centred beauty for awhile,
Yet showing forth its presence by the tints
So rich enhanc'd by the bedewing love
That with soft tears refreshes budding leaves
And calls forth life.

LAND I LOVE.

Louise Mack.

Land I love! I will find your meaning.

See, I swear I will know you yet!

You shall reveal the soul of your song,

And I will set it as never set.

March of shadows to muted music,

Heat-mists creeping, I know, I know ;

And I know, dear Rain, that your desolate story

Has a hidden sweet and an inner glory.

Trees of mine! ah, the nights I listen,

Nights I steal through your black, black shade,

I and the old gums sorrow alone,

The young gums give me their accolade.

Mile on mile through the death-grey silence,

Twilight, midnight, or yellow noon,

And 'tis I who know that your desolate story

Has its hidden sweet and its inner glory.

Dark and dawn through the grey gums sweeping,
Blazing gold of the afternoon,
All have revealed the soul of their song,
But where, O Land, is my promised tune?
I am silent, I have no music,
Maestoso nor Allegro,—
But you know how fain is my impotent story
To unfold the hymn of your veiled great glory.

Only this can I sing, and singing,
Land of mine! you will understand;
You have revealed the heart of my song,
While I went seeking for yours, O Land!
Your young lips have disclosed my courage,
Deathless courage, my Continent!
For I learnt from you that my life's own story
Has a deeper depth and a higher glory.

Heat and haze! you have crept and caught me;
See, 'tis you who will know me yet.
You have revealed the soul of my song;
'Tis you who have set it, as never set.
March of shadows to muted music,
White gums waiting, we know, we know!
And we know, Dear Land, that our desolate story
Has its hidden sweet and its inner glory.

MAGNIFICAT.

W. M. Whitney.

At dewy dawn I heard a Voice,
Whose lute-sweet rhythm silenced strife;
"Rejoice!" it sang, "O man, rejoice,
In all the ecstasies of Life."

It was an angel's orison;
And then a soft, mysterious sound
I heard, as 'twere the heavenly One
Passed lightly over grassy ground.

Dawn came, and rosebuds breathed sweet prayers,
And leaves sighed sempiternal vows
To sun-gods, and fantastic airs
Pert sparrows chirruped to wet boughs.

Far eastward shimmered sea and sky,
Merged in phantasmal purple-grey;
In Heaven's blue the roving eye
Marked not a single bird of prey.

New-washed with radiant summer rain,
New-lit with God's immortal eyes,
All earth heaved glad and green again;
'Tis only human joy that dies.

Earth hath no visionary grief;
She seemed a sleeper, angel-fair,
Waked by love's kisses . . . past belief,
His bright, enchanted presence there!

While o'er the hills I tramped, a throng
Of birds delighting, scarce above
My breath I hummed a little song—
A little song of peace and love.

The joy of life sang in my heart:
'Twas with unruffled rapture that
I sang my tranquil-dreaming part
In earth's sublime Magnificat.

Far-off the palpitating town,
In keen, surprising sunbeams caught,
Flashed signals, purple, gold and brown;
Such the entrancements God hath wrought!

About each busy, burnished street,
'Mid showers of gold and silver darts,
Young girls were colour-bright, and sweet
As sunbuds their uplifted hearts.

In gardens, green and blossom-dight,
Pods scattered seed for Spring's return—
Spring, whose soft language of delight
Young birds and lovers love to learn.

Green-fire stirred the inebriate air,
Earth's joy breathed life in every stone;
Wild songs were warbled everywhere,
In all creation not a moan!

Where rippling water lullabies
A bank that willows dream above,
With tender homage in her eyes,
A true girl brimmed my cup with love!

The gold sun burned the hours away;
My heart was passionately glad. . . .
"Now, surely, in all earth to-day
There hideth not a creature sad!"

THE HARVEST.

W. M. Whitney.

The summer pageant passes,
The Harvest-time is here;
The corn waves golden banners,
The wheat is in the ear. . . .
*But, see, limned on the sky-line,
With lilt of fife and drum,
And flash of bit and sabre,
The grey Rough-Riders come!*

A happy-hearted people,
In low or high employ,
Our songs are songs of freedom,
Our heritage is joy;
'Tis said we have forgotten
Ancestral ties. . . I say
The spirit of our fathers
Sits at our hearth to-day!

'Tis not unmeaning, surely,
That sun-gods' passion fires
The aureole of glory
Investing city spires;

'Tis then I hear the voices
Of "choirs invisible,"
That honour, worth and wisdom
And sovereignty foretell.

The silver moon-led waters,
That lullaby the sands
Of long red-burnished beaches,
Spell me with strange demands,
Till an unearthly rapture
Uplifts my soul beyond
The ken of mortal wisdom,
The chafe of earthly bond.

'Tis then by strange enchantment
Ineffable and sweet,
I see the Nation's glory
Resplendent and complete;
I see with fire-new vision
The twin-lords, Right and Wrong,
Sway multitudes whose passion
Shall live in Art and Song!

The yellow corn is waving,
The grape is big with wine,
The sun-beams kiss the vineyards,
And red, red lips kiss mine;
The day is blue and golden,
The Harvest-time is nigh. . .
The pulses of the nation
Are beating fever-high.

*But, look, limned on the sky-line,
The grey Rough-Riders come
With flash of bit and sabre
And lilt of fife and drum!
Their message is Destruction,
Death forged their gleaming arms.*
The happy-hearted people
See nothing that alarms!

How shall we portion Pleasure,
How discipline Desire—
With honey-sweet indulgence,
Or soul-consuming fire?
I love the happy people,
I love the radiant skies;
The heart that is too niggard
Of pleasure surely dies!

In earth and sky when sunrise
Sweeps on in roseate floods,
A thousand joys are bursting
Like sweet September buds;
The trees gleam green and russet,
The wet pearls gem the sod,
Till colour is a passion,
The outward sign of God.

What shall the Harvest render?
What our profusion raise?—
A monument of sorrow
To dark our children's days?

Be our attainment worthy
When grey Rough-Riders come!
Let every true man follow
The rumble of the drum!

PIERRE VIDAL CHANT à la BELLE AZALAIS.

R. M. Crookston.

—Translation—

Out in the fields or down in the city.

Rest by the river or strife in the street;
Still shall the dream of your face be before me,
Still shall I follow the gleam of your feet.

I shall have passed as the rill to the river,
You shall remain to the last as the sea;
I be forgot as the songs of my singing
Die as the leaves that are blown from the tree.

Morning and noon-time and night-time revolving,
I shall be far from the sound of your voice;
Yet shall I hear in the clear running water,
Murmur its music, and I shall rejoice.

Down in the dale, 'mid the^l iris and marshes.
Up on the hill 'mid the bracken and fern,
Shade in the woodland or wind on the mountain,
All through the world shall remembrance return.

You that have moved on my way as a vision!
You that have stood by my side as a friend!
I shall have gone as the flowers of the summer,
You shall remain as the sun to the end.

None may deny when I sing of your sweetness,
Troubadour songs of Provence and the South,
Warm as the wine of their wide purpled vineyards,
Rich as the red of the rose of your mouth.

Nothing can harm me from dawning to darkness,
Though I shall wander a world till we meet;
Still shall the dream of your face be before me,
Still shall I follow the gleam of your feet.

AN OLD MAP OF ASSYRIA.

W. A. Osborne.

What potent names these faded pages show,
With pigmy figures drawn to represent
Chaldean tower or storied monument
Flanked by Euphrates' immemorial flow—
Wrecks of mysterious empires, which did grow
To quick magnificence, and then o'erspent
In warfare 'gainst invasions vehement,
Fell headlong in tempestuous overthrow!

Ah, they are dead, their glory passed away;
Yet, oft I hear in unforgetful sleep
The din of multitudinous chariots drawn
Through surging streets of lordly Nineveh,
And mingled myriads voiceful in the deep
Roar of irrevocable Babylon.

AN ORCHESTRAL SYMPHONY.

Alex. Sutherland.

Forth from the silence grows a tremulous note.

The air with vague suggestiveness is stirred ;—
Confused, yet sweet: delicious, though remote ;

As when far inland murmurings are heard
Of seas that on a shingly beach are thrown ;

Or like the sound when many a mellow bird
Makes distant music by some river-brim,
Waking the day with rich tumultuous hymn,
And trills that fluttering float

Through open casements, soft, subdued and dim.
And oh! the sweetness gurgling from each throat,
To blend in that rich interwoven tone,
Till morning dreamers wake and all its rapture own!

So swells the rich confusion, interlaced
With brief melodious turns and glad foretaste

Of tunefulness to be,
That from the maze shall swell, bright, flowing, free,
Like Aphrodite from a rhythmic sea.

Hark to the beat of multitudinous wings!

Their fluttering fills the air with gladsome quiver,
Till, at a chord whereto the whole heart springs

In one delicious shiver,
The harmony dissolves with touch profound,

And wanders, on the deftly woven strings,
A world of mazy sound

That stirs within the soul some lion-might
We knew not slumbered there.

Great glimpses pass, and, struggling blindly, tear
The breast with thoughts that own no human name.

Sweet sounds that melt my frame!
How secret is the magic power ye claim!
For in the rich transition of your keys,—
 Harmonious mysteries,
Ye mould my inmost being at your ease.

But hush! a change is near!

 Methinks a princess comes!

Those drowsy notes I hear

 Are of the throng that hums

Attendant where she moves with cadenced feet.

 She enters, and the drums

Roll out their turbulent tones; they crash and fleet

In billowy throbs of gladness, so to greet

The sandalled beauty, who, majestic,

Paces the marble floor.

 Her limb-encircling garments, flowing fall

In gauzy waves of whiteness evermore;

 So moves she stately on, through her great father's hall.

The vision fades. Again the master's touch

Bids vague dissolving fancies throng the sight.

The courtly dance, with youthful limbs aglow,

Where youthful faces flush

 Amid a silken rustling and the beat

 Of satin shoes and lightly twirling feet.

The hall is warm and bright

With many a gem and many a spangled light.

But, ah! without, how fresh the gracious night,

On terraced gardens, where the cool airs flow

Up from the shimmering crescent of the bay below!

And yonder in the moonlight-floods, the pace
Of lover-feet on path and terrace stair
Sounds silver sweet, while laughter everywhere
In bubbling peals lurks in each shadowy place.

Alas! my dream is shattered! Hark! the sad,
Soft rumbling that presageth coming woe!
The distance bears the sound of martial tread
With tramp depressed and slow.
That long deep note, so plaintive, yet so sweet,
Whispers the path the fairest maid must go.

Yes! heroes must lie low!—
So do those massive harmonies repeat
How much our souls resent the clay-cold doom!
Oh! that I might but know
What dull remains of what once noble soul
They carry to the tomb!
Those wild, weird notes of gloom
Would burst the hearts wherein deep sorrows roll.
They come not near! They fade! They die away
Far towards the resting-place of that dumb clay.
Fainter, and yet more faint; soft, soft, and still
They die into the hush of some foreboding ill.
When,—hark! from out the realms of formless fear
Rises a note, firm, bold, and clear!
Yet lonely is it heard,
Like the first piping song of the first love-sick bird.
It swells; then once more wakes
The surging chorus of the banks and brakes.
And far aloft, as if on angel wings,
Above all sombre things,

At the glad touch my spirit springs
From out the realms of death, and its free flight it takes,
Oh! sweet, heart-healing strain!
Again and yet again,
Those vague desires and hopes insinuate
That lift the soul somewhere by Heaven's gate.

The cheerful music to full volume grows.
The deftly-handled bows
With lightning touch fly o'er the speaking strings.
The horns and deep bassoon
Exultant hurry onward. All is life
And eagerness and zest.

The flute with liquid trill,
The oboe, sharp and shrill,
And the sweet clarionet, with mellow tune,
In rival concord, and harmonious strife,
Speed with impetuous haste.
Away! ye thoughts of death and musty sorrow!
Away! The life we quaff
Is a wild draught of bliss from which we borrow
Wherewith to laugh!

We greet thee, merry drum!
And you, ye cymbals, come
To lift our frolic to the very mound
And pinnacle of sound.
When ah! There rings a crash, and yet another!
The rolling drums their reckless tumult smother.
A short, sharp crash; and then
Silence has folded close her slumbering wings again.

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

Kenneth Mackay.

I love thy spaciousness. Each lonely distance,
Each scrub-set solitude, each sand-swept plain
Calls to me with a mother's deep insistence,
In symphonies of mingled joy and pain.

Sweet scent of myall, belts of deep green yarran,
The crimson splendour of thy solemn dawns,
The stillness of thy deserts vast and barren,
Where Death and Life play chess with men for pawns ;

The music of the horse bells—then the rattle
Of horn on horn, presaging fear and flight ;
The swift, uneasy stamp of "ringing" cattle,
Then all things swallowed in the crashing night—

Waking the last watch from their fitful slumbers,
Rushing to where each horse expectant stands,
Then for the "lead"—God help the man who blunders
When boughs stretch down, and grip with countless
hands.

Red, hunted eyes: a thousand hoofs' deep thunder—
Danger supreme to gallop at and face ;
Surges of living things that burst asunder,
And ebb and flow in maddened waves through space.

Fierce moments when your horse can race no faster ;
Grim seconds when Death rides beside your knee ;
A swerve that touched the rim of sure disaster ;
A stoop that missed that eager leaning tree :

Wild gallops through the brigalow and mallee,
 Where risks to life and limb are paid at call;
 Long watches—then the sudden moonlight rally,
 With keen-horned "outlaws" fighting as they fall.

Glad hours of kingly strife with brave wild horses,
 Where'er he led, beside their best to race—
 What joy has he in turfed and level courses
 Who once has met such chances face to face?

Long spring-time days when sheep are slowly creeping
 Across the plains and through the river runs,
 In slumb'rous hours when all the world's a-sleeping
 Beneath the soft caress of sensuous suns.

And then, at night, when camp fires red are gleaming,
 To yarn with trusted mates 'neath star-lit sky,
 Or else to slip into that land of dreaming,
 Which holds the storied realm of "by and by."

.

Years of brave working full of high endeavour;
 Nights bright with hope, and days when hope is dead;
 Seasons when luck seems to have gone forever,
 And gold is not more hard to win than bread.

.

Such are the fortunes of those dauntless legions
 Who seek to read thee, Sibyl of the West!
 The wraiths of ruin haunt thy mystic regions,
 And yet, for all thy crimes, they love thee best.

But thou 'hast in thy confines many a haven
 Where peace and plenty reign from year to year,
 Where lines on fair, white brows are never graven
 By lonely days and nights of nameless fear.

Lost station of my dreams, how many others
 Can see in memory's glass such bright eyes shine,
 When all the world was glad with us, my brothers.
 And love sat with us by the blazing pine?

.

Such is the groundwork of the brave, old story
 Writ by the fathers of our land and race,
 Who fought and died without one hope of glory.
 And lie forgotten on thy sphinx-like face.

Four square to changeful Fate you stand, my mother!
 Crowned by the skies and girdled by the sea.
 God gave thee Freedom for a deathless lover
 That thou mayest cradle empires yet to be.

—

GUM LEAVES ON THE FIRE.

E. S. Emerson.

Dad's just a bent old cripple now:
 Full eighty winters gone have reared
 Their snow-drifts high above his brow
 And spilled their frosts down on his beard;
 Blind, too, for in the eyes that blazed
 Defiance unto armèd might
 At Ballarat, the years have raised
 A misty monument of Night.

He speaks not much, but, like an Age
 Within the shadow Time has cast,
 Sleeps in his place—a tattered page
 Touched with the pathos of the Past.
 But sometimes for the old times' sake
 We stir dead embers of desire,

And bid old memories awake
By burning gum-leaves on the fire.
The pungent smoke rolls up and spreads
Its aromatic fumes around,
And back through vanished years Dad treads
Like one who walks on holy ground,
Till, as his thoughts the decades span,
He tells us tales of times long gone—
The "I remembers" of a man
Who fought and lost and still fought on.

Again Eureka's voices ring
From blazing bivouacs of night;
Again the rifle bullets sing
Across the palisaded height;
Again we hear the bugle call,
And, where Rafaello's ardor led,
We watch one fight, and fighting fall
Where Lalor fought and Lalor bled.

Again by mountain-spur and creek
He sits by many a camp-fire's blaze,
And bearded mates come back and speak
Of golden deeds, of golden days;
With here the riot of the rush,
The shanty and the gleaming lode,
And there, ah! there, the mournful hush
Of comrades wandered from the road.

Dead comrades! but the gold of Time
Death washes into History,
And such as Lalor, Burke and Syme
Are wealth for all posterity;

And these the old man worked beside;
And these, and such as these, come fast
To show us how the world grew wide
From scattered camp-fires of the past.

But not of men, and not of gold,
And not of bush-ways undefined,
Are all our father's stories told;
The burning gum-leaves bring to mind
One simple tale of love that glows
With faith and loyalty and truth;
Then where the swift Campaspe flows
He sings again his song of youth.

Oh! she was glorious; her smiles
Such magnets strong men might not miss:
He rode at night a hundred miles
To claim at morn, perchance, one kiss.
"And she"—the blind eyes seek the light—
"She was your mother!" proudly said;
Then with a broken "Boys, good-night!"
The old man gropes his way to bed.

"Good-night! Good-night!" perchance he dreams,
When the last link of life shall break,
Of wooing on, by radiant streams,
Our mother for her own sweet sake;
But this we know, who sit alone,
And watch the blinking coals expire—
Dad sits upon a kingly throne
When gum-leaves crackle on the fire.

THE OCEAN BEACH.

Wilfrid Mailler.

I weary of the sun-scorched plain,
Its yellow, sere monotony ;
I want the whisper of the rain ;
I want the great, blue, surging sea
With all its murmurous mystery ;
My weary soul, my aching brain,
That sicken of the hot, bare land,
Are hungry for the wizardry
Of crested wave and cool, wet sand.

Out here the moon may waste and wane,
She cannot work her witchery,
She needs the tossing, tumbling main
To croon to her its melody,
And then she glows, a fantasy.
Ah, once I heard that haunting strain
By dusk-dimmed shore, by star-lit strand ;
But now I dream, and dream in vain
Of crested wave and cool, wet sand.

All day the surge's strong refrain
Sounds in my soul incessantly,
And in the night I hear again
The wandering water's harmony,
The ocean's siren minstrelsy.

Oh, just to wash away the stain
Of dust eternal and be fanned
By winds that sing exultantly
Of crested wave and cool, wet sand!

Stern Fate or Chance, whiche'er you be,
Lift for a space your iron hand,
And grant once more the joy to me
Of crested wave and cool, wet sand.

THE ALTAR.

Wilfrid Mailler.

Misty, unknown, the steeps tower overhead;
But you, who toil through gloom towards the light,
Look down and see your valley lost in night,
Whose darkness cloaks the bones of creeds long dead;
The road you follow far from there has led,
And many hands have helped you on your way,
And many hands your course have sought to stay.
You shall not pause upon the path you tread.

Look to the Heights! Their peaks are tipped with gold.
The Altar-veil of mist is rent! Behold!
Stabbed with the spears of dawn the night has died!
The Sun is born within the crimson East,
And from the crest both Sacrifice and Priest
Flames forth a Cross where droops One crucified!

HAPPY CHILDREN.

Arnold Wall.

Theirs is the land of dreams-come-true
And story dove-tailed into story,
And nothing *we* can say or do
May blur its unsubstantial glory.
Theirs royal skies without a flaw,
Rich hearts, large natures calm and warm,
A kinder than the human law,
A statelier than the human form.

The bridle-bells of princes bold,
Bad giants, witches, kings, princesses;
Ghostly enchanted castles old,
Dark dragon-haunted wildernesses;
And lazy rivers murmuring low,
And jolly lives of love and laughter,
That do not end, but softly flow
On to the golden "ever-after."

THE WOODCUTTER.

Leslie H. Allen.

Down in the summer gully
The air is heaven-white.
Nor dust nor hazes sully
The 'gum-leaves' scarlet light.
They stain the Crystalline
Like a deep-hearted wine.

Amid the leafy brightness
That makes a quivering gleam
Like the remoter whiteness
Within a noonday stream,
Close by a curl of smoke
Rings out an axeman's stroke.

A grey-haired wife is tending
The blackened water-can,
Above a log is bending
A sturdy-armed old man :
With every swing and flash
Echoes a manful crash.

There pass few words between them—
Each knows the other's will.
A tent will do to screen them,
A rug against the chill.
Quiet and wise with years
They have outgrown life's fears.

The gums that long have brooded
On every secret sound,
And hear, in stillness hooded,
Strange stirrings in the ground,
Take the old man and wife
Into this silent life.

They know the rain and thunder,
They wander calm and wild
Filled with the old Earth-wonder
Each ancient-hearted child,
Nor the tree-silence mar
More than a Shadow-Star.

THE LARK.

Leslie H. Allen.

The air was hazed, and charged with blossom-scent,
A tingling white was in the firmament,
The drowsy noon lay on the yellow sheep
And bronzen oranges that basked in sleep.
The air was wrinkled o'er the heated grass,
Leaf shadows flecked the sand in the stream's glass—
I caught it in my fingers, and it spread
In golden sparkles like that song o'erhead.
Up went my eager vision, all afloat
To catch some light-line on the hidden throat
That drank the blue, and turned it into song.
Straight up above me, in the noon-rays strong,
There shot the upward throat, and as I stood
The spread wings burst into a shower of blood;
Then the sun-drunken Spirit was fled; there leapt
A magic where the bronzen fruitage slept.
The flame-strings of the blossom shook their blaze
Trembling and song filled all the heavy haze.

RICHMOND.

Leslie H. Allen.

No sunset fire is in the mountain-rifts;
The ancient silence settles from the deeps;
The moon shakes out her heavy hair and lifts
Immortal gaze upon the purple steeps.
The plains curve whitely like a slumbering breast
Loved by the leaning hills' eternal eyes,
And lofty cypress-branches solemnise
The marble-shadowed mounds that hold the dead at rest.

A church uplifts its spire to the wind's kiss,
Beneath its eaves a hundred swallow-nests
Give shelter to the sleeping swallow-breasts;
The red panes glimmer through the clematis,
And a low bourdon from the organ-keys
Enriches the dim chant of kneeling folk
Who worship where the hallowed bread is broke
And a God's blood is drunk from holy chalices.

Richmond's moon-hour; it is her gentlest mood,
But she can subtly glass the seasons' hues
When Autumn, all one gold beatitude,
Droops her sheafed hair beneath the honey-dews;
Or when, beneath the winter's pale blue shell
Of chilly crystal, all the fields are hoar,
And tree-trunks in the dawntime glisten froze,
She fronts the crisping winds, a shining citadel.

Her skies will whiten on Spring's clearest days,
Putting a shimmer of vapour round each fleece,
And where the cattle stretch their necks at graze
The light-lines flow in every silken crease,
And blood from the hid heart of the firmament
Distils around the orchard-trees to light
A dimming swelling tremor of red and white,
The soul of fruitage brooding ere the great Descent.

Sometimes the moving columns of grey rain
Like hooded goddesses bend o'er the meadows,
Touching with fruitful feet the swaying grain
And strips of ploughland in their dark-brown shadows.

The tall corn beads the rain-drops in his beard,
 The grass is all a web of delicate white,
 The windy trees shake in a rustle of light,
 And shingles drip on flowers round cottage-windows
 sphered.

Sweet is the mystery of the crooning sea,
 It brings to me that man of golden throat
 Who sang of magic casements goldenly;
 But sweeter is the river, like a moat
 Set round the plain, whose overhanging boughs
 Are magic casements where moon-maidens hide,
 Beckoning their arms to shadow-craft that glide
 Above the shadow-stars toward the hills' mystic brows.

Too well I know the hours of fiercer strife,
 The chafing challenge of a thwarted mood
 Against the wanness of o'erdriven life,
 The sadness of uncaptured altitude.
 The blood is slackened not by fitful stress,
 But by the numb recoil before the gloom
 That gathers round the vacant eyes of Doom
 When we would know what means her high imperious-
 ness.

Impassive, like the Queen of Dreadful Night
 That looms above the City of Despair,
 She sends above our blur of lower light
 Her passionless unfathomable stare.
 We have thrust arms at our own fantasies,
 Called them the shadow of beauty unbeheld,
 And known too late the Goddess that withheld
 The heart from deed, yet not from its own agonies.

But now the moon uplifts her blessing arm,
And from her breast escapes the secret gleam,
Her inmost gold, above this timeless calm.
My lids are caught to stillness by their dream
Till, mastered by the insensible spell of her,
Merging my turmoil in the monotone,
I am become as timeless as this stone,
Lost in a gaze that knows not if the lashes stir.
Touched by the brooding of the cypress-trees,
The light leans o'er the tombstones dimly-stoled,
The church is mute and dark; I share with these
The priesthood of the silence and the gold.
We are the eyes of Timelessness that drowse
Above the plain, above the sundering tide,
Where golden-misted shadows gaze and glide
Above the shadow-stars toward the hills' mystic brows.

CRADLE SONG.

Louis Esson.

Baby, O baby, fain you are for bed,
Magpie to mopoke busy as the bee;
The little red calf's in the snug cow-shed,
An' the little brown bird's in the tree.
Daddy's gone a-shearin', down the Castlereagh,
So we're all alone now, only you an' me.
All among the wool-O, keep your wide blades full-O!
Daddy loves his baby, parted tho' he be.
Baby, my baby, rest your drowsy head,
The one man that works here, tired you must be.
The little red calf's in the snug cow-shed,
An' the little brown bird's in the tree.



Mendelssohn, Photo.

A. G. STEVEN.

THE BLACK SWANS.

C. H. Souter.

North-east by north, in an inky sky,
Five hundred feet o'erhead,
With stately stroke of wing they fly
To the land where they were bred.
The scent of the far-off billabong
And the gleam of the lignum brake
Come to them as they swing along,
Led by the old grey drake.

With flash of pearly underwing
And swish of rushing wind,
The reeling miles astern they fling
And leave the sea behind.
For well they know the summer's past
And there is a sense of rain,
And winter has returned at last!
The swamps are full again!

So two by two, in echelon,
With the old grey drake ahead,
All through the night they swing along
Until the east is red;
North-east by north, on 'tireless wing,
All through the glaring day—
And as they go, a chorus sing,
To cheer them on their way.

And as I lie awake at night
 Upon my restless bed,
And hear the black swans in their flight
 Five hundred feet o'erhead,
And listen to the old grey drake
 Calling his cohorts forth,
I would be flying in his wake,
 North-east by north, half north!

IRISH LORDS.

C. H. Souter.

The clover-burr was two feet high, and the billabongs
 were full,
The brolgas danced a minnet, and the world seemed made
 of wool!
The nights were never wearisome, and the days were
 never slow,
When first we came to Irish Lords, on the road to Ivan-
 hoe.

The rime was on the barley-grass as we passed the
 homestead rails,
A Darling jackass piped us in, with his trills and turns
 and scales,
And youth and health and carelessness sat on the saddle-
 bow,
And—Mary lived at Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

On every hand was loveliness, and the Fates were fair
and kind ;
We drank the very wine of life, and we never looked
behind ;
And Mary ! Mary everywhere went flitting to and fro
When first we came to Irish Lords, on the road to
Ivanhoe.

* * * *

The window of her dainty bower, where the golden
banksia grew,
Stared like a dead man's glazing eye, and the roof had
fallen through.
No violets in her garden bed, and her voice—hushed,
long ago !
When last we camped at Irish Lords, on the road to
Ivanhoe.

OLD GRANNY SULLIVAN.

J. Shaw Neilson.

A pleasant shady place it is, a pleasant place and cool—
The township folk go up and down, the children pass to
school.
Along the river lies my world, a dear sweet world to me :
I sit and learn—I cannot go ; there is so much to see.
But Granny she has seen the world, and often by her side
I sit and listen while she speaks of youthful days of
pride ;
Old Granny's hands are clasped ; she wears her favourite
faded shawl—
I ask her this, I ask her that : she says, "I mind it all."

The boys and girls that Granny knew, far o'er the seas
are they,
But there's no love like the old love, and the old world
far away;
Her talk is all of wakes and fairs—or how, when night
would fall,
“’Twas many a quare thing crept and came,” and
Granny “minds them all.”

A strange new land was this to her, and perilous, rude
and wild—
Where loneliness and tears and care came to each
mother's child,
The wilderness closed all around, grim as a prison wall;
But white folk then were stout of heart—ah! Granny
“minds it all.”

The day she first met Sullivan—she tells it all to me—
How she was hardly twenty-one and he was twenty-three.
The courting days! the kissing days!—but bitter things
befall
The bravest hearts that plan and dream. Old Granny
“minds it all.”

Her wedding-dress I know by heart; yes! every flounce
and frill;
And the little home they lived in first, with the garden
on the hill.
’Twas there her baby boy was born; and neighbours
came to call,
But none had seen a boy like Jim—and Granny “minds
it all.”

They had their fight in those old days; but Sullivan was strong,

A smart, quick man at anything; 'twas hard to put him wrong . . .

One day they brought him from the mine . . . (The big salt tears will fall).

"'Twas long ago, God rest his soul!" Poor Granny "minds it all."

The first dark days of widowhood, the weary days and slow,

The grim, disheartening, uphill fight, then Granny lived to know.

"The childer," ah! they grew and grew—sound, rosy-cheeked and tall:

"The childer" still they are to her. Old Granny "minds them all."

How well she loved her little brood! Oh, Granny's heart was brave!

She gave to them her love and faith—all that the good God gave.

They change not with the changing years; as babies just the same

She feels for them, though some, alas! have brought her grief and shame.

The big world called them here and there, and many a mile away:

They cannot come—she cannot go—the darkness haunts the day;

And I, no flesh and blood of hers, sit here while shadows
fall—

I sit and listen—Granny talks; for Granny “minds
them all.”

Just fancy Granny Sullivan—at seventeen or so,
In all the floating finery that women love to show;
And oh! it is a merry dance: the fiddler's flushed with
wine,
And Granny's partner brave and gay, and Granny's eyes
ashine. . . .

'Tis time to pause, for pause we must; we only have our
day:

Yes, by and by our dance will die; our fiddlers cease to
play;

And we shall seek some quiet place where great grey
shadows fall,

And sit and wait as Granny waits—we'll sit and “mind
them all.”

O HEART OF SPRING!

J. Shaw Neilson.

O Heart of Spring!

Spirit of light and love and joyous day
So soon to faint beneath the fiery Summer:
Still smiles the earth, eager for thee alway:
Welcome thou art, so ever short thy stay,
Thou bold, thou blithe newcomer!

Whither, oh whither this thy journeying?

O Heart of Spring!

O Heart of Spring!

After the stormy days of Winter's reign,
When the keen winds their last lament are sighing,
The Sun shall raise thee up to life again.
In thy dim death thou shalt not suffer pain:
Surely thou dost not fear this quiet dying?
Whither, oh whither blithely journeying?

O Heart of Spring!

O Heart of Spring!

Youth's emblem, ancient as unchanging light,
Uncomprehended, unconsumed, still burning:
Oh that we could, as thee, rise from the night
To find a world of blossoms lilac-white
And long-winged swallows unafraid returning! . . .
Whither, oh whither this thy journeying?
O Heart of Spring!

MY COUNTRY.

Dorothea Mackellar.

The love of field and coppice,
Of green and shaded lanes,
Of ordered woods and gardens,
Is running in your veins.
Strong love of grey-blue distance,
Brown streams, and soft, dim skies—
I know but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror—
The wide brown land for me!

The stark white ring-barked forests,
All tragic to the moon,
The sapphire-misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon.
Green tangle of the brushes,
Where lithe lianas coil,
And orchids deck the tree tops
And ferns the warm dark soil.

Core of my heart, my country!
Her pitiless blue sky,
When sick at heart, around us,
We see the cattle die—
But then the grey clouds gather,
And we can bless again
The drumming of an army,
The steady, soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country!
Land of the Rainbow Gold,
For flood and fire and famine,
She pays us back three-fold.

Over the thirsty paddocks,
Watch, after many days,
The filmy veil of greenness
That thickens as we gaze. . . .

An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land—
All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand—
Though earth holds many splendours,
Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly.

DIRGE.

Frank S. Williamson.

Strew the flowers at Love's behest,
Meet for such a lovely guest ;
Coronal the sapling weaves,
Rainbows made by Spring of leaves.
Blackwood blossom hither bring
To perfume her slumbering.

Lay upon the simple tomb
Scarlet eucalyptus bloom,
Wreath of starry clematis
Visited by Artemis ;
Bluebell garlands hither bear,—
All the flowers she loved to wear.

Here the magpie loves to croon
From the dawn to rise of moon;
Flutes the grey harmonious thrush
In the early morning hush;
Shyly sings the oriole;
All the day the bell-birds toll.

Softly moves the wind that blows
When the day's red petals close;
And, remembering past delight,
Dream of her the stars of night,
Though no more the stars arise,
Set within her darkened eyes.

Whisper wind, and glimmer star,
Blossom breathe thy sweet afar.
"Love intones the master word"
Is the song of every bird;
Here he stands with Death in thrall,
Keeping Beauty's festival.

THE TRIUMPHANT FISHERMAN.

Ernest O'Ferrall.

He sits . . his line in his hand,
And a blank look in his eye,
Between the sea and the land,
And under a steel-grey sky,
While the salt wind blows on his cold, red nose,
And the lonely hours go by.

He sits . . his bag by his side,
In the biting, wintry blast,
He watches the flowing tide,
And . . . *catches a fish at last!*
But alas! for the haul it's much too small,
So back in the sea it's cast.

But still he sits on the pier
And shuffles his ancient bait
With a savage, bitter sneer,
Like one who is filled with hate
For all fish that swim in the depths so dim,
Or lie down dead on a plate.

The sun goes down in the west
And the wind is cold and chill,
But with a most dreadful zest
The fisherman fishes still,
For they say at night that the fish *should* bite
(Tho' they very seldom *will*.)

The night hath fallen at last

And the hour is windy and late.

He makes yet another cast

With older, smellier bait,

But the line hangs limp with its sodden shrimp,

So he sits him down to *wait*!

The black tide whimpers and laps,

A shadow on bended knee

Tries to kill something that flaps—

(Oh! what on earth can it *be*?)

It's something he dragged from the string that sagged

In the vast, wet, empty sea!

IF WE ONLY COULD.

Mary Gilmore.

Ah! if we only could

Blot out the bitter thought,

Make life the thing we should,

And shape it as we ought.

Turn back the brooding eyes

From things long, long gone by;

And, looking upward, rise

Toward a clearer sky;

Hold fast each other's hands—

Nor loosely let them go—

Until each understands,

And, loving, learns to know.

I REMEMBER.

M. Forrest.

I sit by the fire, for the nights are cold,
And the winter's hard when you're growing old.

Ah! I remember,

A creek that rippled the whole day long
And sang to the Dogwoods a mystic song,
The sparse-leaved gum, with its flowering crest,
And the tunnelled banks where the sand-tits nest,
And a wide warm stretch of sun-kissed sward,
Where pebbles glint in the shallow ford.

Ah! I remember,

What it was to be young, and glad, and strong,
By a creek that rippled the whole day long!

I heap more wood on the smouldering fire,
That burns like Age with its weak desire.

Ah! I remember,

The muster of cattle away Out Back,
The thunder of hoofs, and the stockwhip's crack,
The panting breaths on the warm sweet breeze,
The tossing horns by Rosella trees,
And the whirl of dust, and the hot hide's reek,
When that red bull cornered me by the creek!

Ah! I remember,

What a muscle I had for a stockwhip's crack,
In the rollicking mustering days Out Back!

The wind blows chill from the range to-day,
Blows chill from those blue peaks miles away. . . .

Ah! I remember,
The shiv'ring sheep in the deep wash-pool,
The sunlight bleaching the scoured wool
(That was white and pure as a boy's first years),
And the ewes, just fresh from the ringer's shears,
Or patched here and there with the tar pot's shine,
Where some novice's blade had clipped too fine!

Ah! I remember,
The long, low shed, and the bales of wool.
And the huddled sheep by the wide wash-pool.

Now I crouch by the fire, the days are cold,
And the nights are long, when you're growing old!

Ah! I remember,
How I reined my horse by the rough slip-rail.
When a waning moon o'er the ridge rose pale,
And in the hush of the scrub's still gloom,
I saw the stars of clematis bloom;
While from the dusk of the lightwood tree,
Out of the shadows she came to me

Ah! I remember,
And shall recall, till my senses fail,
How I held her close, by the rough slip-rail!

MAY TIME.

E. S. Emerson.

With morn-mists grey and golden
The May-time journeys west,
And hill by hill is folden
In beauty to her breast.

Oh! sweet are her embraces,
And with her mists of grey
She smoothes their troubled faces
And hides them from the day;

And knowing well they weary
Of April's plaintive moans,
She sings them sleep-songs cheery
In leaf-wet undertones.

Yea! with white clouds a-smother
She sings her rain-soft croon,
And, like a loving mother,
Leads on to latent June.

And, for her children's waking,
She kneels beneath the trees
And sets the heath-bells shaking
With bloom-time melodies.

Oh, dear old mother May-time!
The Old World May is sweet,
And glad with flow'r and fay-time,
Strews daisies at men's feet.

But here thou art no maiden
With mating songs to sing,
But our dear mother laden
With promises of Spring.

For what thou hast of sadness
And what thou hast of gloom,
The gums put on their gladness,
The wattles strain to bloom;

And though thy ways are sere ways
Where Old World tree leaves fall,
Thou leadest us by near ways
To where the thrushes call;

And maybe ere thy going,
The misty mountain dells
Will set thy garments glowing
With wild boronia bells.

SANCTUARY.

Lala Fisher.

Perchance the Night is but the magic closing
Of some vast flower in sleep,
Beneath whose mighty dome the earth's reposing
Is infinitely deep.

And maybe Dawn is but the blossom waking,
With petals upward curled,
'Neath which the outer glory inward breaking
To Day transforms the world.

"WHAT LOOK HATH SHE?"

Mary Colborne Veel.

What look hath she,
What majestie,
That must so high approve her?
What graces move
That I so love,
That I so greatly love her?

No majestie
But Truth hath she;
Thoughts sweet and gracious move her;
That straight approve
My heart to love,
And all my life to love her!

THE WARRIGAL.

(Wild Dog of Australia.)

Henry Clarence Kendall.

The warrigal's lair is pent in bare
Black rocks at the gorge's mouth;
It is set in ways where summer strays
With the sprites of flame and drouth;
But, when the heights are touched with lights
Of hoar-frost, sleet, and shine,
His bed is made of the dead grass-blade
And the leaves of the windy pine.

Through forest boles the storm-wind rolls,
 Next of the sea-driv'n rain;
And, up in a clift, through many a rift,
 The voices of torrents complain.
The sad marsh-fowl and the lonely owl
 Are heard in the fog-wreaths grey.
When the warrigal wakes, and listens, and takes
 To the woods that shelter the prey.

In the gully-deeps the blind creek sleeps,
 And the silver, showery moon
Glides over the hills, and floats, and fills,
 And dreams in the dark lagoon;
While halting hard by the station yard,
 Aghast at the hut-flame nigh,
The warrigal yells, and flats and fells
 Are loud with his dismal cry.

On the topmost peak of the mountains bleak
 The south wind sobs, and strays
Through moaning pine and turpentine,
 And the rippling runnel ways;
And strong streams flow, and dank mists go,
 Where the warrigal starts to hear
The watch-dog's bark break sharp in the dark,
 And flees like a phantom of fear!

THE PASSING OF THE FOREST.

W. Pember Reeves.

All glory cannot vanish from the hills.

Their strength remains, their stature of command,
Their flush of colour ere calm twilight stills

Day's clamour, and the sea-breeze cools the land.
Refreshed when rain-clouds swell a thousand rills,

Ancient of days, in green old age they stand
In grandeur that can never know decay,
Though from their flanks men strip the woods away.

But thin their vesture now—the restless grass,
Bending and dancing as the breeze goes by,
Catching quick gleams and cloudy shades that pass,
As shallow seas reflect a wind-stirred sky.

Ah! nobler far their forest raiment was,
From crown to foot that clothed them royally,
Shielding their mysteries from the glare of day,
Ere the dark woods were reft and torn away.

Well may these plundered and insulted kings,
Stripped of their robes, despoiled, uncloaked, dis-
crowned,

Draw down the clouds with white enfolding wings,
And soft ærial fleece to wrap them round,
To hide the scars that every season brings,

The fire's black smirch, the landslip's gaping wound;
Well may they shroud their heads in mantle gray,
Since from their brows the leaves were plucked away!

Gone are the forest birds, arboreal things,
Eaters of honey, honey-sweet of song.
The tui, and the bell-bird—he who sings
That brief, rich music we would fain prolong.
Gone the wood-pigeon's sudden whirr of wings.
The robin, quaintly bold, unused to wrong.
Wild, harmless, hamadryad creatures, they
Lived with their trees, and died, and passed away.

And with the birds, the flowers, too, are gone
That bloomed aloft, ethereal, stars of light.
The clematis, the kowhai like ripe corn,
Russet, though all the hills in green were dight :
The rata, draining from its tree forlorn
Rich life-blood for its crimson blossoms bright,
Red glory of the gorges—well-a-day!
Fled is that splendour, dead and passed away.

Lost is the scent of resinous sharp pines,
Of wood fresh cut, clean-smelling, for the hearth,
Of smoke from burning logs, in wavering lines
Softening the air with blue, of cool, damp earth
And dead trunks fallen among coiling vines,
Brown, mouldering, moss-coated. Round the girth
Of the green land, the winds brought hill and bay
Fragrance far-borne, now faded all away.

Lost is the sense of noiseless, sweet escape
From dust of stony plains, from sun and gale.
When the feet tread where shade and silence drape
The stems with peace beneath the leafy veil,

Or where a pleasant rustling stirs each shape
Creeping with whisperings that rise and fail
Through labyrinths half-lit by chequered play
Of light on golden moss now burned away.

Gone are the forest tracks, where oft we rode
Under the silver fern-fronds climbing slow,
In cool, green tunnels, though fierce noontide glowed
And glittered on the tree-tops far below.
There, 'mid the stillness of the mountain road,
We just could hear the valley river flow,
Whose voice through many a windless summer day
Haunted the silent woods, now passed away.

Drinking fresh odours, spicy wafts that blew,
We watched the glassy, quivering air asleep,
Midway between tall cliffs that taller grew
Above the unseen torrent calling deep;
Till, like a sword, cleaving the foliage through,
The waterfall flashed foaming down the steep:
White, living water, cooling with its spray
Dense plumes of fragile fern, now scorched away.

The axe bites deep, the rushing fire streams bright.
Clear, beautiful and fierce it speeds for Man,
The Master, set to change and stern to smite,
Bronzed pioneer of nations. Ay, but scan
The ruined beauty wasted in a night,
The blackened wonder God alone could plan,
And builds not twice! A bitter price to pay
Is this for Progress—beauty swept away.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN McKENZIE.

Jessie Mackay.

They played him home to the House of Stones,
All the way, all the way,
To his grave in the sound of the winter sea.
The sky was dour, the sky was grey.
They played him home with the chieftain's dirge
Till the wail was wed to the rolling surge.
They played him home with a sorrowful will
To his grave at the foot of the Holy Hill;
And the pipes went mourning all the way.

Strong hands that struck for right
All the day, all the day,
Folded now in the dark of earth,—
The veiled dawn of the upper way!
Strong hands that struck with his
From days that were to the day that is
Carry him now from the house of woe
To ride the way the Chief must go;
And his peers went mourning all the way.

Son and brother at his right hand
All the way, all the way!
And O for them and O for her
Who stayed within, the dowie day!
Son and brother and near of kin
Go out with the Chief who never comes in!
And of all who loved him far and near
'Twas the nearest most that held him dear;
And his kin went mourning all the way.

The clan went on with the pipes before
All the way, all the way;
A wider clan than ever he knew
Followed him home that dowie day.
And who were they of the wider clan?
The landless man and the No Man's man,
The man that lacked and the man unlearned,
The man that lived but as he earned;
And the clan went mourning all the way.

The heart of New Zealand went beside
All the way, all the way,
To the resting-place of her Highland Chief:
Much she thought she could not say.
He found her a land of many domains,
Maiden forest and fallow plains:
He left her a land of many homes,—
The pearl of the world, where the sea-wind roams;
And New Zealand went mourning all the way!

SINODUN HILL.

J. L. Cuthbertson.

Under sweet Sinodun Hill
The oars were heavy, the wind was still ;
We drifted on at the current's will—
Heard the chime of the Dorchester bell
Lazily over the meadows swell,
Looked to the dim grey spires that rise
Under the blue of the English skies—
Under sweet Sinodun Hill.

Under sweet Sinodun Hill
I dreamed of a camp in a southern land—
Dreamed of the breakers, the yellow sand,
The cool sea-breeze and the flying boat,
The liquid warble of magpie's note,
Counted the wild, free days as more
Than the beauty the soft Thames valley wore—
Under sweet Sinodun Hill.

Sinodun Hill I see no more ;
Near is the South Pacific's roar—
Hands that are trusty, hearts that are warm,
Drive our boat through the rain and storm ;
But the dull green eucalyptus tree
Takes not the place of the elm for me,
And the face has vanished, the voice has gone
That touched my heart as we floated on—
Under sweet Sinodun Hill.

O! SINGER IN BROWN.

Mary Gilmore.

O, singer in brown!
O, bird o' the morn!
O, heart of delight
In the deep o' the thorn!

Glad, glad is thy song,
Thou joy o' the morn!
Thou palpitant throat
In the heart o' the thorn!

Thy song of a nest,
O, sweet o' the morn!
A nest and an egg
In the thick o' the thorn.

A DEATH AT SEA.

(Coral Sea, Australia.)

Francis W. L. Adams.

1.

Dead in the sheep-pen he lies,
Wrapped in an old brown sail.
The smiling blue sea and the skies
Know not sorrow nor wail.

Dragged up out of the hold,
Dead on his last way home,
Worn-out, wizened, a Chineese old,—
O he is safe—at home!

Brother, I stand not as these
Staring upon you here.
One of earth's patient toilers at peace
• I see, I revere!

2.

In the warm cloudy night we go
From the motionless ship;
Our lanterns feebly glow;
Our oars drop and drip.

We land on the thin pale beach,
The coral isle's round us;
A glade of driven sand we reach;
Our burial-ground's found us.

There we dig him a grave, jesting;
We know not his name.
What heeds *he* who is resting, resting?
Would I were the same!

Come away, it is over and done!
Peace and he shall not sever,
By moonlight nor light of the sun,
For ever and ever !

DIRGE.

3.

*"Sleep in the pure driven sand,
(No one will know)
In the coral isle by the land
Where the blue tides come and go.*

*"Alive, thou wert poor, despised;
Dead, thou canst have
What mightiest monarchs have prized,
An eternal grave!*

*"Alone with the lovely isles,
With the lovely deep
Where the sea-winds sing and the sunlight
smiles,
Thou liest asleep!"*

L'ENVOI.

Seaforth Mackenzie.

So over, all over: the whistle peals "Time!"
The field lies bare to the last of the light.
Too late to tell what you might have done;
The goal is kicked, and a stronger has won.
To you is only the glow of the fight;
To you is only the soreness and grime.

What matter, so long as you played the game?
What matter, provided you filled your place,
And took the fall, the kick, the blow,
And tackled the foeman clean and low—
Blind sun in your eyes, wet wind in your face—
What matter, so met ye the luck as it came?

NOTES.

Page

12. **Omar.**—Omar Khayyam, a Persian astronomer and poet, author of "The Rubaiyat." He was born at Naishapur, in Khorassan. Died 1123 A.D.
- Herod.**—King of the Jews at the time of the birth of Christ.
- Nero.**—A Roman Emperor, who oppressed the early Christians, 54-68 A.D.
13. **Paynim.**—A pagan, an infidel.
20. **Sargasso.**—The Sargasso is a large tract in the North Atlantic Ocean where Sargasso (a sea weed) is found floating on the surface of the sea in large quantities.
20. **Delos of a Coming Sun-God's race.**—According to Greek mythology, Apollo, the sun-god, was born on the Island of Delos, in the Aegean Sea.
- Light.**—Reference to the Scriptural parable of the wise and foolish virgins.
- Mammon.**—The demon of riches.
- Cenotaphs of species dead elsewhere.**—The native fauna and flora of Australia contain many examples of species which have long disappeared from other parts of the world.
22. **The Pillars of Hercules.**—The name given by the Greeks to the rocks on either side of the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar.
- Doge.**—The elected ruler of Venice, once a great maritime power.
23. **White Haired Spaniard.**—The discoverer of Florida, Herman Ponce de Leon, who lost his life in seeking the "Fountain of Perpetual Youth," 1512.
- De Soto.**—A Spanish nobleman, who, in 1538, undertook the conquest of Florida; his expedition proved unfortunate, and he died whilst making the attempt.
- Cortes.**—The famous Spanish conqueror of Mexico (1519). (See Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico.")
- Hartog.**—After whom Dirk Hartog Island, off the coast of Western Australia, is named; a Dutch navigator.
24. **Dey.**—Ruler of Algeria. The Barbary pirates were formerly dreaded by merchantmen.

24. **Letters of marque** are a licence given by the government of a country to a private person authorising him to fit out an armed ship in order to make prize of an enemy's ships and goods.
25. **Cunard packet.**—One of the Cunard line of fast mail ships trading between Great Britain and North America.
33. **Bent.**—Stiff grass or sedge.
36. **Desiree.**—The desired one; ideal love.
38. **Gods of Hellas.**—The gods worshipped by the Greeks before the Christian era.
Diana.—The maiden goddess, represented by the Greeks as a huntress; also the goddess of the moon.
39. **Pan.**—The great god of flocks and shepherds among the Greeks.
Sea Nymphs.—The Greeks peopled nature with tutelary deities. Thus there were sea nymphs, also nymphs of the trees (*Dryads*), of streams (*Naiads*), of the mountains (*Oreads*).
Fauns were sylvan deities usually represented as men with short goat's tail, pointed ears, and small horns. Sometimes represented also as having the hind legs of a goat, and as subsidiary to Pan.
41. **Appian Way.**—The greatest and most famous of all the Roman highways, which led from Rome to Brindisi, and connected ancient Rome with Greece, Macedonia, and the East. It was 360 miles in length.
43. **Arcady**, or Arcadia, means any region of simple pleasure and peaceful happiness.
51. **The Blessed Isles, or The Islands of the Blest** (p. 62).
 —The Happy Islands, where the Elysian fields were supposed to be. The ancients supposed that perfect peace and happiness reigned there.
56. **Chivalry upside down.**—A perverted form of chivalry.
The creed of the outlawed push.—The belief strongly held by bands of larrikins that each must stick to his mates, and not hesitate to fight and lie in order to help them.
57. **Where the Pelican Builds Her Nest.**—The formerly unexplored portions of Australia west of Queensland. It was a popular belief that the nests could not be found, but their position is now well known to bird observers. (See Leach's Australian Bird Book.)

62. **Homer.**—The famous blind poet of antiquity; author of "The Iliad" (a tale of Troy), and the "Odyssey" (the wanderings of Ulysses).

Pythagorean Band.—The followers of Pythagoras, the famous Greek scientist, philosopher, and mathematician; born B.C. 608. He taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls and founded a school or brotherhood of philosophers.

Heraclitus.—"The weeping philosopher." Like Pythagoras, he was a great traveller.

Democritus.—Another famous Greek philosopher, whose cheerful disposition has become proverbial.

Socrates.—The celebrated Athenian philosopher, who was born in 468 B.C.

Titanic Forms.—According to Greek mythology, the Titans—a race of demi-gods—disputed the sovereignty of Olympus with the gods, and were hurled down into a cavity below Tartarus.

Olympus.—A mountain in Thessaly, formerly supposed to be the abode of the gods. Prometheus is supposed to have brought fire from heaven to mankind.

Jove.—The Greek Zeus, the ruler of the classic heaven, whose abode was on Olympus.

The Argive King.—Hercules, the most famous of all heroes of antiquity, performed his famous twelve labours at the bidding of Eurystheus, the king of Argos, a portion of Greece.

63. **Hermes.**—The messenger of the gods, commonly represented as conducting the souls of the departed to their future abode.

- 73.—**Rooi-Baatjes.**—Red-coats. The Boer name for British soldiers before the introduction of khaki uniforms.

74. **Majuba.**—In 1881, 400 British soldiers were encamped on Majuba Hill, overlooking the Boer camp, when a portion of the Dutch farmers' force, taking advantage of the cover offered, surrounded the British and slaughtered General Colley, 6 officers and 90 men.

73. **Potchefstroom.**—After the disaster at Majuba, and partly in order to save a beleagured garrison at Potchefstroom, an armistice, followed by an agreement for peace, was made with the Boers, 1881.

Bronkerspruit.—In 1881 the Boers ambushed and practically destroyed a British column of two hundred and fifty men marching to Pretoria.

Ingogo.—During the first Boer war General Colley suffered a reverse at Ingogo Heights, in which 4 officers were killed and 150 men killed and wounded.

78. **Raree Show.**—A peep show.

Thermopylae.—A mountain pass in northern Greece, where the famous battle between a small army of Spartans and a Persian host was fought, 480 B.C.

Inkerman.—The battle of Inkerman began on the day after the famous charge of the Light Brigade during the Crimean War, 1854. It was one of the fiercest engagements in the campaign, and was largely a hand to hand fight between the English and Russian soldiers.

83. **"Hunted Fairly."**—The context indicates that the owner of the favourite has barely qualified his racehorse to compete in a race intended for hunters only by "trotting him within sight of the hounds."

88. **Babylon.**—A magnificent city, once the capital of the Chaldee Empire; also the mystical Babylon of the Apocalypse. Here used metaphorically.

89. **Prometheus.**—One of the Titans; fabled by Greek poets to have excelled in knowledge and to have formed from clay men to whom he gave life by means of fire stolen from Heaven.

92. **Phoenix Phalanx.**—A phalanx was a massed band of soldiers. The phoenix was a bird of which, according to an old fable, only one existed at a time. It used to consume itself by fire and be born again from its own ashes. Hence the phoenix is used as a symbol of immortality.

93. **Dolce Far Niente.**—Sweet do-nothing, sweet idleness.

107. **The Sea Coast of Bohemia.**—An imaginary place immortalised in Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," which see for references to Perdita and Florizel.

109. **Cor Cordium.**—Heart of Hearts. The inscription on Shelley's tomb at Rome.

110. **Mastodon.**—An extinct giant elephant, whose bones are found in most parts of the world.

Urus.—An extinct wild ox, abundant in Europe at the beginning of the Christian era.

Silurian.—One of the geologic divisions of time, sometimes called the era of invertebrates.

115. **The Styx.**—One of the rivers of Hades, across which souls were supposed to pass on their way to the lower world.
Scorpion.—A brilliant reddish constellation.
127. **Helicon.**—A range of mountains in northern Greece, celebrated as the favourite haunt of the Muses. The name is sometimes given to springs there, which were regarded as fountains of inspiration.
Excalibur.—The magic sword of King Arthur.
130. **Khem.**—An ancient name for Egypt. "The Egyptian Pan, who, as Herodotus observes, was one of the eight great gods."—Rawlinson.
132. **Siloam.**—It was believed that at intervals an angel disturbed the waters of the intermittent spring known as the pool of Siloam, near Jerusalem.
134. **Onawe.**—A small peninsula in Canterbury, N.Z. It was fortified for the last stand by the southern Maoris against a great North Island chief, early in the nineteenth century. The fortress was taken by stratagem and dreadful slaughter followed.
Pakeha.—The white man. A Maori term, meaning "stranger."
Mighty Atua.—The ancestral tribe spirit. Onawe was long held sacred as the abode of the Spirit of the Wind, who, however, left the place because a gun was discharged near his sacred abode. He prophesied the overthrow of the southern Maoris.
Haka.—Ceremonial song and dance of the Maoris.
Rangitira.—The leading men and counsellors of a Maori tribe.
Tena Koe.—Maori words of greeting, literally, "Good day."
140. **Dolly.**—An elementary contrivance for washing earth to obtain gold.
Mill.—The battery for crushing ore.
Bayley.—The discoverer of the famous mine known as Bayley's Reward (W.A.).
151. **Kowhai.**—A New Zealand flowering tree; also known as the locust tree.
Weka.—A native wood hen (N.Z.).
Tui.—A remarkable bird, which, from its talent of mimicry, has been called the "mocking bird." It is also known as the "parson bird," on account of its black plumage and two tufts of white feathers on its breast, resembling clerical bands.
153. **The Attic.**—The realm of self-communing and imagination.

155. **Victi Invicti.**—The conquered unconquered. These lines were written after a boat race.
159. **Appin**, a town and district on Loch Linnhe, in the west of central Scotland.
172. **The Red West Road.**—The way towards the setting sun.
176. **Wanderlust.**—The desire to rove.
180. **Theban.**—The Thebes referred to is the city of ancient Egypt.
182. **Apollo's Horses.**—The sun-god, Phoebus Apollo, was represented by the Greeks as driving his car, i.e., the sun, daily across the sky.
- Belars.**—Aboriginal name for the Casuarina Glauca; also called Bull Oak and Cassowary tree.
185. **T.S.R.**—Travelling Stock Reserve—a reserve on the road for travelling cattle.
189. **Kirk's Bazaar.**—A well-known auction mart for horses in Melbourne.
200. **Roc.**—The roc bird is a fabulous bird of prey, of enormous size and great strength. It plays a prominent part in Arabian and Persian fables. (See, e.g., the voyages of Sinbad the Sailor.)
211. **Fleet Street**, London, where many leading newspapers are published.
- Euripides.**—A famous Greek tragic poet, who lived in the fifth century B.C. Here, a publisher.
223. **The Prophet's Beard**—The sacred beard of Mahomet.
- Bulbul.**—The Persian nightingale.
- Mecca-ward.**—In reference to Mecca, the holy city of Islam, in the direction of which Mohammedans turn daily when they prostrate themselves in prayer.
224. **Tamarisk.**—The flowering cypress tree.
- Odalisques.**—Female slaves.
- Allah.**—God—so-called in the Koran.
224. **Gundagai.**—A town in the Riverina, N.S.W.
225. **Humpy Lights.**—Lights from huts.
239. **Euphrates.**—The largest river in Western Asia.
255. **The Man of Golden Throat.**—Keats.
280. **Sinodun Hill.**—A well-known landmark on the River Thames, England.
284. **Tackled the Foeman Clean and Low.**—As in the Rugby game of football.

BIOGRAPHIES OF AUTHORS.

The following biographical notes have been supplied in the main by the authors. The editors are indebted, in a few cases, to such books of reference as Johns' "Notable Australians," and "Who's Who?" and to biographical notes in published editions of various collections.

ADAMS, ARTHUR H.

Born June 6th, 1872, Laurence, New Zealand. B.A. Otago University. Studied law, then became a journalist. Special Correspondent to China (Boxer Rebellion) for N.Z. papers; Associate Editor "N.Z. Times," Wellington; Red Page Editor, "Bulletin" for 2½ years; then Editor "Lone Hand" for 2½ years; now Editor Red Page "Bulletin."

WORKS.—"Maoriland and Other Verses"—Verse (Bulletin Co.); "Tussock Land"—Novel (Fisher Unwin); "The Nazarene"—Verse (Wellby); "London Streets"—Verse (Foulis); "Galahad Jones"—Novel (Lane); "A Touch of Fantasy"—Novel (Lane); "The New Chum"—Novel (N.S.W. Bookstall Co.).

ADAMS, FRANCIS WILLIAM LAUDERDALE.

Born at Malta, 1862. Educated in England. Spent several years of his life travelling over the world. Altogether, his experience of Australia extended over some 5 years. Died by his own hand, in England, 1893.

WORKS.—"Henry and Other Tales" (London, 1884); "Poetical Works" (London, 1887); "Songs of the Army of the Night" (Sydney, 1888); "Tiberius"—A Drama (London, 1894).

ADAMSON, LAWRENCE ARTHUR.

Born in Isle of Man, 1860. Educated at Rugby and at Oxford, where he graduated B.A. Has been for many years Head Master of Wesley College, Melbourne.

ALLAN, JAMES ALEXANDER.

Born Fitzroy, Melbourne, 1882, of Scottish parents. Educated State schools and college. Matriculated honours, Melbourne University. Writing since 1902. First verses of any consequence; "The Silver Ship." Joined Lands Department 1900, Agriculture 1907, State Land Tax 1911, (still there). Has seen a great deal of country life.

WORKS.—"A Wine Shop Madonna and Other Verses," 1912 (The Argonaut Press).

ALLEN, LESLIE HOLDSWORTH.

Born at Maryborough, Vic., in 1879. Educated at Newington College, Sydney, and graduated at Sydney University, B.A., and at Leipzig, University, Ph.D. At present, Lecturer in German and Latin at the University of Sydney. His poems have been published in various magazines.

"AUSTRALIE" (Mrs. Heron).

The daughter of the late Sir William Manning, Chief Justice of New South Wales. Married Mr. Henry Heron, a Sydney solicitor, in 1873. Deceased.

WORKS.—"The Balance of Pain, and Other Poems" (Geo. Bell and Co., London, 1877).

B., W.A.

This writer retains his incognito.

BAUGHAN, BLANCHE EDITH (Miss).

Born 1870, at Putney, England, English parents. Educated at Brighton High School, and Royal Holloway College, England. Graduated B.A. London University, 1891. Arrived in New Zealand 1900. Now living near Christchurch, New Zealand.

WORKS.—“Verses” (Constable and Co., London, 1898); “Reuben and Other Poems” (Constable and Co., London, 1903); “Shingle-Short and Other Verses” (Whitcombe and Tombs, 1908); “The Finest Walk in the World”—Prose (Whitcombe and Tombs); “Snow Kings of the Southern Alps”—Prose (Whitcombe and Tombs).

BAYLDON, ARTHUR A. D.

Born in Leeds, Yorkshire, England, March 20th, 1865. Educated there, and travelled throughout Europe. Came to Australia about September, 1887. Has travelled over the greater part of Australia as a free-lance journalist. At present in Sydney.

WORKS.—“Lays and Lyrics,” out of print (Geo. Bell and Co., London); “The Sphinx, and Other Poems” (T. R. Tutin, Hull); “The Western Track, and Other Verses” (H. T. Dunn and Co., Sydney); “The Tragedy Behind the Curtain, and Other Stories” (S. D. Townsend, Sydney); “Apollo in Australia”—a volume of poems, now in preparation.

BOAKE, BARCROFT HENRY.

Born Sydney, 1866. Educated there. Spent a few months in Sydney Grammar School. At the age of seventeen, entered the office of a surveyor, and later, took a position as field assistant; in this calling spent two years of a free, outdoor, congenial life. Became a boundary rider at Mullah Station, N.S.W., but found the monotony of the life unendurable, and sought a way out of it by working with a drover. Returning to the settled country, he joined a survey party, and remained with it for some time. Arrived in Sydney, to find his family in straitened circumstances. Died by his own hand, 1892—a victim of melancholia. After his death, his works were collected and published by the Bulletin Company, under the title of “Where the Dead Men Lie, and Other Verses.”

BRADY, EDWIN JAMES.

Born at Carcoar, N.S.W., 1869. Educated in New South Wales and America. Engaged in various occupations for some years in N.S.W. Editor of “The Worker,” Sydney, 1905, “Australian Workman,” 1911. Contributed as a free-lance to many papers and magazines, and became Editor of “The Native Companion,” 1906. Engaged now in writing as a poet and journalist, of his wide experience throughout Australia.

WORKS.—“The King’s Caravan” (Edward Arnold, London); “River Rovers,” “Bells and Hobbles,” and “Picturesque Port Phillip” (Geo. Robertson and Co.); “The Ways of Many Waters,” and “Bushland Ballads” (T. C. Lothian); “The Earthen Floor” (out of print); “Tom Pagdin, Pirate” (N.S.W. Bookstall Co.).

BRERETON, JOHN LE GAY.

Born at Sydney, 2nd September, 1871. Educated at several schools, including the Sydney Grammar School, where he thrice took the Cape Verse prize for English Verses, and at the University of Sydney (University medal for English Verse thrice, first-class honours in English, B.A. in 1893). Was a schoolmaster for a time, and intermittently a temporary employee (proof corrector and clerk) in the Civil Service; “tried a tea

business, and learned in the process of being swindled to sympathise with defaulters," worked for a year or two in the Government Statistician's Office, became Assistant Librarian to the University of Sydney in 1902.

WORKS. "The Song of Brotherhood" (George Allen, 1894); "Ferdita" A Sonnet Record (Anon.) (Geo. Robertson and Co., 1899); "Sweet-heart Mine" (Angus and Robertson, 1897); "Landlapers" Prose (Wm. Brooks and Co., 1900); "Oithona" Verse (privately printed, 1902); "Sydney University Library Publications" (Sydney University, 1906); "Sea and Sky" Verse (Lothian, 1908); "Elizabethan Drama" Notes and Studies (Wm. Brooks, 1910); "Tomorrow" A Dramatic Sketch (Angus and Robertson, 1910); Edited "Perkin Warbeck," by John Ford (with J. P. Pickburn, 1896); Edited "Select Passages from the Works of Marlowe" (Geo. Phillip and Son, 1902).

CARMICHAEL, GRACE JENNINGS (Mrs. Mullis).

Born in Victoria, 1867. Spent the greater part of her early life in the bush of Gippsland. Entered Children's Hospital, and became Trained Nurse. Died 1904, in England.

WORKS.—"Poems" (Melyville and Mullen, Melbourne).

CASSIDY, R. J.

A writer of verses, stories and serials, who, under the nom de plume "Gillrooney," is a frequent contributor to the columns of "The Bulletin" and other periodicals. Now living at Broken Hill.

WORKS.—"The Land of the Starry Cross" (Lothian, 1911)

COLBORNE-VEEL, MARY.

Born in Christchurch, New Zealand. Her father, of an old Gloucestershire family, came out to Canterbury in 1857. It has been written of him that he "played a great and worthy part in the intellectual life of the province." Mary Colborne Veel's first writings appeared in 1887. She has contributed to many magazines, English and Colonial, and has done much newspaper work of a literary nature. Has published only one book, in 1894, though specimens of her later work have appeared in various anthologies.

WORKS.—"The Fairest of the Angels, and Other Verses" (Hume Cox, London).

CHURCH, HUBERT.

Born 13th June, 1857, at Hobart. Son of Hubert Day Church, Barrister, M.A., Durham. Educated in England. Joined New Zealand Civil Service, in 1879.

WORKS.—"West Wind" (Bulletin Co.); "Poems" (Whitcombe and Tombs); "Egmont" and "Poems" (Lothian, 1912).

CROOKSTON, ROBERT MELVILLE.

Born in Toowoomba, Queensland, 1887. To his father, the Rev. J. Crookston, of Bendigo, Victoria, and to the use of his library, he owes much of his taste for letters. After receiving preliminary schooling in Queensland, he lived for some years in Newcastle, N.S.W., and later in Bendigo, where he matriculated from St. Andrew's College. In 1907, after teaching in Ballarat College for a few months, he commenced the study of medicine at the Melbourne University, graduating, with honours, in 1912. He has published from time to time in various journals, but his writings have not yet been collected in book form.

CUTHBERTSON, JAMES LISTER.

Born in Scotland, 1851. Educated there, and at Oxford, where he graduated B.A. Occupied the post of Senior Classical Master, at Geelong Grammar School, 1875-96. Died 1910.

WORKS. "Barwon Ballads" (Geelong, 1894); a collected edition of his poems is to be published shortly.

DALEY, VICTOR JAMES.

Born in Ireland, 1858. Arrived in Australia at the age of 18 years. Followed the profession of Journalism, and earned a somewhat precarious living. Died 1905. One of our greatest poets.

WORKS.—"At Dawn and Dusk" (Angus and Robertson, 1898); "Wine and Roses" (Angus and Robertson, 1911).

DENIEHY, DANIEL HENRY.

Born at Sydney, 1828, and was educated there. Travelled in England and Europe, and on his return studied Law, and became the first native-born Solicitor on the rolls in Australasia. Elected a Member of Parliament, and, later, edited periodicals. Died 1865.

DERHAM, ENID.

Born 1882, at Hawthorn, Vic. Educated Hesse College, Camberwell, Presbyterian Ladies' College, and Melbourne University. Final Honour Scholarship in Classics, and the Shakespeare Scholarship. Graduated M.A., 1905. Tutor in English at Ormond College. University Coach.

WORKS.—"Empire: A Morality Play for Children" (Osboldstone and Co.); "The Mountain Road and Other Verses."

DYSON, EDWARD.

Born at Morgisons, between Geelong and Ballarat, 1865. English parents. Unmarried. Attended State schools at Bendigo, Ballarat, and Alfredton until thirteen. Spent most of youth at Alfredton. As a youngster, at Bendigo, Ballarat, and Clunes, soaking up mining inspiration for the making of future verse and stories, he worked as whim-boy and battery-feeder. Went to Lefroy, a Tasmanian field, when 17. Worked there in shallow alluvial, afterwards sluicing pyrites, and on the brace. Later worked at Victorian mines. Began writing for Ballarat papers at 19. Worked in a factory in Melbourne, and wrote during the evenings for "The Bulletin" and other papers. Became Sub-Editor of "Life," a Melbourne magazine, at 21. Since then has been busy as a contributor to many Australian papers.

WORKS.—"Rhymes from the Mines" (Angus and Robertson); "Below and on Top" (Geo. Robertson and Co.); "The Gold-stealers" (Longman's); "The Roaring Fifties" (Chatto and Windus); "Factory 'Ands," "The Golden Shanty" (Geo. Robertson and Co.); "The Missing Link," "Tommy, the Hawker," "Benno" (N.S.W. Bookstall Co.).

ELSUM, WILLIAM HENRY.

Born Williamstown (Vic.), December 4th, 1875. State school education. Took to journalism as a profession, and after editing from time to time a number of provincial newspapers in Victoria and New South Wales, made a specialty of class journals. At the present time edits a large class journal in Melbourne, and represents a large number of British and American class journals. For some years was successful in literary competitions throughout Australia and New Zealand.

WORKS.—"Australia, and Other Poems"—Songs of Nation-making and Descriptive Verse (Geo. Robertson and Co. Pty. Ltd., 1910).

EMERSON, ERNEST SANDO.

Born at Ballarat (Vic.), 10th November, 1870; youngest child of the late William Emerson, formerly of Bristol. Primarily educated at Faraday-street school, Carlton. First worked as a Clerk. Went to the Riverina as Station Bookkeeper in 1887, and returned two years later to join the staff of Melbourne "Table Talk." Went West with the gold fever, and eventually was appointed Sub-editor of "Clare's Weekly," and Editor of the "Sunday Chronicle" in Perth. Started contributing verse to the "Bulletin" as "Milky White," 1898. Married in 1906, and settled down in the Gippsland mountains. Contributor of stories, articles, and verse to

the "Lone Hand," "Bulletin," "Sydney Worker," "Sydney Mail," etc. Forced by ill-health to leave Victoria, he has since been Editor of "The Westralian Worker," at Kalgoorlie, W.A., and is at present Editor of the Brisbane "Worker," Q.

WORKS.—"A Shanty Entertainment," "Santa Claus and a Sundial," "An Australian Bird Calendar" (all published by Geo. Robertson and Co.).

ESSON, LOUIS.

Born Edinburgh, 1879. Parents Scottish. Came to Australia as a child. Educated Carlton Grammar School and Melbourne University. Occupation, Journalist. Has written for various papers, especially the "Bulletin," Sydney. Visited India and Japan 1908, as "Lone Hand" representative. Edited "National Advocate" (Bathurst) for about a year. At present living in Melbourne.

WORKS.—"Bells and Bees" (Lothian, 1910); "Three Short Plays" (Fraser and Jenkinson, 1911).

EVANS, GEORGE ESSEX.

Born in London, 1863, and educated in Wales and the Channel Islands. Came to Queensland in 1881, and, after farming for some years, entered the Queensland Government service, acting latterly as District Registrar at Toowoomba, where he died in 1910. Won the prize for the best Ode on the Inauguration of the Commonwealth.

WORKS.—"The Repentance of Magdalene Despar, and Other Poems" (London, 1891); "Won by a Skirt" (Brisbane); "Lorraine, and Other Verses" (Geo. Robertson and Co., 1898); "The Sword of Pain" (Toowoomba, 1905); "The Secret Key, and Other Verses" (Angus and Robertson, 1906).

FISHER, LALA (Mrs.).

Lala Fisher, born Rockhampton, Queensland, 1872. Eldest daughter of Archibald John Richardson, who was for over 33 years District Surveyor and Lands Commissioner in Rockhampton. Mrs. Fisher won the "Lone Hand" £5/5/- quarterly prize for the best contributed verse (February-April, 1909) with "Flowers." She is a frequent contributor to various Australian papers, and is the advertising manager of "The Theatre Magazine," Sydney.

WORKS.—"A Twilight Teaching" (1898), and "By Creek and Gully" (1899) (T. Fisher Unwin, London).

FOOTT, MARY HANNAY (Mrs.).

Born in Glasgow, Scotland. Daughter of James Black, grain merchant there, afterwards of Dundoo Station, Queensland. Widow of Thomas Wade Foott, elder son of James Foott, of Springfield Co., Cork, Ireland. Since 1884 occupied in journalistic and literary work. Has two sons, Major Cecil Henry Foott, R.A.E., and Mr. Arthur Patrick Foott, Editor of the Bundaberg (Q.) "Daily Mail."

WORKS.—"Where the Pelican Builds, and Other Poems," "Morna Lee, and Other Poems" (Gordon and Gotch, Brisbane).

FORREST, MABEL (Mrs.).

Born in Queensland. Maiden name Mills. Twice married. Wrote from the age of ten years, when a story was published in the "Queenslander," shortly followed by verse. Winner of eight first prizes in different literary competitions, including first for short story in Woman's Work Exhibition, Melbourne, 1907, and the Austral Gold Medal. Contributes to the "Spectator," "Pall Mall Magazine," "London," "Cassell's" and all leading Australian papers. All her childhood was spent in the Australian bush or on Queensland stations.

WORKS.—"Alpha Centauri"—A Book of Verse (Lothian, 1909).

FULLERTON, MARY E.

Born at Glenmaggie, North Gippsland, Vic. Educated at State School. Has been a contributor of verse and prose to Australian periodicals from an early age. Lived in Melbourne for some years, and is associated with several literary societies and "forward" movements.

WORKS.—"Moods and Melodies"—a book of sonnets and lyrics (Lothian).

GAY, WILLIAM.

Born in Scotland, 1865. Came to the colonies when 20 years of age. Was Assistant Master at Scotch College, Melbourne, until his health broke down. For the last few years of his life he was an invalid. Died at Bendigo, 1897.

WORKS.—"Collected Works," 1911 (T. C. Lothian).

GILMORE, MARY (Mrs.).

Daughter of Donald Cameron. Born at Cotton Valley, Goulburn, in 1865. Became a teacher under the Education Department of New South Wales, holding positions at Wagga, Silverton, and at Neutral Bay and Stanmore (Sydney). Travelled in Paraguay and Uruguay. Visited England and India, and returned to Australia. Settled for some years at Casterton, Victoria. Wrote for magazines and "The Bulletin," and in 1908 took charge of the Women's Page of the Sydney "Worker," which she still conducts. In Paraguay, married William A. Gilmore.

WORKS.—"Marri'd, and Other Verses" (Geo. Robertson and Co.).

GORDON, ADAM LINDSAY.

Born at Fayal, Azores Islands, 1833. Educated at Cheltenham College, England, and at Woolwich Military Academy, and afterwards at Merton College, Oxford. Arrived in Australia, 1853, and joined the mounted police. Elected to South Australian Parliament, 1865. Went into business as livery stable keeper, 1867. Failed. Turned his attention to steeplechase riding, and gained the reputation of being the best rider of his day. Lived for a time at Brighton, in straitened circumstances. Died by his own hand, 1870.

WORKS.—"Poems" (A. H. Massina and Co., 1877, and later). For a full criticism of his works, see Introduction to "Poems," by Marcus Clarke, also "The Development of Australian Literature," by Turner and Sutherland (Geo. Robertson and Co., 1898).

GREEN, HENRY MACKENZIE ("Harry Sullivan").

Born Sydney, 1881. Married. Australian for three generations. Sydney University, 1899-1905; took Arts and Law Degrees and a few Essay prizes. Spent three months in a Solicitor's office, and about 18 months in England, with visits to Germany and Paris. Started newspaper work on "Sydney Morning Herald," 1907; now on reporting staff of "Daily Telegraph." Has written prose and a good deal of verse, mostly under pen-name of "Harry Sullivan"; some printed in "Bulletin," "Lone Hand," "Worker," and "Lilley's Magazine."

HARPUR, CHARLES.

One of the first of Australian poets; he has been called "the father of Australian verse," and greatly influenced Kendall. He was born at Windsor, New South Wales, in 1817, the son of a schoolmaster. His chief occupation was farming. Served for eight years as gold commissioner. He died in 1868.

WORKS.—"Thoughts"—Sonnets (Sydney, 1845); "The Bushrangers, and Other Poems" (Sydney, 1853); "A Poet's Home" (Sydney, 1862); "The Tower of the Dream" (Sydney, 1865); "Poems" (Melbourne, 1883).

HEBBLETHWAITE, JAMES.

Born at Preston, Lancashire, England, 1857, of English parents. Entered with scholarship St. John's College, Battersea, London, 1877. Remained there two years. Was occupied in teaching the next twelve years, also lectured on English literature at the Harris Institute, Preston. Came to Tasmania in 1890, and engaged in teaching. Took orders in the Anglican Church, 1903. Is now Vicar of D'Entrecasteaux Channel, Tas. **WORKS.**—"Verses" (Hobart, 1896); "A Rose of Regret" in "A Southern Garland" (published by The Bulletin Co., 1904); "Meadow and Bush" (The Bookfellow, Sydney, 1911).

HENEY, THOMAS WILLIAM.

Born 1862, native of Sydney, N.S.W. Educated in State and private schools. Entered upon journalism 1878; has been at it ever since. Married; wife, Amy F., elder daughter of Henry Gullett, M.L.C., formerly Editor of "The Australasian." Three children. Editor-in-Chief of "The Sydney Morning Herald" since 1903. Has been connected with that journal since 1878.

WORKS.—"Fortunate Days"—Poems; "In Middle Harbour"—Poems; "The Girl at Birrell's"—Novel; "A Station Courtship"—Novel.

HOLDSWORTH, PHILIP JOSEPH.

Born Sydney, 1849. Followed the profession of journalism for some years. Became Editor of the "Sydney Athenæum," and later of the "Illustrated Sydney News." Took up a position in the Treasury Department, and later obtained the post of Secretary of the Forest Department. Died 1902.

WORKS.—"Station Hunting on the Warrego, and Other Poems" (Wm. Maddock, 1885).

JEPHCOTT, SYDNEY WHEELER.

Born on Upper Murray, 1864. Brought up in the bush, and never had any schooling, private nor public. Married in 1896. Has resided on Upper Murray all his life, saving one year (1904) spent in Monaro.

WORKS.—"Secrets of the South" (Wm. Reeves, London, 1891); "Penetration" (Lothian, 1912).

JOSE, ARTHUR WILBERFORCE ("Ishmael Dare").

Born at Bristol, England, in 1863, and educated at Balliol College, Oxford. Since 1904 Australian Correspondent of "The Times" (London). Has written several books on Australian History.

WORKS.—"History of Australasia" (Angus and Robertson) "The Growth of the Empire" (John Murray); "Australasia," one of the Temple Encyclopaedic Primers (Dent).

KENDALL, HENRY CLARENCE.

Born 1841, near Milton, N.S.W. Was educated in the bush. At an early age he lost his father, and for a time was dependent on relatives and friends. At the age of thirteen, he went to sea as cabin-boy on a small brig, owned by his uncle. Returning to Sydney at the age of fifteen, he found employment, at first in a draper's shop, and later, in the office of James Lionel Michael, a solicitor. Here similarity of taste with his employer led to young Kendall's introduction to a choice library of English literature. About this time appeared his first published work, "Songs Without Music." Appointed to Lands Office, Sydney, and a few years later married Miss Charlotte Rutter. Essayed journalistic work in Melbourne for a time, and returned to Sydney, where he was employed for seven years by a firm of timber merchants. Appointed to the office of Superintendent of State Forests in 1881. Died in 1882.

WORKS.—"Poems and Songs" (Clarke, 1862); "Leaves from Australian Forests" (Geo. Robertson and Co., 1870); "Songs from the Mountains" (1880); "Poems of Henry C. Kendall" (Collected) (Geo. Robertson and Co., 1903). For a full account of his works, see "The Development of Australian Literature," by Turner and Sutherland.

LAWSON, HENRY HERTZBERG.

Perhaps the best-known Australian writer. Born near Grenfell, N.S.W., in 1867. On leaving school, worked for some time with his father, who was a farmer and contractor. At the age of seventeen went to Sydney. From 1887, he has been engaged chiefly in literary work. Most of his best work, both in verse and prose, appeared first in the columns of "The Bulletin."

WORKS (Poetical).—"In the Days when the World was Wide, and Other Verses," "When I was King, and Other Verses," "Verses, Popular and Humorous" (Angus and Robertson); "The Skyline Riders" (Lockley); "Short Stories in Prose and Verse," "Children of the Bush" (Angus and Robertson). His chief prose works are: "Joe Wilson and His Mates," "The Country I Come From," "On the Track," and "Over the Sliprails" (Angus and Robertson).

LAWSON, WILL.

Born Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, 1876. Came with parents to New Zealand in 1880, thence to Queensland in 1883, where he was educated at Brisbane Grammar School. Lived in Wellington, N.Z., for the last 20 years; employed as Insurance clerk. First literary efforts were verses contributed to Sydney "Bulletin" in 1900. Later work includes short stories and sketches, some of which will shortly appear in book form.

WORKS.—"The Red West Road" (Turnbull, Hickson and Gooder, Wellington, N.Z.); "Between the Lights" (Ferguson and Hicks, Wellington, N.Z.); "Stokin', and Other Verses," "Steam in the Southern Pacific"—the only history extant of steam navigation in Australasian waters (Gordon and Gotch, Wellington, N.Z.).

MACK, MARIE LOUISE (Mrs. Creed).

Born at Hobart. Educated at Sydney High School. Became a teacher, and, later, a journalist. Published school stories and a novel. Left Sydney in 1901, and is now in London.

WORKS.—"Dreams in Flowers"—one of the booklets of verse in "A Southern Garland" (The Bulletin Company). Has also published "The World is Round," "Teens," "An Australian Girl in London," "Girls Together," and other novels.

MACKAY, JESSIE (Miss).

Born in Canterbury, N.Z., in 1864, of Scottish parentage. (See poem "For Love of Appin"). Educated at Christchurch Normal School, and then became a teacher, first in the public (State) schools, and afterwards in private schools.

WORKS.—"The Land of the Morning" (Whitcombe and Tombs); "The Sitter on the Rail, Etc." (Simpson and Williams, N.Z.).

MACKAY, COL. KENNETH.

Born June 5, 1859, at Wallendbeen Station, N.S.W. Eldest son of Alexander Mackay. Educated at Camden College and Sydney Grammar School. Raised 1st Camden Light Horse, 1885. Raised 1st Australian Horse Regiment, 1897. M.L.A. for Bunowa, 1895-9, when he was called to the Legislative Council; Vice-President of the Executive Council, and Representative of the Government in the Legislative Council in Lyne Ministry, 1899-1900, when he resigned to take command of the N.S. Wales First, Imperial Bushmen's Contingent; Vice-President Executive Council, 1903-4.

WORKS.—"Scrup Jingles" (Angus and Robertson); "A Bush Idyll" (Edwards, London); "Out Back" (Remington and Co., London); "The Valley Wife" (Bentley, London); "Songs of a Silent Land" (Angus and Robertson); "Across Fingert" (Wickley and Co., London).

MACKELLAR, DOROTHEA.

Born in Sydney. Educated privately. Author of a book of verses entitled "The Closed Door" (Australasian Amateurs' Agency).

MACKENZIE, SEAFORTH.

Born at Tamara, Canterbury, New Zealand, in 1889, and educated at the Tamara High School, and the Victoria College, Wellington. Joined the Legal Department of the Public Trust Office, and qualified as Solicitor in 1909. Won the Macmillan-Scribner Prize at the University of New Zealand for original literary work in 1909; graduated with the degree of LL.B., and was called to the bar in 1900. Now Editor of "The Southern Sphere," Melbourne.

WORKS.—Represented by verses in the following anthologies—"New Zealand Verse—Canterbury Poets Series" (Walter Scott, London, 1900). Also in "The Old Clay Pans" (Whitcombe and Tombs, 1900).

MCGRAE, DOROTHY FRANCES (W. Charles E. Perry).

Second daughter of George Gordon McGrae, the Victorian poet. Born at "Anchorfield," Hawthorn, Melbourne. Educated at home, and at "Rayton," Kew. Married Rev. Charles E. Perry, Vicar of St. John's, Camberwell. For five years visited many places on the Continent and England. Is a regular contributor of verses and short stories to "Australasian," "Bulletin," etc.

WORKS.—"Lyrics in Leisure" (Lothian, 1900).

MCGRAE, HUGH.

Son of George Gordon McGrae, "the father of Victorian poetry," and brother of Dorothy Frances McGrae (Mrs. Perry). Born at Hawthorn, Victoria, 1890, and educated at Hawthorn Grammar School. Was admitted to a firm of architects, but abandoned this work for journalism and art. Living in Sydney, and is a contributor of humorous drawings and verses to various periodicals. Now Art Editor of "The Comic Australian."

WORKS.—"Sylvanum Liber," now republished as "Shadows and Sunlight" (Lothian).

MAILLER, WILFRID.

Born in Sydney. Lived a Bohemian life of the better type during his early manhood, during which he contributed verse and prose to "The Saturday" and other Australian papers. Qualified for admission to King's College, and was appointed Vicar of St. James', Wollombi, N.S.W., where he died, 1911.

WORKS.—"The Secret Garden and Other Poems" (The Kingston Press, 1911).

MILLER KNOWLES, MARION (Mrs.).

Born at Wood's Point, on border of Gippsland, Victoria. Father, James Miller, a well-known gold buyer and general merchant. Entered Education Department of Victoria. Later, joined relieving staff, and, in consequence, became well acquainted with the bush scenery of all parts of Victoria. Contributed verse and prose to many Australian papers.

WORKS.—"Songs from the Hills" (McLell and Miller, 1901); "Country Sketches" (Egerton and Moore); "Fragments from the Flaxen Squat" (Geo. Robertson and Co., 1911).

MORTON, FRANK.

Born at Bromley, in Kent, May 15th, 1869. Lived fifteen years at Stoke-on-Trent, in the heart of the Staffordshire potteries. Came to Sydney; spent some time in a futile attempt to learn engineering, and some time in attempting business. Then went to sea before the mast, American ship "Conqueror," of Boston. Left the vessel at Hong Kong. Wandered about the Far East, and then settled in Singapore, and after some months of school teaching, fell somehow into journalism. Since then served periodicals in India, most States of Australia, and New Zealand, as Reporter, Special Correspondent, War Correspondent, Editor, Critic, etc.

WORKS.—"Laughter and Tears; Verses of a Journalist" (New Zealand, 1908); "The Angel of the Earthquake" (Melbourne, 1909); "The Yacht of Dreams" (London, 1911).

MURPHY, EDWIN GREENSLADE ("Oryblower").

Born Castlemaine, Vic., 1870. State school education, South Melbourne, for 5 years. Modeller by trade. Net-fished Gippsland Lakes 5 years; sang in chorus with the Lonnen Gaiety Co., 1892-3, and wrote local verses. Went to Coolgardie in 1893. Swagged from Perth 390 miles. Found small rich leader, Bulong. Roamed Europe three years on proceeds. Returned to W.A., 1890.

WORKS.—"Jarrahland Jingles" (Sunday Times, Perth, W.A.).

NEILSON, JOHN SHAW.

Born at Penola, South Australia, on 22nd February, 1872. Educated at State schools, S.A. and Victoria. Came with parents to Wimmera district, Victoria, in 1881. Started to write verse about 1893. Since then has contributed verse to different papers, chiefly "Bulletin," Sydney, "Clarion," Melbourne, and "Bookfellow," Sydney. Now engaged in farming at Eureka, near Chillingollah, Victoria.

WORKS.—"Green Days" (The Bookfellow, Sydney).

O'DOWD, BERNARD.

Born at Beaufort, Victoria, 11th April, 1860. His father, Bernard O'Dowd, from County Monaghan, Ireland; mother, from County Antrim, Ireland. Educated at Mr. Pennell's private school, Beaufort; State schools at Snake Valley, Carngham, Soldier's Hill, and Mount Pleasant, Ballarat; and at Grenville College, Ballarat. State school exhibitioner; graduated B.A. (with honours in Logic and Philosophy) and LL.B., Melbourne University; admitted to Victorian Bar. Has been Assistant Librarian, Supreme Court Library, Melbourne, since 1887. Before that, was Headmaster at St. Alipius' School, Ballarat, and for a time had a private school at Beaufort. Contributed verses and prose to many Australian papers and magazines. Ex-President of Literature Society of Melbourne; Vice-President of Australian Literature Society.

WORKS.—"Dawnward?" (in "A Southern Garland" by Bulletin Co., Sydney, 1904, and separately by T. C. Lothian); "The Silent Land and Other Verses," 1906, "Dominions of the Boundary," 1907, "Poetry Militant"—Prose, 1909, "The Seven Deadly Sins, and Other Verses," 1909. "Poems"—Selections, miniature edition. (All by Lothian, 1910.)

O'FERRALL, ERNEST FRANCIS.

Born November 25th, 1881, at East Melbourne, Victoria. Educated at Christian Brothers' College, Eastern Hill. Left school in 1896, and spent eleven years doing clerical work. Started writing about 1900, and got first "Bulletin" story and set of verses published in 1901. Thenceforward contributed steadily to "Bulletin" under pen-name of "Kodak." Joined literary staff of the "Bulletin" in December, 1907.

OGILVIE, WILLIAM HENRY.

Born Scotland, 1869. Educated there. Arrived in Australia, 1889,

and engaged in bush occupations for two years, during which time he was a contributor to several Australian papers and magazines. Returned to Scotland, 1908.

WORKS.—"Fair Girls and Gray Horses," 1898, "Hearts of Gold" (The Bulletin Co., Sydney, 1903); "Rainbows and Witches" (London, 1907); "My Life in the Open," and other works (Fisher Unwin, 1908); "Waup o' the Rede" (1910).

O'HARA, JOHN BERNARD.

Born Bendigo, Victoria, 1862. Educated Carlton College and Ormond College. Graduated M.A. in School of Mathematics and Physics, 1885. Appointed Lecturer in Mathematics and Physics at Ormond College, 1886. Has been Principal of South Melbourne College since 1889.

WORKS.—"Songs of the South"—First and second series (Ward, Lock and Co., London); "Lyrics of Nature," "A Book of Sonnets," "Odes and Lyrics" (Melville and Mullen).

O'REILLY, DOWELL PHILLIP.

Born at Sydney, 1865. Educated at Sydney Grammar School and Sydney University. Elected member for Parramatta, in N.S.W. Parliament, in 1894. Forsook the domain of politics for that of teaching, and was for some time a master at Sydney Grammar School. Now employed in the Federal Land Tax Department.

WORKS.—"A Fragment," 1883; "Australian Poems," 1884; "A Pedlar's Pack," 1888.

OSBORNE, WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

Born in Ireland, 1872, and educated there. Holds the degrees of M.B., B.S. (Belfast), D.Sc. (Tobingen). Formerly Assistant Professor of Physiology in University College, London. Since 1903, Professor of Physiology in the University of Melbourne. In addition to a book and various papers on scientific subjects, has published—

WORKS.—"The Laboratory, and Other Poems" (Lothian).

PATERSON, ANDREW BARTON ("The Banjo").

One of the most popular of Australian poets. Born at Narrambla, in N.S.W., in 1864. Educated at Sydney Grammar School, and afterwards became a Solicitor in Sydney. War Correspondent during South African War, and Special Correspondent in China and Philippine Islands. Editor of "The Evening News," Sydney (1904-6), and "Town and Country Journal" (1907-8). Now for some time engaged in pastoral pursuits.

WORKS.—"The Man from Snowy River and Other Verses"; "Rio Grande's Last Race and Other Verses"; and a Novel, "An Outback Marriage"; Editor of Old Bush Ballads. (All by Angus and Robertson.)

PITT, MARIE ELIZABETH JOSEPHINE (Mrs.).

Born at Bulumwaal, a little mining township among the mountains of North-East Gippsland. Father's name, Edward McKeown, native of Armagh, Ireland. Left Bulumwaal at the age of three for Wy Yung, and spent girlhood in that farming and dairying district; educated at the little State school of Wy Yung. Married William Pitt, and spent 12 years in the mining districts of West Coast, Tasmania. Took up writing eleven years ago, and is now engaged in journalism.

WORKS.—"Horses of the Hills" (Lothian).

POYNTER, MARY H. (Miss).

Born near Dunedin, N.Z., and has lived most of her life there. First publications appeared in New Zealand Christmas papers. Came to Victoria, and lived in Melbourne for 4½ years, in the employment of Mr. H. H. Champion, founder of "The Book Lover" and Australian

Authors' Agency. Returned to New Zealand about two years ago, and is at present on the staff of the "Southland Daily News." No collected works published. Has written prose and verse, which have appeared in various periodicals.

QUINN, RODERIC JOSEPH.

Born at Sydney, in 1869. Studied law, and for a short time was a teacher in a N.S.W. public (State) school. Has been engaged in journalistic and literary work since 1890. Was Editor of "North Sydney News," and is a frequent contributor to "The Bulletin," "The Lone Hand," etc.

WORKS.—Two small volumes, "The Hidden Tide" and "The Circling Hearths," are included in "A Southern Garland"—a volume of booklets published by the "Bulletin" Company; "Mostyn Stayne"—Novel (Geo. Robertson and Co., 1897).

REEVES, WILLIAM PEMBER.

Born New Zealand, 1857. Educated at Christ's College and University. Admitted to the New Zealand bar. Acted as journalist; in 1887 elected member of the House of Representatives, New Zealand. Was successively Minister for Education and Minister for Labour; was appointed Agent-General in 1897, and filled post of High Commissioner for New Zealand.

WORKS.—"Colonial Couplets" (1889); "In Double Harness" (1891); "New Zealand, and Other Poems" (Grant Richards, London, 1898); "Ao-tea-Roa: The Long White Cloud" (Marshall, London).

ROSENBLUM, IVAN ARCHER.

Native of Ballarat, Victoria; educated at the Ballarat School of Mines, then at Trinity College, Melbourne University. After three years of medical course, he abandoned that career and devoted himself to writing as a "free-lance," editing, etc. In six years he produced six serials in the "Australian Journal," "Leader," "Weekly Times," etc. In 1906, produced an original comic opera—"The Musical Millionaire"; in 1910, the blank verse poem, "The Drama Eternal," published in London; in 1911, "Stella Sothern," an Australian novel.

WORKS.—"The Drama Eternal" (Elliott Stock, London, 1910); "Stella Sothern"—A Novel (N.S.W. Bookstall Co., 1911).

ROSS, DAVID MACDONALD.

Born in 1865, at Moeraki, Otago, N.Z., and educated at Palmerston, entering the Agricultural Department, and in 1893 was appointed Stock Inspector in the Waikato district, being promoted in 1906 to the Napier district.

WORKS.—"The After-Glow" (Auckland); "The Promise of the Star" (Jarrold, London); "Hearts of the Pure" (Walter Scott, London).

SANDES, JOHN.

Born in Ireland, 1863. Educated at King's College, London, and Trinity College, Stratford, and finally graduated as B.A. at Oxford. Came to Australia in 1887, and joined the staff of "The Argus" till 1903; since that time on the staff of "The Daily Telegraph," Sydney.

WORKS (Verse).—"Rhymes of the Times," "Ballads of Battle," "The House of Empire"; Novels—"Love and the Aeroplane" (N.S.W. Bookstall Co.); "Designing Fate" (Hodder and Stoughton).

SOUTER, C. H. ("NIL").

Bachelor of Medicine. Born at Aberdeen, Scotland, 1864. Childhood passed in Aberdeen, Birmingham, and London. Left school at fourteen, and came with family to Sydney, in 1879. Then three years of freedom

with a horse, a revolver, and a kangaroo dog, on the head waters of the Castlereagh, N.S.W. In 1882, went to Aberdeen to study medicine. Returned to Australia in 1887, with a degree. Three years in the 'Never-Never, in charge of a hospital.' Later ship's surgeon to China; afterwards practised in South Australia, and now residing in Adelaide.

WORKS.—"Irish Lords, and Other Verses" (Bookfellow Publishing Co., 1912).

SPIELVOGEL, NATHAN F.

Born 1874, in Ballarat. Educated at Central Training School. Began teaching there, and is still in State service. German by descent. Took to writing in 1898, when stationed in back-blocks school. Did much work for the "Bulletin" and "Steele Rudd's Magazine," under pen-names of Genung, Eko, E.K.O. Had his Wanderjahr in 1903, and wrote "A Gumsucker on the Tramp" in 1904, as a result. During the last few years has done much patriotic verse for Victorian School Papers, and Australian historical sketches for "The Lone Hand." Now resident of Longwood, Victoria, where he is Headmaster of the local school.

WORKS.—"A Gumsucker on the Tramp" and "The Cockie Farmer" (Geo. Robertson and Co.).

STEPHENS, A. G.

Born in Queensland. Passed Sydney University Junior and Senior Examinations; apprenticed to printing trade, and studied languages at Sydney Technical College; entered journalism, travelled Europe and America, 1893 and 1902; now conducting "The Bookfellow," a monthly literary review. One of the chief Australian critics of literature.

WORKS.—"A Queenslander's Travel Notes"; "Oblation"—Verses; "The Red Pagan"—Criticism; "The Pearl and the Octopus" (Geo. Robertson and Co.); joint author of "The Lady Calphurnia."

STEPHENS, JAMES BRUNTON.

Born in Scotland, 1835. Arrived in Australia when 31 years of age, and for a time was tutor to the family of a Queensland squatter. Later, entered the Queensland Civil Service as Correspondence Clerk, and rose to the position of Under-Secretary. Died 1902.

WORKS.—"Poetical Works" (Angus and Robertson, 1902). For a full criticism of his work, see "The Development of Australian Literature," by Turner and Sutherland.

STRONG, ARCHIBALD THOMAS.

Born at South Yarra, Victoria, 30th December, 1876. Went to England, 1883. Educated Sedleigh School, and Liverpool University—M.A.; also attended Magdalen College, Oxford (Classical Exhibitioner, B.A., Oxon). Son of Professor H. A. Strong, formerly Professor of Classics at Melbourne University, and Latin at Liverpool University. Was admitted member of Middle Temple, 1900. Returned to Melbourne for reasons of health. Has since been engaged in teaching, in University Extension Lecturing, and in journalism. Edited "The Trident," 1908-9. A regular weekly contributor of literary articles to "The Herald," Melbourne.

WORKS.—"Sonnets and Songs"—Verse, chiefly ballads and sonnets (Blackwood, 1905); "Nature in Meredith and Wordsworth"—An Essay (Advocate Press); "Peradventure"—A Book of Essays (Lothian, 1911).

STEVEN, ALEXANDER GORDON.

Born in London, England, 1885; only son of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Steven. Came to Australia when 6 months old. Educated in Melbourne at "Cumloden," and privately; matriculated 1901. Completed two years of medical course at University of Melbourne, when health broke down. Tutor on stations in Victoria during two years. Visited Europe, 1912.

WORKS.—"The Witchery of Earth"—Poems (Geo. Robertson and Co., 1911).

STORRIE, AGNES L. (Mrs. Kettlewell).

Born at Glenelg, South Australia. Now resident in Sydney.

WORKS.—"Poems" (Kettlewell, Sydney, 1909).

"SULLIVAN, HARRY" (see H. M. Green).**SUTHERLAND, ALEXANDER.**

Born in Glasgow, 1852, and came to Sydney in 1864, and six years later to Melbourne, where he lived almost continuously till his death in 1902. Taught for a time at Hawthorn Grammar School, and graduated in Arts at Melbourne University. Founded Carlton College, which institution was very successful. Retired from teaching, and engaged in journalistic work and literature. Was appointed Registrar of Melbourne University in 1901.

WORKS.—"History of Australia, 1606-1876" (Geo. Robertson, Melbourne, 1877); "History of Australia and New Zealand, 1606-1890" (Longman's, London, 1894); "Victoria and Its Metropolis" (McCarron, Bird and Co., 1888); "Thirty Short Poems" (Melville and Mullen, 1890); "Development of Australian Literature" (part author) (Geo. Robertson and Co., 1898); "Origin and Growth of the Moral Instinct" (Longman's, 1898); "The Praise of Poetry" (selections) (Melville and Mullen, 1901).

TRACEY, HERBERT.

Born at Sydney, 1887. Closely connected with the advertising profession for many years in N.S.W., Victoria, and South Australia. At present living at Kensington, N.S.W. Has made occasional contributions to magazines and journals.

TULLY, MICHAEL J.

Born in Melbourne, 1866, of Irish parents. Educated at St. George's R.C. Primary School, Carlton. Fifth son. Has lived in Melbourne all his life. Worked first as a mason. For some time has been engaged in clerical work.

WORKS.—"Half-a-Hundred Sonnets"; "The Silliad" (privately printed); "Verses from a Pocket-Book" (McGill's Agency, Melbourne).

TURNER, ETHEL (Mrs. H. B. Curlewis).

Born in Yorkshire, 1872. Father of Scottish family, mother English. Came to Australia as a child. Educated at Girls' High School, Sydney.

WORKS.—"Seven Little Australians," "Family at Misrule," "Story of a Baby," "Three Little Maids," "The Camp at Wandinong," "The Little Larrikin," "Betty and Co.," "Little Mother Meg," "The White Roof Tree," "Mother's Little Girl," "In the Mist of the Mountains," "The Stolen Voyage," "Fugitives from Fortune," "The Ethel Turner Birthday Book," "Tiny House"—Verse. (All published by Ward, Lock, and Co.); "That Girl" (Fisher Unwin); "The Wonderchild" (R.T. Society, London); "Fair Ines," and "The Apple of Happiness" (Hodder and Stoughton).

WALL, ARNOLD.

For the last 12 years Professor of English Language and Literature at the Canterbury College, Christchurch (N.Z.).

WORKS.—"Blank Verse Lyrics" ("King Marchant and His Ragamuffin"—New Poems; "A Century of New Zealand's Praise"—(in 100 Sonnets). All by Simpson and Williams, N.Z.

WERNER, ALICE.

Born at Trieste, Austria, 1859. Lived in New Zealand during the early years of her childhood. Educated at Newham College, London. Entered upon a journalistic career, and later spent some time studying

Zulu languages in South Africa. Returned to England, and became Professor of Zulu Language at King's College, London.

WORKS.—"King of the Silver City," "A Time and Times."

WHITNEY, WILLIAM MONTAGUE.

Born at St. Kilda, Melbourne. Educated there. Went to Sydney to engage in commercial pursuits. Has been an exhibitor at Royal Art Society's Exhibition for some years.

WORKS.—"When Winds Awake" (W. Brooks and Co.).

WILCOX, DORA (Madame HAMEL).

Born in New Zealand, in 1871. Educated there, and spent some time teaching in New South Wales and New Zealand. During that time she contributed short stories and poems to "The Australasian," "The N.Z. Weekly Press," and the Sydney "Bulletin." Now resides in Belgium.

WORKS.—"Rain and Mistletoe" (George Allen, London).

WILLIAMSON, FRANK S.

Born 1865, Melbourne. Educated at State school, and also for a brief period at Scotch College, Melbourne. For some years was Assistant Master at Wesley College, Melbourne, and Newington College, Sydney. Now a relieving teacher in the Victorian Education Department.

WORKS.—"Purple and Gold"—Lyrics (Lothian, 1912).

WILMOT, FRANK LESLIE THOMPSON ("Furnley Maurice").

Born 1881, and has lived the ordinary life of a city bookseller's assistant, varied by occasional contributions in prose and verse to different newspapers and magazines.

WORKS.—"Some Verses" (Microbe Press, Melbourne, 1913).

WILSON, ANNE GLENNY ("Anstr").

Born at Geelong, Victoria, 1848. Maiden name, Anne Adams. Married, and went to New Zealand, 1877, where she still resides.

WORKS Verses.—"A Book of Verses" (Elliot Stock, 1901); "Themes and Variations" (Griffith Farrer, 1880); Novels—"Alice Lander," "Two Summers."

